

# P O E M S

ON

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

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R

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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Let them censure, what care I?  
The herd of critics I defy.  
No, no, the fair, the gay, the young,  
Govern the numbers of my song:  
All that they approve is sweet,  
And all is sense that they repeat.

PRIOR from ANACREON.

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THE  
P R E F A C E.

IT is none of the least of my diversions to see one part of the world laughing at the other, yet all seem fully satisfied with their own opinions and abilities; but I shall never quarrel with any man whose temper is the reverse of mine, and enters not into the taste of the same pleasures. It is as ridiculous for one to be disengaged at another's different way of thinking, as it is to challenge him for having a nose not of a shape with his. Every man is born with a particular bent, which will discover itself in spite of all opposition. Mine is obvious, which since I knew I never inclined to curb, but rather encouraged myself in the pursuit, though many difficulties lay in my way.

Whether poetry be the most elevated, delightful, and generous study in the world, is more than I dare affirm; but I think so: yet I am afraid, when the following Miscellany is examined, I shall not be found to deserve the eminent character that belongs to the Epic Master, whose fire and phlegm is equally blended.—But Anacreon, Horace, and Waller were poets, and had their souls warmed with true poetic flame, although their patience fell short of those who could bestow a number of years on the finishing one heroic poem, and justly claim the pre-eminence.

If I know any faults in my own productions, I am not fool enough to blaze them: perhaps they may be overlooked by the indulgence of my best friends, for whom I write.—It is not to be doubted that I have enemies; yes, I have been honoured with three or four satyrs, but such wretched stuff, that several of my friends will alledge upon me, that I had wrote and published them myself (none of the worst politics I own) to make the world believe I had no foes but fools. Such pedants as confine learning to the critical understanding of the dead languages, while they are ignorant of the beauties of their mother-tongue, do not view me with a friendly eye: but I am even with them, when I tell them to their faces without blushing, that I understand Horace but faintly in the original, and yet can feast on his beautiful thoughts dressed in British;—and do not see any

great occasion for every man's being made capable to translate the classics, when they are so elegantly done to his hand. Nor do I value though Dr. Bently heard this; and perhaps it had been no worse for the great Lyric, that this same Doctor had understood the Latin tongue as little as I.—If this paragraph chance to raise a nest of wasps, let them read the next to blunt their stings.

My cheerful friends will pardon (a very essential qualification of a poet) my vanity, when, in self-defence, I inform the ignorant, that many of the finest spirits, and of the highest quality and distinction, eminent for literature and knowledge of mankind, from an affability which ever accompanies great minds, tell me, "They are pleased with what I have done;" and add, "That my small knowledge of the dead or foreign languages is nothing to my disadvantage. King David, Homer, and Virgil, (say they) were more ignorant of the Scots and English tongue, than you are of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin: Pursue your own natural manner, and be an original." One may very easily imagine, that I hear this with abundance of secret satisfaction and joy. The ladies too are on my side; they grace my song with the sweetness of their voices, conn over my pastoral, and smile at my innocent merry tale.

Thus shielded by the brave and fair,  
My foes may envy, but despair.

That I have expressed my thoughts in my native dialect, was not only inclination, but the desire of my best and wisest friends; and most reasonable, since good imagery, just similes, and all manner of ingenious thoughts in a well-laid design, disposed into numbers, is poetry.—Then good poetry may be in any language.—But some nations speak rough, and their words are confounded with a multitude of hard consonants, which make the numbers unharmonious: besides, their language is scanty, which makes a disagreeable repetition of the same words.—These are no defects in ours; the pronunciation is liquid and sonorous, and much fuller than the English, of which we are masters, by being taught it in our schools and daily reading it; which being added to all our own native words, of eminent significance, makes our tongue by far the completest; for instance, I can say, an empty house, a toom barrel, a boss head, and a hollow heart—Many such examples might be given; but let this one suffice.

## P R E F A C E.

I cannot here omit a paragraph or two of a preface wrote by the learned Dr. Shewel, to a London edition of one of my pastorals, after he has said some things very handsomely in my favour---In behalf of our language, he expresses himself thus : " The following poem, if I am not mistaken, (for I set up for no critic) is a true and just pastoral, abounding with those beauties which are either required, or are to be found in the best esteemed pastorals. The Scotticisms, which perhaps may offend some over-nice ear, give new life and grace to the poetry, and become their place as well as the Doric dialect of Theocritus, so much admired by the best judges. When I mention that tongue, I bewail my own little knowledge of it, since I meet with so many words and phrases so expressive of the ideas they are intended to represent. A small acquaintance with that language, and our English poets, will convince any man, that we spend too much time in looking abroad for trifling delicacies, when we may be treated at home with a more substantial as well as a more elegant entertainment."

There are some of the following, which we commonly reckon English poetry, such as *The Morning Interview*, *Content*, &c. but all their difference from the others is only in the orthography of some words ; such as from for frae, bold for bauld, and some few names of things ; and in those, though the words be pure English, the idiom or phraseology is still Scots.

Throughout the whole, I have only copied from nature ; and with all precaution have studied, as far as it came within the ken of my observation and memory, not to repeat what has been already said by others, though it be next to impossible sometimes to stand clear of them, especially in the little love-plots of a song---There are, towards the end of this Miscellany, five or six imitations of Horace, which any acquainted with that author will presently observe---I have only snatched at his thought and method in gross, and dressed them up in Scots, without confining myself to no more or no less ; so that these are only to be reckoned as following his manner.

This is all I think needful in defence of my book, and to keep it in countenance with a preface.

21 JY 64

*To Mr. Allan Ramsay, on his Poetical Works.*

HAIL, Northern bard ! thou fav'rite of the Ning,  
 Bright, or as Horace did, or Virgil shine,  
 In ev'ry part of what thou'st done we find,  
 How they, and great Apollo too, have join'd ;  
 To furnish thee with an uncommen skill,  
 And with poetic fire thy bosom fill.

Thy Morning Interview throughout is fraught  
 With tuneful numbers and majestic thought :  
 And Celia, who her lover's suit disdain'd,  
 Is by all-powerful gold at length obtained.

When Winter's hoary aspect makes the plains  
 Unpleasant to the nymphs and jovial swains,  
 Sweetly thou dost thy rural couples call,  
 To pleasures known within Edina's wall.

When, Allan, thou, for reasons thou know'st best,  
 Doom'd busy Couper to eternal rest,  
 What mortal could thine el'gy on him read,  
 And not have sworn he was defunct indeed !  
 Yet, that he might not lose accustom'd dues,  
 You rous'd him from the grave to open pews ;  
 Such magic, worthy Allan, hath thy muse.

The experienc'd bawd, in aptest strains thou'st made  
 Early instruct her pupils in their trade ;  
 Lest, when their faces wrinkled are with age,  
 They should not cullies as when young engage.  
 But on our sex why art thou so severe,  
 To wish for pleasure we may pay so dear ?  
 Suppose that thou had'st, after chearful juice,  
 Met with a strolling harlot, wond'rous spruce ;  
 And been by her prevail'd with to resort  
 Where claret might be drunk, or if not, port ;  
 Suppose, I say, that this thou granted had,  
 And freedom took with the enticing jade,  
 Would'st thou not hope some artist might be found  
 To cure, if ought you ail'd, the smarting wound ?

When of the Caledonian garb you sing,  
 (Which from Tartana's distant clime you bring)

With how much force you recommend the plaid  
 To ev'ry jolly swain, and lovely maid.  
 But if, as Fame reports, some of those wights  
 Who canton'd are among the rugged heights,  
 No breeks put on, should'st thou not them advise,  
 (Excuse me, Ramsay, if I am too nice)  
 To take, as fitting 'tis, some speedy care,  
 That what should hidden be appears not bare,  
 Lest damsels, yet unknowing, should by chance,  
 Their nimble ogle t'wards the object glance :  
 If this thou doft, we, who the south poffefs,  
 May teach our females how they ought to dress ;  
 But chiefly let them understand, 'tis meet,  
 They should their legs hide more, if not their feet,  
 Too much by help of whale-bone now display'd,  
 Ev'n from the duchess to the kitchen-maid ;  
 But with more reason, thoſe who gave distaste,  
 When on their uncouth limbs our eyes we cast.

Thy other sonnets in each stanza shew  
 What, when of love you think, thy muse can do,  
 So movingly thou'st made the am'rous swain,  
 Wish on the moor his lass to meet again,  
 That I, methinks, find an unusual pain.  
 Nor haſt thou, chearful bard, expreſt leſs ſkill,  
 When the brisk lass you ſang of Patie's mill ;  
 Or Sufy, whom the lad with yellow hair,  
 Thou'st made in ſoft and pleaſing notes prefer  
 To nymphs leſs handsome, conſtant, gay, and fair.

In lovely strains kind Nancy you address,  
 And make fond Willy his coy Jean poffefs ;  
 Which done, thou'st bleſt the lad in Nelly's arms,  
 Who long had abſent been 'midſt dire alarms.  
 And artfully you've place'd within the grove,  
 Jammie to hear his miſtress own her love.

A gentle cure you've found for Strephon's breast,  
 By ſcornful Betty long depriv'd of reſt.  
 And when the bliſful pairs you thus have crown'd,  
 You'd have the glaſs go merrily around,  
 To ſhake off care, and render ſleep more found.

Who e'er ſhall fee, or hath already ſeen,  
 Those bonny lines call'd Christ's kirk on the green,  
 Muſt own that thou haſt, to thy laſting praife,  
 Deserv'd as well as royal JAMES the bays.

'Mong other things, you've painted to the life  
A sot inactive lying by his wife,  
Which oft 'twixt wedded folks makes woful strife.

When 'gainst the scribbling knaves your pen you drew,  
How didst thou lash the vile presumptuous crew !  
Not much fam'd Butler, who had gone before  
E'er ridicul'd his knight or Ralph more ;  
So well thou'st done it, equal smart they feel,  
As if thou'd pierc'd their hearts with killing steel.

They thus subdu'd, you in pathetic rhyme  
A subject undertook that's more sublime,  
By noble thoughts, and words discreetly join'd,  
Thou'st taught me how I may contentment find.  
And when to Addie's fame you touch the lyre,  
Thou sang'st like one of the seraphic choir.  
So smoothly flow thy nat'r'al rural strains,  
So sweetly too, you've made the mournful swains  
His death lament, what mortal can forbear  
Shedding, like us, upon his tomb a tear ?

Go on, fam'd bard, thou wonder of our days,  
And crown thy head with never fading bays ;  
While grateful Britons do thy lines revere,  
And value, as they out, their Virgil here.

J. BURCHAM.

*To the AUTHOR.*

As once I view'd a rural scene,  
With summer's sweet profusely wild ;  
Such pleasure sooth'd my giddy sense,  
I ravish'd stood, while nature smil'd.

Straight I resolv'd, and chose a field  
Where all the spring I might transfer ;  
There stood the trees in equal rows,  
Here Flora's pride in one parterre.

The task was done, the sweets were fled,  
Each plant had lost its sprightly air,  
As if they grudg'd to be confin'd,  
Or to their will not matched were.

To Mr. Ramsay

The narrow scene displeas'd my mind,  
Which daily still more homely grew,  
At length I fled the loathed sight,  
And hy'd me to the fields a-new.

Here nature wanton'd in her prime ;  
My fancy ran'd the boundless waste ;  
Each different sight pleas'd with surprise,  
I welcom'd back the pleasures past.

Thus some who feel Apollo's rage,  
Would teach their muse her dress and time,  
'Till hamper'd so with rules of art,  
They smother quite the vital flame.

They daily chime the same dull tone,  
Their muse no daring fallies grace,  
But stiffly held with bit and curb,  
Keeps heavy trot, tho' equal pace.

But who takes nature for his rule,  
Shall by her gen'rous bounty shine :  
His easy muse revels at will,  
And strikes new wonders every line.

Keep then, my friend, your native guide,  
Never distrust her plenteous store,  
Ne'er less propitious will she prove  
Than now, but, if she can, still more.

C. T.

To Mr. Allan Ramsay.

Too blindly partial to my native tongue,  
Fond of the smoothness of our English song,  
At first thy numbers did uncouth appear,  
And shock'd th' affected niceness of the ear ;  
Thro' prejudice's eye each page I see,  
Tho' all were beauties, none were so to me.  
Yet sham'd at last, while all thy genius own,  
To have that genius hid from me alone,  
Resolv'd to find, for praise or censure cause,  
Whether to join with all, or all oppose,  
Careful I read thee o'er and o'er again ;  
At length the useful search requites my pain :

*On his Poems.*

My false distaste to ancient pleasures turn'd,  
As much I envy as before I scorn'd ;  
And thus the error of my pride to clear,  
I sign my honest recantation here.

C. BECKINGHAM.

*To Mr. Allan Ramsay, on the Publication of his Poems.*

DEAR Allan, who that hears your strains,  
Can grudge that you should wear the bays,  
When 'tis so long since Scotia's plains  
Could boast of such melodious lays !  
What tho' the critics, snarling curs !  
Cry out, your Pegasus wants reins ;  
Bid them provide themselves of spurs,  
Such riders need not fear their brains.  
A muse that's healthy, fair, and sound,  
With noble ardor fearless hastens  
O'er hill and dale ; but carpet-ground  
Was ay for tender-footed beasts.  
E'en let the fustian coxcombs choose  
Their carpet-ground ; but the green field  
Was held a walk for Virgil's muse,  
And Virgil was an unco' chield !  
Your muse, upon her native stock  
Subsisting, raises thence a name ;  
While they are for'd to pick the lock  
Of other bards, and pilfer fame.  
Oft when I read your joyous lines,  
So full of pleasant jests and wit,  
So blyth and gay the humour shines,  
It gives me many a merry fit.  
Then when I hear of Maggy's charms,  
And Roger tholing fair disdain,  
The bony lass my bosom warms,  
And mickle I bemoan the swain.  
For who can hear the lad complain,  
And not participate and feel  
His artless undissembled pain,  
Unless he has a heart of steel.  
But Patie's wiles and cunning arts  
Appease th' imaginary grief,

Declare him well a clown of parts,  
And bring the wretched wight relief.  
More might be said, but in a friend  
Encomiums seem but dull and flat,  
The wise approve, but fools commend,  
A Pope's authority for that.  
*Else certes 'twere in me unmeet,*  
To grudge the muse's utmost force,  
Or spare in such a cause my feet,  
To clinch at least in praise of your's.

J. ABBECKLE.

21 JY 64

TO THE

## C R I T I C.

STAND, Critic, and before ye read,  
Say, are ye free of party fead ;  
Or of a faul sae scrimp and rude  
To envy every thing that's good ?  
And if I should perhaps, by chance,  
Something that's new and smart advance,  
Resolve ye not with scornful snuff,  
To say 'tis a' confounded stuff ;  
If that's the case, Sir, spare your spite,  
For, faith, 'tis not for you I write :  
Gae gie your censure higher scope,  
And Congreve criticise, or Pope ;  
Young's fatires, or Swift's merry simile,  
These, these are writers worth your while.  
On me your talents wad be lost,  
And tho' you gain a simple boast,  
I want a reader wha deals fair,  
And not ae real fault will spare ;  
Yet with good humour will allow  
Me praise, whene'er 'tis justly due ;  
Blest be sic readers---but the rest  
That are with spleen and spite opprest,  
May bards arise to gar them look divine  
To death, with lays the maist divine,  
For fina's the skaith they'll get by mine.

How many, and of various natures,  
Are on this globe the croud of creatures ?  
In Mexiconian forests fly  
'Thousands that never wing'd our sky ;  
'Mangst them there's one of feathers fair  
That in the music bears nae skair,  
Only an imitating ranter,  
For whilk he bears the name of taunter ;

Vol. I.

B

Soon as the sun springs frae the east,  
 Upon the branch he cocks his crest,  
 Attentive, when frae bough and spray  
 The tunefu' throats salute the day :  
 The brainles beau attacks them a',  
 No ane escapes him, great or sma';  
 Frae some he takes the tone and manner,  
 Frae this a bass, frae that a tenor,  
 Turns love's saft plaint to a dull bustle,  
 And sprightly airs to a vile whistle ;  
 Still labouring thus to counterfeit,  
 He shaws the poorness of his wit.  
 Anes, when with echo loud the taunter  
 Tret with contempt ilk native chanter,  
 Ane of them says, We own 'tis true,  
 Few praises to our fangs are due ;  
 But pray, Sir, let's have ane frae you.

THE  
MORNING INTERVIEW.

" Such killing looks, so thick the arrows fly,  
 " That 'tis unsafe to be a stander by :  
 " Poets approaching to describe the fight,  
 " Are by their wounds instructed how to write."

WALLER, 130.

WHEN silent show'rs refresh the pregnant soil,  
 And tender fallets eat with Tuscan oil,  
 Harmonious music gladdens every grove,  
 While bleating lambkins from their parents rove,  
 And o'er the plain the anxious mothers stray,  
 Calling their tender care with hoarser bae.  
 Now cheerful Zephyr from the western skies,  
 With easy flight, o'er painted meadows flies,  
 To kiss his Flora with a gentle air,  
 Who yields to his embrace, and looks more fair.

When from debauch with sp'rituous juice opprest,  
 The sons of Bacchus stagger home to rest,  
 With tatter'd wigs, foul shoes, and uncock'd hats,  
 And all bedaub'd with snuff their loose cravats ;

The sun began to sip the morning dew,  
As Damon from his restless pillow flew.

15

Him late from Celia's cheek a patch did wound,  
A patch high seated on the blushing round.  
His painful thoughts all night forbid him rest,  
And he employ'd that night as one opprest :  
Musing revenge, and how to countermine  
The strongest force, and every deep design  
Of patches, fans, of necklaces, and rings,  
Ev'n music's pow'r, when Celia plays or sings.

20

Fatigu'd with running errands all the day,  
Happy in want of thought his valet lay,  
Recruiting strength with sleep---His master calls,  
He starts with lock'd-up eyes, and beats the walls.  
A second thunder rouses up the soot,  
He yawns and murmurs, curses thro' his throat :  
Stockings awry, and breeches knees unlac'd,  
And buttons do mistake their holes for haste.  
His master raves,---cries, Roger, make dispatch,  
Time flies apace. He frown'd, and look'd his watch :  
Haste, do my wig, ty't with the careless knots,  
And run to Civet's, let him fill my box.  
Go to my laundress, see what makes her stay,  
And call a coach and barber in your way.

30

35

Thus orders justle orders in a throng :  
Roger with laden mem'ry trots along.  
His errands done : with brushes next he must  
Renew his toil amidst presuming dust :  
The yielding comb he leads with artful care,  
Through crook'd meanders of the flaxen hair :  
E'er this perform'd, he's almost choak'd to death,  
The air is thicken'd, and he pants for breath.  
The trav'ller thus in the Numidian plains,  
A conflict with the driving sands sustains.

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45

Two hours are past, and Damon is equipt,  
Pensive he stalks, and meditates the fight :  
Arm'd cap-a-pee, in dress a killing beau,  
Thrice view'd his glafs, and thrice resolv'd to go,  
Flush'd full of hope to overcome his foe.  
His early pray'rs were all to Paphos sent,  
That Jove's sea-daughter wou'd give her consent ;  
Cry'd, "Send thy little son unto my aid."  
Then took his hat, tripp'd out, and no more said.

50

55

- What lofty thoughts do sometimes push a man  
Beyond the verge of his own native span ! 59
- Keep low thy thoughts, frail clay, nor boast thy pow'r,  
Fate will be fate : and since there's nothing sure,  
Vex not thyself too much, but catch th' auspicious hour.  
The tow'ring lark had thrice his mattins sung, .  
And thrice were bells for pious service rung.  
In plaids wrapp'd up, prudes throng the sacred dome,  
And leave the spacious petticoat at home : 66  
While softest beams seal'd up fair Celia's eyes,  
She dreams of Damon, and forgets to rise.  
A sportive Sylph contrives the subtle snare ;  
Sylphs know the charming baits which catch the fair ;  
She shews him handsome, brawny, rich, and young,  
With snuff-box, cane, and sword knot finely hung ;  
Well skill'd in airs of dangle, tos, and rap,  
Those graces which the tender hearts entrap.
- Where Aulus oft makes law for justice pals,  
And CHARLES's statue stands in lasting brafs,  
Amidst a lofty square which strikes the sight,  
With spacious fabrics of stupendous height ;  
Whose sublime roofs in clouds advance so high  
They seem the watch-tow'rs of the nether sky ;  
Where once, alas ! where once the three estates  
Of Scotland's parliament held free debates :  
Here Celia dwelt, and here did Damon move,  
Press'd by his rigid fate, and raging love. 75
- To her apartment straight the daring swain  
Approach'd, and softly knock'd, nor knock'd in vain.  
The nymph new-wak'd starts from the lazy down,  
And rolls her gentle limbs in morning-gown :  
But half awake, she judges it must be  
Frankalia, come to take her morning tea ;  
Cries, Welcome, cousin : But she soon began  
To change her visage when she saw a man :  
Her unfix'd eyes with various turnings range,  
And pale surprise to modest red exchange :  
Doubtful 'twixt modesty and love she stands,  
Then ask'd the bold impertinent's demands. 90
- Her strokes are doubled, and the youth now found  
His pains increase, and open ev'ry wound.  
Who can describe the charms of loose attire ?  
Who can resist the flames with which they fire ? 95

59 Ah, barbarous maid ! he cries, sure native charms

Are too too much, why then such flore or arms ?

Madam, I come, prompt by th' uneasy pains

Caus'd by a wound from you, and want revenge :

A borrow'd power was posted on a charm ;

A patch, damn'd patch ! can patches work such harm ?

He said, then threw a bomb, lay hid within

Love's mortar piece, the dimple of his chin :

It miss'd for once, she lifted up her head,

And blush'd a smile that almost struck him dead,

Then cunningly retir'd, but he purſu'd

Near to the toilet, where the war renew'd.

Thus the great Fabius often gain'd the day

O'er Hanibal, by frequent giving way :

So warlike Bruce and Wallace sometimes deign'd

To seem defeat, yet certain conquest gain'd.

Thus was he laid in midst of Celia's room,

Speechles he stood, and waited for his doom :

Words were but vain, he scarce could use his breath,

As round he view'd the implements of death.

Her dreadful arms in careleſ heaps were laid

In gay disorder round her tumbled bed :

He often to the fōt retreat would flāre,

Still wishing he might give the battle there.

Stunn'd with the thought, his wand'ring looks did stray 125

To where lac'd ſhoes and her ſilk ſtockings lay,

And garters, which are never ſeen by day.

His dazzling eyes almost defeſted light,

No man before had ever got the fight :

A lady's garters, earth ! their very name,

Though yet unſen, ſets all the foul on flame.

The royal Ned knew well their mighty charms,

Else he'd ne'er hoop'd one round the English arms.

Let barb'rous honours crown the ſword and lance,

Thou next their king does British knights advance,

O GARTER ! *Honi ſoit qui mal y pense.*

95 O how can all these hidden turns relate,

That do attend on a rash lover's fate !

In deep diſtreſ the youth turn'd up his eyes,

As if to ask assistance from the ſkies.

105

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120

130

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140

132 The royal Ned] Edward III. king of England, who established the moſt honourable Order of the Garter.

The petticoat was hanging on a pin,  
Which the unlucky swain star'd up within ;  
His curious eyes too daringly did rove,  
Around this oval conie vault of love :  
Himself alone can tell the pain he found,  
While his wild sight survey'd forbidden ground. 145  
He view'd the ten-fold fence, and gave a groan,  
His trembling limbs bespoke his courage gone ;  
Stupid and pale he stood, like statue dumb  
The amber snuff dropt from his careless thumb.  
Be silent here, my muse, and shun a plea, 150  
May rise betwixt old Bickerstaff and me,  
For none may touch a petticoat but he.

Damon thus foil'd, breath'd with a dying tone,  
“ Assist, ye pow'rs of love, else I am gone.” 155  
The ardent pray'r soon reach'd the Cyprian grove,  
Heard and accepted by the Queen of love.  
Fate was propitious too, her son was by,  
Who 'midst his dread artillery did lie  
Of Flanders lace, and straps of curious dye. 160  
On India muslin-shades the god did loll,  
His head reclin'd upon a tinsy roll.

The mother goddes thus her son bespoke,  
“ Thou must, my boy, assume the shape of Shock,  
“ And leap to Celia's lap, whence thou may slip  
“ Thy paw up to her breast, and reach her lip ;  
“ Strike deep thy charms, thy pow'rful art display,  
“ To make young Damon conqueror to-day.  
“ Thou need not blush to change thy shape, since Jove  
“ Try'd most of brutal forms to gain his love ; 170  
“ Who that he might his loud Saturnia gull,  
“ For fair Europa's sake inform'd a bull.”

She spoke---Not quicker does the lamp of day  
Dart on the mountain-tops a gilded ray,  
Swifter than light'ning flies before the clap,  
From Cyprus isle he reached Celia's lap ; 175  
Now fawns, now wags his tail, and licks her arm ;  
She hugs him to her breast, nor dreads the harm.  
So in Ascanius' shape the god unseen,  
Of old deceiv'd the Carthaginian queen.

So now the subtile Pow'r his time espies,  
And threw two barbed darts in Celia's eyes :  
Many were broke before he cou'd succeed ;  
But that of gold flew whizzing through her head :

These were his last reserve.—When others fail,  
Then the resplendent metal must prevail.

185

Pleasure produc'd by money now appears,  
Coaches and six run rattling in her ears.

O liv'ry-men ! attendants ! household plate !  
Court-posts and visits ! pompous air and state !

190

How can your splendor easy access find,  
And gently captivate the fair one's mind ?

Succes attends, Cupid has play'd his part,  
And sunk the pow'rful venom to her heart.

She cou'd no more, she's catched in the snare,  
Sighing she fainted in an easy chair.

195

No more the sanguine streams in blushes glow,  
But to support the heart all inward flow,

Leaving the cheek as cold and white as snow.  
Thus Celia fell, or rather thus did rise ;

Thus Damon made, or else was made a prize ;  
For both were conquerors, and both did yield ;

First she, now he is master of the field.

200

Now he resumes fresh life, abandons fear,  
Jumps to his limbs, and does more gay appear.

205

Not gaming heir when his rich parent dies ;  
Not zealot reading Hackney's party lies ;

Not soft fifteen on her feet-washing night ;  
Not poet when his muse sublimes her flight ;

Not an old maid for some young beauty's fall ;  
Not the long 'tending stibler at his call ;

Not husbandman in drought when rain descends ;  
Not miss when Limberham his purse extends,

E'er knew such raptures as this joyful swain,  
When yielding dying Celia calm'd his pain.

210

The rapid joys now in such torrents roul,  
That scarce his organs can retain his soul.

215

Victor he's gen'rous, courts the fair's esteem,  
And takes a bason fill'd with limpid stream,

Then from his fingers form'd an artful rain,  
Which rouz'd the dormant spirits of her brain,

And made the purple channels flow again.

220

She lives, he sings ; she smiles, and looks more tame :  
Now peace and friendship is the only theme.

224

211 Stibler.] A probationer.

213 Limberham. A kind keeper.

The muse owns freely here she does not know  
 If language pass'd between the belle and beau,  
 Or if in courtship such use words or no ;  
 But, sure it is, there was a parley beat,  
 And mutual love finish'd the proud debate.  
 Then to complete the peace and seal the bliss,      230  
 He for a diamond ring receiv'd a kiss  
 Of her soft hand---Next the aspiring youth,  
 With eager transports pres'd her glowing mouth.  
 So by degrees the eagles teach their young  
 To mount on high, and stare upon the sun.      235

A sumptuous entertainment crowns the war,  
 And all rich requisites are brought from far.  
 The table boasts its being from Japan,  
 Th' ingenious work of some great artisan.  
 China, where potters coarsest mould refine,      240  
 That rays through the transparent vessels shine ;  
 The costly plates and dishes are from thence,  
 And Amazonia must her sweets dispense ;  
 To her warm banks our vessels cut the main,  
 For the sweet product of her luscious cane :      245  
 Here Scotia does no costly tribute bring,  
 Only some kettles full of Todian spring.

Where Indus and the double Ganges flow,  
 On odorif'rous plains the leaves do grow,  
 Chief of the treat, a plant the boast of fame,  
 Sometimes call'd Green, Bohea's its greater name.      250

O happiest of herbs ! Who would not be  
 Pythagoriz'd into the form of thee,  
 And with high transports act the part of Tea !  
 Kisses on thee the haughty belles bestow,  
 While in thy steams their coral lips do glow ;      255  
 Thy virtues and thy flavour they commend,  
 While men, even beaux, with parched lips attend.

227 Use words.] It being alledged that the eloquence of this species lies in the elegance of dres.

243 Amazonia.] A famous river in South America, whence we have our sugar.

247 Todian spring.] Tod's well, which supplies the city with water.

## E P I L O G U E.

THE curtain's drawn ; now gen'rous reader, say  
 Have ye not read worse numbers in a play ?  
 Sure here is plot, place, character, and time,  
 All smoothly wrought in good firm British rhyme.  
 I own 'tis but a sample of my lays,  
 Which asks the civil sanction of your praise.

Below't with freedom, let your praise be ample,  
 And I myself will shew you good example.  
 Keep up your face, altho' dull critics squint,  
 And cry with empty nod, There's nothing in't :  
 They only mean there's nothing they can use ;  
 Because they find most where there's most refuse.

264

265

270

*Elegy on Maggy Johnston, who died anno 1711.*

AULD REEKY, mourn in sable hue,  
 Let fouth of tears dreep like May dew ;  
 To braw tippony bid adieu,  
 Which we with greed  
 Bended as fast as she cou'd brew,  
 But ah ! she's dead.

5

Maggy Johnston liv'd about a mile southward of Edinburgh, kept a little farm, and had a particular art of brewing a small sort of ale, agreeable to the taste, very white, clear, and intoxicating, which made people, who lov'd to have a good penny-worth for their money, be her frequent customers. And many others of every station, sometimes for diversion, thought it no affront to be seen in barn or yard.

<sup>1</sup> Auld Reeky.] A name the country people give Edinburgh from the cloud of smoke or reek that is always impending over it.

<sup>3</sup> To braw tippony.] She sold the Scots pint, which is near two quarts English, for two pence.

To tell the truth, now Maggy dang,  
Of customers she had a bang ;  
For lairds and souters a' did gang  
To drink bedeen :  
The barn and yard was aft fae thrang,  
We took the green.

And there by dizens we lay down,  
Syne sweetly ca'd the healths around,  
To bonny lasses black or brown,  
As we loo'd best ;  
In bumpers we dull cares did drown,  
And took our rest.

When in our pouch we fand some clinks,  
And took a turn o'er Bruntsfield Links,  
Aften in Maggy's at hy-jinks,  
We guzzl'd scuds,  
'Till we cou'd scarce, wi' hale out drinks,  
Cast aff our duds.

---

Maggy dang.] He dings, or dang, is a phrase which means to excel or get the better.

20 Bruntsfield-Links.] Fields between Edinburgh and Maggy's, where the citizens commonly play at the golf.

21 Hy-Jinks.] A drunken game, or new project to drink and be rich ; thus the queff or cup is filled to the brim, then one of the company takes a pair of dice, and after crying Hy-jinks, he throws them out : the number he casts up points out the person that must drink) ; he who threw beginning at himself number one, and so round, till the number of the person agree with that of the dice, (which may fall upon himself, if the number be within twelve ; then he sets the dice to him, or bids him take them ; he on whom they fall is obliged to drink, or pay a small forfeiture in money ; then throws, and so on ; but if he forgets to cry Hy-jinks, he pays a forfeiture into the bank : now he on whom it falls to drink, if there be any thing in bank worth drawing, gets all if he drinks ; then with a great deal of caution he empties his cup, sweeps up the money, and orders the cup to be filled again, and then throws : for if he err in the articles, he loses the privilege of drawing the money. The articles are (1) Drink, (2) Draw (3) Fill, (4) Cry Hy-jinks, (5) Count just

We drank and drew, and fill'd again,  
O wow but we were blyth and fain!  
When ony had their count mistain,

O it was nice,  
To hear us a' cry, " Pike ye'r bain  
And spell your dice."

Fou closs we us'd to drink and rant,  
Until we baith did glow'r and gaunt.  
And pish and spew, and yesk and maunt,  
Right swash I tron;  
Then of auld stories we did cant  
When we were fou.

Whan we were weary'd at the gowff  
Then Maggy Johnston's was our howff;  
Now a' our gamesters may fit dowff,  
Wi' hearts like lead,  
Death wi' his rung rax'd her a yowff,  
And fae she died.

Maun we be forc'd thy skill to tine,  
For which we will right fair repine?  
Or hast thou left to bairns of thine  
The pauky knack  
Of brewing ale amait like wine,  
That gar'd us crack.

(6) Chuse your doublet, man, viz. when two equal number<sup>s</sup> of the dice is thrown, the person whom you chuse must pay a double of the common forfeiture, and so must you when the dice is in his hand. A rare project this, and no bubble I can assure you; for a covetous fellow may save money, and get himself as drunk as he can desire, in less than an hour's time.

29 Pike ye'r bain.] Is a cant phrase, when one leaves a little in the cup, he is advised to pike his bone, i. e. drink it clean out.

41 Rax'd her a yowff] Reach'd her a blow.

Sae bawly did a pease-scon toast  
 Buz i' the queff, and flie the frost ;  
 There we got fou wi' little cost,  
 And muckle speed ;  
 Now wae worth Death, our sports a' lost,  
 Since Maggy's dead.

Ae summer night I was fae fou,  
 Amang the riggs I gaed to spew ;  
 Syne down on a green bawk, I trow,  
 I took a nap,  
 An soucht a' night balillilow,  
 As found's a tap.

And when the dawn begoud to glow,  
 I hirsl'd up my dizzy pow,  
 Frae 'mang the corn like warricow,  
 Wi' bains fae fair,  
 And ken'd nae mair than if a ewe  
 How I came there.

Some said it was the pith of broom  
 That she stow'd in her masking loom,  
 Which in our heads rais'd sic a soom ;  
 Or some wild seed,  
 Which aft the chappin stoup did toom,  
 But fill'd our head.

But now since 'tis fae that we must  
 Not in the best ale put our trust,  
 But whan we're auld return to dust,  
 Without remead,  
 Why shou'd we tak it in disgust  
 That Maggy's dead.

50 Fie the frost.] Or, fright the frost or coldnes out of it.  
 55 Ae summer night, &c.] The two following stanzas  
 are a true narrative.

On that slid place where I 'maist brake my bains,  
 To be a warning, I set up twa stains,  
 That name may ventnre there as I hae done,  
 Unless wi' frosted nails he clink'd his shoon.

54 Of wardly comforts she was rife,  
And liv'd a lang and hearty life,  
Right free of care, or toil, or strife,  
    'Till she was stale,  
And ken'd to be a kanny wife  
    At brewing ale.

84

60 Then farewell, Maggy, douce and fell,  
Of brewers a' thou boor the bell ;  
Let a' thy goffips yelp and yell,  
    And without feed,  
Guess whether ye're in heav'n or hell,  
    They're sure ye're dead.     90

## E P I T A P H.

O rare MAGGY JOHNSTON.

66 *Elegy on John Cowper, Kirk-treasurer's Man, Anno 1714.*

I WAIRN ye a' to greet and drone,  
John Cowper's dead, Ohon ! Ohon !  
To fill his post alake there's none,  
    That with sic speed  
Coul'd fa'r sculdudry out like John,  
    But now he's dead.

---

72 "Tis necessary, for the illustration of this elegy to strangers, to let them a little into the history of the kirk-treasurer and his man. The treasurer is chosen every year, a citizen respected for riches and honesty; he is vested with an absolute power to seize and imprison the girls that are too impatient to have on their green gown before it be hemm'd; them he strictly examines, but no liberty to be granted till a fair account be given of these persons they have obliged: it must be so; a list is frequently given, sometimes of a dozen or thereby of married or unmarried unfair traders, whom they secretly assisted in running their goods; these his lordship makes pay to some purpose, according to their ability, for the use of the poor: if the lads be obstreporous, the kirk-sessions, and, worst of all, the stool of repentance, is threatened, a punishment which few of any spirit can bear.

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He was right nacky in his way,  
And eydent baith be night and day,  
He wi' the lads his part could play,  
When right fair fled,  
He gart them good bill-filler pay,  
But now he's dead.

12

Of whore-hunting he gat his fill,  
And made be't mony a pint and gill :  
Of his braw post he thought nae ill,  
Nor did na need,  
Now they may mak a kirk and mill  
O't since he's dead.

13

Altho' he was nae man of weir,  
Yet mony a ane, wi' quaking fear,  
Durst scarce afore his face appear,  
But hide their head :  
The wylie carle he gather'd gear,  
And yet he's dead.

24

Ay now, to some part far awa',  
Alas, he's gane and left it a' !  
May be to some sad whilliwha  
O' fremit blood.  
'Tis an ill wind that dis na blaw  
Some body good.

The treasurer, being changed every year, never comes to be perfectly acquainted with the affair ; but their general servant continuing for a long time, is more expert at discovering such persons, and the places of their resort, which makes him capable to do himself and customers both a good or ill turn. John Cowper maintained this post with activity and good success for several years.

5 Sa'r sculdudry.] In allusion to a scent dog, Sa'r from favour or smell : Sculdudry, a name commonly given to whoring.

11 Bill filler, Bull filver.

" She saw the Cow well serv'd, and took a Groat." GAY.

27 Whilliwha o' fremit blood.] Whilliwha is a kind of an insinuating deceitful fellow : fremit blood, not-a-kin, because he had then no legitimate heirs of his own body.

Fy upon Death, he was to blame  
 To whirl poor John to his lang hame :  
 But tho' his arse be cauld, yet faime,  
     Wi' tout of trumpet,  
 Shall tell how Cowper's awfou name  
     Cou'd flay a strumpet.

36

He ken'd the bawds and louns fou weel,  
 And where they us'd to rant and reel,  
 He paukily on them cou'd steal,  
     And spoil their sport ;  
 Aft did they wish the muckle de'il  
     Might take him for't.

42

But ne'er a ane of them he spar'd,  
 E'en though there was a drunken laird  
 To draw his sword, and make a faird  
     In their defence,  
 John quietly put them in the guard  
     To learn mair fense.

48

There maun they lie till sober grown,  
 The lad neist day his fault maun own ;  
 And to keep a' things hush and low'n,  
     He minds the poor,  
 Syne after a' his ready's shown,  
     He damns the whore.

54

And she, poor jade, withoutten din,  
 Is sent to Leith-wynd-fit to spin,  
 With heavy heart, and cleathing thin,  
     And hungry waine,  
 And ilka month a weel paid skin  
     To make her tame.

60

45 Make a faird.] A bustle like a bully.

52 He minds the poor.] Pays hush-money to the treasurer.

56 Leith-wind-fit.] The house of correction at the foot of Leith-wynd, such as Bridewell in London.

But now they may scour up and down,  
And safely gang their wakes arown,  
Spreading their claps throw a' the town,  
    But fear or dread ;  
For that great kow to bawd and lown,  
    John Cowper's dead.

66

Shame saw ye'r chandler chafts, O Death,  
For stapping o' John Cowper's breath :  
The loss of him is public skaith :  
    I dare well say,  
To quat the grip he was right laith  
    This mony a day.

72

## POSTCRIPT.

Or umquhile John to lie or bawn,  
Shaws but ill will, and looks right shan,  
But some tell odd tales of the man,  
    For fifty head  
Can gie their aith they've seen him gawn  
    Since he was dead.

78

Keek but up throw the Stinking Stile  
On Sunday morning a wee while,  
At the kirk door, out frae an aisle,  
    It will appear ;  
But take good tent ye dinna file  
    Ye'r breeks for fear.

84

For well we wat it is his ghaist ;  
Wow, wad some fouk that can do't best  
Speak till't, and hear what it confess ;

67 Chandler chafts.] Lean or meagre cheek'd, when the bones appear like the sides or corners of a candlestick, which in Scots we call a chandler.

77 Seen him gawn.] The common people, when they tell their tales of ghosts appearing, they say, he has been seen gawn or stalking.

79 Stinking Stile.] Opposite to this place is the door of the church which he attends, being a beadle.

86 Wow, &c.] 'Tis a vulgar notion, that a ghost will not be laid to rest, till some priest speak to it.

'Tis a good deed  
To send a wand'ring faul to rest  
Amang the dead.

90

66

*Elegy on \* Lucky Wood in the Canongate, May 1717.*

O Canogate ! poor elritch hole,  
What los', what crosses does thou thole !  
London and death gars thee look drole,  
And hing thy head ;  
Wow, but thou has e'en a cauld coal  
To blaw indeed.

6

Hear me, ye hills, and every glen,  
Ilk craig, ilk cleugh, and hollow den,  
And echo shrill, that a'may ken  
The waefou thud  
Be rackles death, wha came unseen  
To Lucky Wood.

12

She's dead, o'er true; she's dead and gane,  
Left us and Willie, burd alane,  
To bleer and greet, to sob and mane,  
And rugg our hair,  
Because we'll ne'er see her again  
For ever mair..

18

84 \* Lucky Wood kept an ale-house in the Canongate, was much respected for hospitality, honesty, and the neatnes both of her person and house.

3 London and death.] The place of her residence being the greatest sufferer by the los' of our members of parliament, which London now enjoys, many of them having their houses there, being the suburb of Edinburgh nearest the King's palace; this, with the death of Lucky Wood, are sufficient to make the place ruinous.

11 Came unseen.] Or unseent for. There's nothing extraordinary in this, it being his common custom, except in some few instances of late, since the falling of the bubbles, i.e. South-Sea adventurers.

14 Willie.] Her husband William Wood.

She gae'd as fait as a new preen,  
 And kept her housie snod and bean ;  
 Her pether glanc'd upo' your een  
 Like filler plate ;  
 She was a donsie wife and clean,  
 Without debate.

It did ane good to see her stools,  
 Her boord, fire-side, and facing tools :  
 Rax, chandlers, tangs, and fire-shools,  
 Basket wi' bread.  
 Poor Facers now may chew pea-hools,  
 Since Lucky's dead.

She ne'er gae in a lawin fause,  
 Nor stoups a' froath aboon the hause,  
 Nor kept dow'd tip within her w'as,  
 But reaming swats ;  
 She ne'er ran four jute, because  
 It gies the batts.

She had the gate sae well to please,  
 With gratis beef, dry fish, or cheese,  
 Which kept our purses ay at ease,  
 And health in tift,  
 And lent her fresh nine gallon trees  
 A hearty lift.

She gae us aft hail legs of lamb,  
 And did nae hain her mutton ham ;  
 Than ay at Yule, whene'er we came,

26 Facing tools,] Stoups, or pots, and cups so called from the Facers. See l. 29.

29 Poor Facers.] The Facers were a club of fair drinkers, who inclined rather to spend a shilling on ale than two pence for meat : they had their name from a rule which they observed, of obliging themselves to throw all they left in the cup in their own faces ; wherefore, to save their face and cloaths, they prudently suck'd the liquor clean out.

31 She ne'er gae in, &c.] All this verse is a fine picture of an honest ale-seller ; a rarity.

A braw goose pye ;  
And was na that good belly baum ?  
Nane dare deny.

48

The writer lads fou well may mind her,  
Furthy was she, her luck design'd her  
Their common' mither, sure nane kinder  
    Ever brake bread ;  
She has na left her mak behind her,  
    But now she's dead.

54

To the fina' hours we aft sat still,  
Nick'd round our toasts and finishing mill ;  
Good cakes we wanted ne'er at will,  
    The best of bread ;  
Which often cost us mony a gill  
    To Aikenhead.

60

Cou'd our fa't tears like Clyde down rin,  
And had we cheeks like Corra's lin,  
That a' the wold might hear the din  
    Rair frae ilk head ;  
She was the wale o'a' her kin,  
    But now she's dead.

66

O Lucky Wood ? 'tis hard to bear  
The loss ; but, Oh ! we maun forbear :  
Yet fall thy memory be dear  
    While blooms a tree.  
And after ages bairns will spear  
    'Bout thee and me.

72

## E P I T A P H.

BENEATH this sod  
Lies LUCKY WOOD,  
Whom a' men might put faith in;

60 To Aikenhead.] The Nether-bow porter, whom Lucky's customers were often obliged for opening the port for them, when they staid out till the small hours after midnight.

62 Like Corra's lin.] A very high precipice nigh Lanerk, over which the river of Clyde falls, making a great noise, which is heard some miles off.

Wha was na fweer  
While she winn'd here  
To cramm our wames for naithing.

\* *Lucky Spence's last Advice.*

THREE times the carling grain'd and rifted,  
Then frae the cod her pow she lifted,  
In bawdy policy well gifted,  
When she now faun,  
That death nae langer wad be shifted,  
She thus began ;

My loving lasses, I maun leave ye,  
But dinna wi' your greeting grieve me,  
Nor wi' your draunts and droning deave me,  
But bring's a gill :  
For faith, my bairns, ye may believe me,  
'Tis 'gainst my will.

O black ey'd Bess and mim mou'd Meg,  
O'er good to work, or yet to beg,  
Lay funkets up for a fair leg ;  
For when ye fail,  
Ye'r face will not be worth a feg,  
Nor yet ye'r tail.

Whan e'er ye meet a fool that's fou,  
That ye're a maiden gar him trow,  
Seem nice, but flick to him like glew ;  
And when set down,  
Drive at the jango till he spew,  
Syne he'll sleep fown.

\* *Lucky Spence*, a famous bawd, who flourished for several years about the beginning of the eighteenth century : she had her lodgings near Holyrood-house. She made many a benefit-night to herself, by putting a trade in the hands of young lasses that had a little pertness, strong passions, abundance of laziness, and no fore-thought.

[<sup>13</sup> Mim mou'd.] Expresses an affected modesty, by a precision about the mouth.

Whan he's asleep, then dive, and catch  
 His ready cash, his rings or watch ;  
 And gin he likes to light his match  
 At your spunk-box,  
 Ne'er stand to let the fumbling wretch  
 E'en tak the pox.

30

Cleek a' ye can by hook or crook,  
 Ryp ilky pouch frae nook to nook ;  
 Be sure to truff his pocket-book :  
 Saxty pounds Scots  
 Is nae deaf nits ; in little bouk  
 Lie great bank notes.

36

To get amends of whinging fools,  
 That's frightened for repenting-fools,  
 Wha often, whan their metal cools,  
 Turn fweer to pay,  
 Gar the kirk-boxie hale the dools  
 Anither day.

42

But dawt red coats, and let them scoup  
 Free for the fou of cutty stoup ;  
 To gee them up, ye need na hope  
 E'er to do weel :  
 They'll rive ye'r brats, and kick your doup,  
 And play the de'il.

48

27 Light his'match, &c.] I could give a large annotation on this sentence, but do not incline to explain every thing, lest I disoblige future critics, by leaving them nothing to do.

35 Is nae deaf nits.] Or empty nuts ; this is a negative manner of saying a thing is substantial.

37 To get amends.] (To be revenged.) Of whinging f ols.) Fellows who wear the wrong side of their faces outmost, pretenders to sanctity, who love to be smuggling in a corner.

41 Gar the kirk-boxie hale the dools.] Delate them to the kirk-treasurer. " Hale the dools" is a phrase used at foot-ball ; where the party that gains the goal or dool, is said to hale it or win, the game, and so draws the stake.

44 Cutty stoup.] Little pot, i. e. a gill of brandy.

There's ae fair crofs attends the craft,  
 That curst correction-house, where aft  
 Vild hangy's taws, ye'r riggings saft,  
     Makes black and blaе,  
 Enough to pit a body daft ;  
     But what'll ye fay.

Nane gathers gear withoutten care,  
 Ilk pleasure has of pain a share ;  
 Suppose then they should tire ye bare,  
     And gar ye fike,  
 E'en learn to thole ; 'tis very fair  
     Ye're nibour like.

Forby, my loove, count upo' losses,  
 Ye'r milk-white teeth, and cheeks like roses,  
 Whan jet-black hair and brigs of noses  
     Faw down wi dads,  
 To keep your hearts up 'neath sic crosses,  
     Set up for bawds.

Wi well-crish'd loofs I hae been canty,  
 Whan e'er the lads wad fain he'e faun t'ye,  
 To try the auld game Taunty Raunty,  
     Like coofers keen,  
 They took advice of me, your aunty,  
     If ye were clean.

Then up I took my filler ca',  
 And whistl'd benn, whiles ane whiles twa ;  
 Roun'd in his lug, that there was a  
     Poor country Kate,  
 As haleosome as the wall of Spaw,  
     But unka blate.

51 Hangy's taws.] If they perform not the task assigned them, they are whipt by the hangman.

54 But what'll ye fay.] The emphasis of this phrase, like many others, cannot be understood but by a native.

74 And whistl'd benn.] But and benn signify different ends or rooms of a house: to gang but and benn is to go from one end of the house to the other.

75 Roun'd in his lug.] Whisper'd in his ear.

Sae when e'er company came in,  
 And were upo' a merry pin,  
 I flade awa' wi' little din,  
 And muckle mense,  
 Left Conscience judge, it was a' ane  
 To Lucky Spence.

54

84

My bennison came on good doers,  
 Who spend their cash on bawds and whores ;  
 May they ne'er want the wale of cures  
 For a fair snout ;  
 Foul fa' the quacks wha that fire smoors,  
 And puts nae out.

60

90

My malison light ilka day  
 On them that drink and dinna pay,  
 But tak' a snack and run away ;  
 May't be their hap  
 Never to want a *gonorrhea*,  
 Or rotten clap.

66

96

Lafs, gi'e us in anither gill,  
 A mutchkin, joe, let's tak' our fill ;  
 Let Death fyne registrate his bill.  
 Whan I want sense,  
 I'll slip away with better will,  
 Quo' Lucky Spence.

72

83 Left Conscience judge.] It was the usual way of vindicating herself, to tell ye, When company came to her house, could she be so uncivil as to turn them out? If they did any bad thing, said she, between God and their conscience be't.

78

89 Fire smoors.] Such quacks as bind up the external symptoms of the pox, and drive it inward to the strong holds, whence it is not so easily expelled.

gned

like

rent

go

*The Life and acts of, or, an Elegy on Patie Birne.*

"The famous fiddler of Kinghorn,  
Who gart the lieges gawff and girm ay,  
Aft' till the cock proclaim'd the morn :  
Tho' baith his † weeds and mirth were pirny,  
He roos'd these things were largest worn,  
The brown ale was his kirn ay,  
And faithfully he toom'd his horn."

And then besides his valiant acts,  
At bridals he wan mony placks.

HAB. SIMPSON.

In sonnet flee the man I sing,  
His rare engine in rhyme shall ring,  
Wha slaid the stick out o'er the string  
With sic an art ;  
Wha sang sae sweetly to the spring,  
And rais'd the heart.

Kinghorn may rue the ruesou day  
That lighted Patie to his clay,  
Wha gart the hearty billies stay,  
And spend their cash,  
To see his snowt, to hear him play,  
And gab sae gash.

When strangers landed, wow sae thrang,  
Fuffin and peghing, he wa'd gang,

† Weeds and mirth were pirny.] When a piece of stuff is wrought unequally, part coarse and part fine, of yarn of different colours, we call it pirny, from the pirn, or little hollow reed which holds the yarn in the shuttle.

13 When strangers landed.] It was his custom to watch when strangers went into a public house, and attend them, pretending they had sent for him, and that he could not get away sooner from other company.

And crave their pardon that sae lang  
He'd been a coming ;  
Syne his bread-winner out he'd bang,  
And fa' to bunning.

16

Your honour's father, dead and gane,  
For him he first wa'd mak' his mane,  
But soon his face cou'd mak' ye fain,  
When he did sough,  
O wiltu, wiltu do't again !  
And grain'd and leugh.

24

This fang he made frae his ain head,  
And eke the auld man's mare she's dead,  
Tho' peets and turfs and a's to lead ;  
O fy upon her !  
A bonny auld thing this indeed,  
An't like your honour.

30

After ilk tune he took a sowp,  
And bann'd wi birr the corky cowp,  
That to the Papists' country scowp,  
Tolear ha, ha's,  
Fraelie that sing hap, flap, and lowp,  
Wantin the b---s.

36

19 Your honour's father.] It was his first compliment to one (though he had perhaps never seen him nor any of his predecessors) that well he kend his honour's father, and been merry with him, and an excellent good fellow he was.

21 Soon his face cou'd mak' ye fain.] Shewing a very particular comicalnes in his looks and gestures, laughing and groaning at the same time ; he plays, sings, and breaks in with some queer tale, twice or thrice, e'er he get through the tune : his beard is no small addition to the diversion.

23 O wiltu.] The name of a tune he play'd upon all occasions.

25 This fang he made.] He boasted of being poet as well as musician.

32 Bann'd wi birr the corky cowp, &c.] Curs'd strongly the light-headed fellows who run to Italy to learn soft music.

That beardless capons are na men,  
We by their fozie springs might ken,  
But ours, he said, cou'd vigour len'

To men o' weir,  
And gar them stout to battle sten'  
Withoutten fear.

How first he practis'd, ye shall hear :  
The harn pan of an umquhile mare  
He strung, and strak sounds saft and clear,  
Out o' the pow,  
Which fir'd his saul, and gart his ear  
With gladnes glow.

Sae some auld-gabbit poets tell,  
Jove's nimble son and leckie snell  
Made the first fiddle of a shell,  
On which Apollo  
With meikle pleasure play'd himsel  
Baith jig and solo.

O Johny Stocks, what's come o' thee ?  
I'm sure thou'l break thy heart and die :  
Thy Birnie gane, thou'l never be  
Nor blyth, nor able  
To shake thy short boughs merrily  
Upon a table.

How pleasant was't to see thee didle,  
And dance fae finely to his fiddle,  
With note forgaint a lass's middle,  
And briskly brag,  
With cutty steps to ding their striddle,  
And gar them sag.

He catch'd a crisy webster loun  
At runkling o' his deary's gown,  
And wi' a rung came o'er his crown,

51 *Tuque testudo, resonare septem.*  
*Callida nervis.*

HORACE.

55 John Stocks.] A man of low stature, but very broad; a loving friend of his, who used to dance to his music.

For being there ;  
But starker thrums got Pate down  
And knoost him fair.

72

42 Wae worth the dog, he maist had fell'd him,  
Revengefu' Pate aft green'd to geld him,  
He aw'd a mends, and that he tell'd him,  
    And bann'd to do't,  
He took the tid, and fairly fell'd him  
    For a recruit.

78

43 Pate was a carle of canny sense,  
And wanted ne'er a right bein spence,  
And laid up dollars in defence  
    'Gainst eild and gout,  
Well judging gear in future tense  
    Cou'd stand for wit.

84

54 Yet prudent fouk may tak' the pet :  
Anes thrawart porter wadna let  
Him in while latter meat was hett,  
    He gaw'd fou fair,  
Flang in his fiddle o'er the yett,  
    Whilk ne'er did mair.

90

60 But profit may arise frae losfs,  
Sae Pate gat comfort by his crois :  
Soon as he wan within the close,  
    He dously drew in  
Mair gear frae ilka gentle goss  
    Than bought a new ane..

96

66 When lying bed-fast sick and fair,  
To parish priest he promis'd fair,  
He ne'er wad drink fou ony mair :

80 Bein spence.] Good store of provision, the spence being a little apartment for meal, flesh, &c.

86 Anes thrawart porter, &c.] This happened in the duke of Rothes' time : his Grace was giving an entertainment, and Patrick being deny'd entry by the servants, he either from a cunning view of the lucky consequence, or in a passion, did what's described.

But hale and tight,  
He prov'd the auld man to a hair,  
Strute ilka night.

The haly dad with care effays  
To wile him frae his wanton ways,  
And tell'd him of his promise twice :  
    Fate answer'd cliver,  
“ Wha tents what people raving says  
When in a fever.”

At Bothwell Brig he gade to fight ;  
But being wife as he was wight,  
He thought it shaw'd a faul but flight  
    Daftly to stand,  
And let gun powder wrang his fight,  
Or fiddle hand.

Right pawkily he left the plain,  
Nor o'er his shoulder look'd again,  
But scour'd o'er moss and moor amain,  
    To Reiky straught,  
And tald how mony whigs were slain  
Before they faught.

Sae I've lamented Patie's end ;  
But left your grief o'er far extend,  
Come dight your cheeks, ye'r brows unbend,  
    And lift ye'r head,  
For to a' Britain be it kend  
He is not dead.

*January 25th, 1721.*

109 Bothwell Brig, upon Clyde, where the famous battle was fought anno 1679, for the determination of some little points : but I dare not assert that it was religion carried my hero to the field.

*The last Speech of a wretched Miser.*

O DOOL ! and am I forc'd to die,  
 And nae mair my dear filler fee,  
 That glanc'd fae sweetly in my e'e !  
 It breaks my heart :  
 My goud ! my bands ! alackinie !  
 That we shou'd part.

For you I labour'd night and day,  
 For you I did my friends betray,  
 For you on stinking caff I lay,  
 And blankets thin ;  
 And for your sake fed mony a flea  
 Upon my skin.

Like Tantalus I lang have stood  
 Chin-deep into a filler flood ;  
 Yet ne'er was able for my blood,  
 But pain and strife,  
 To ware ae drap on claihs or food,  
 To cherish life.

Or like the wiffen'd beardless wights,  
 Wha herd the wives of eastern knights,  
 Yet ne'er enjoy the saft delights  
 Of lasses bony ;  
 This did I watch lang days and nights  
 My lovely money.

Altho' my annual rents cou'd feed  
 Thrice forty fowk that stood in need,  
 I grudg'd myself my daily bread :  
 And if frae hame,  
 My pouch produc'd an ingan head,  
 To please my waine.

To keep you cosie in a hoord,  
 This hunger I with ease endur'd ;  
 And never dought a doit afford

To ane of skill,  
Wha for a dollar might have cur'd  
Me of this ill.

I never wore my claihs with brushing,  
Nor wrung away my sarks with washing ;  
Nor ever sat in taverns dashing

Away my coin,  
To find out wit or mirth by clashing  
O'er dearfu' wine.

Abiet my pow was bald and bare,  
I wore nae frizzl'd limmer's hair  
Which tak's of flower to keep it fair,

Frae reefing free,  
As meikle as wad dine, and mair,  
The like of me.

Nor kept I servants, tales to tell,  
But toom'd my coodies a' my fell ;  
To hane in candle I had a spell

Baith cheap and bright,  
A fish-head, when it 'gins to smell,  
Gives curious light.

What reason can I shaw, quo' ye,  
To fave and starve, to cheat and lie,  
To live a beggar, and to die

Sae rich in coin ?  
That's mair than can be gi'en by me,  
Tho' Belzie join.

Some said my looks were groff and fow'r,  
Fretfu', drumbly, dull, and dour :  
I own it was na in my pow'r,  
My fears to ding ;  
Wherefore I never cou'd endure  
To laugh or sing.

I ever hated bookish reading,  
And musical or dancing breeding,  
And what's in either face or cleading,  
Of painted things ;  
I thought nae pictures worth the heeding,  
Except the king's.

Now of a' them the eard e'er bure,  
 I never rhymers cou'd endure,  
 They're sic a sneering pack, and poor,  
 I hate to ken 'em ;  
 For 'gainst us thrifty fauls they're sure  
 To spit their venom.

But waster wives, the warfst of a',  
 Without a yeuk they gar one claw,  
 When wickedly they bid us draw  
 Our filler spungs,  
 For this and that, to mak' them braw,  
 And lay their tongues.

Some loo the courts, some loo the kirks,  
 Some loo to keep their skins frae lirks,  
 Some loo to woo beneath the birks  
 Their lemans bony ;  
 For me, I took them a' for stirks  
 That loo'd na money.

They ca'd me slave to usury,  
 Squeeze, cleave the hair, and peel the flee,  
 Clek, flae the flint, and penury,  
 And sauleless wretch ;  
 But that ne'er skaith'd, or troubled me,  
 Gin I grew rich.

On profit a' my thoughts were bent,  
 And mony thousands have I lent,  
 But sickerly I took good tent,  
 That double pawns,  
 With a cudeigh and ten per cent.  
 Lay in my hands.

When borrow'r's brak, the pawns were rug,  
 Rings, beads of pearl, or filler jug,  
 I sald them aff, ne'er fash'd my lug  
 With girns or curses,  
 The mair they whing'd, it gart me hug.  
 My twelling purses.

Sometimes I'd sigh, and ape a faint,  
 And with a lang rat-rhyne of cant,  
 Wad make a mane for them in want ;  
     But for ought mair,  
 I never was the fool to grant  
     Them ony skair.

I thought ane freely might pronounce  
 That chiel a very silly dunce,  
 That cou'd not honesty renunce,  
     With ease and joys,  
 At ony time, to win an unce  
     Of yellow boys.

When young I some remorse did feel,  
 And liv'd in terror of the deel,  
 His furnace, whips, and racking wheel ;  
     But by degrees  
 My conscience, grown as hard as steel,  
     Gave me some ease.

But fears of want, and carking care,  
 To save my stock, and thirst for mair,  
 By night and day opprest me fair,  
     And turn'd my head ;  
 While friends appear'd like harpies gare,  
     That wish'd me dead.

For fear of thieves Laft lay waking  
 The live long night, till day was breaking,  
 Syne throu' my sleep, with heart fair aiking,  
     I've often started,  
 Thinking I heard my windows crackling,  
     When Elspa f----

O gear ! I held ye lang the gither ;  
 For you I starv'd my good auld mither,  
 And to Virginia sald my brither,  
     And crush'd my wife ;  
 But now I'm gawn I kenna whither,  
     To leave my life.

My life ! my god ! my spirit earnes,  
 Not on my kindred, wite, or bairns,  
 Sic are but very laigh concerns,  
 Compar'd with thee ;  
 When now this mortal rattle warnes  
 Me, I maun die.

It to my heart gae like a gun,  
 To see my kin and graceless son,  
 Like rooks already are begun  
 To thumb my gear,  
 And cash that has na seen the sun  
 This fifty year.

Oh ! oh ! that spendthrift son of mine,  
 Wha can on roasted moorfowl dine,  
 And like dub-water skink the wine,  
 And dance and sing ;  
 He'll soon gar my dear darlings dwine  
 Down to naithing.

To that same place, where-e'er I gang,  
 O cou'd I bear my wealth alang !  
 Nae heir shou'd e'er a farthing fang,  
 That thus carouses.  
 Tho' they should a' on woodies hang,  
 For breaking houses.

" Perdition ! Sathan ! is that you ?  
 I sink !---am dizzy---Candle blue."  
 Wi' that he never mair play'd pew,  
 But with a rair,  
 Away his wretched spirit flew,  
 It makfae where.

*The Monk and the Miller's Wife, a Tale.*

Now lend you lugs, ye benders fine,  
 Wha ken the benefit of wine ;  
 And you wha laughing scud brown ale,  
 Leave jinks a wee, and hear a tale.

An honest Miller won'd in Fife,  
 That had a young and wanton wife,  
 Wha sometimes thol'd the parish-priest  
 To mak' her man a twa-horn'd beast :  
 He paid right mony visits till her,  
 And to keep in with Hab the miller,  
 He 'ndeavour'd aft to mak' him happy,  
 Where-e'er he kend the ale was nappy.  
 Sic condescension in a pastor,  
 Knit Halbert's love to him the faster ;  
 And by his converse, troth 'tis true,  
 Hab learn'd to preach when he was fou.  
 Thus all the three were wonder pleas'd,  
 The wife well serv'd, the man well eas'd.  
 This ground his corns, and that did cherish  
 Himself with dining round the parish.  
 Befs, the good-wife, though it nae skaith,  
 Since she was fit, to serve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,  
 And Ceres gives the schools the play,  
 A youth sprung frae a gentler *pater*,  
 Bred at Saint Andrew's *alma mater*,  
 Ae day gawn haimward, it fell late,  
 And him benighted by the gate :  
 To lye without, pit-mirk did shore him,  
 He coudna see his thumb before him ;  
 But, clack---clack---clack, he heard a mill,  
 Whilk led him by the lugs theretill.  
 To tak the thread of tale alang,  
 This mill to Halbert did belang,  
 Not less this note your notice claims,  
 The scholar's name was Master James.

Now, smiling muse, the prelude past,  
 Smoothly relate, a tale shall last

As lang as Alps and Grampian-hills,  
As lang as wind or water-mills.

In enter'd James, Hab saw and kend him,  
And offer'd kindly to befriend him  
With sic good cheer as he cou'd make,  
Baith for his ain and father's sake.  
The scholar thought himsell right sped,  
And gave him thanks in terms well bred.

Quoth Hab, I canna leave my mill  
As yet ;--but step ye west the kill  
A bow-shot, and ye'll find my hame :  
Gae warm ye, and crack with our dame,  
'Till I set aff the mill, fyse we  
Shall tak' what Bessy has to gi'e.

James, in return, what's handsome said,  
O'er lang to tell ; and aff he gade.  
Out of the house some light did shine  
Which led him till't as with a line :  
Arriv'd, he knock'd, for doors were stekkit ;  
Straight throw a window Bessy keekit,  
And cries, " Wha's that gi'es fowk a fright  
" At sic untimous time of night ? "

James with good humour, maist discreetly,  
Tald her his circumstance completely.

" I dinna ken ye, quoth the Wife,  
And up and down the thieves are rife,  
Within my lane ; I'm but a woman,  
Sae I'll unbar my door to nae man,  
But since 'tis very like my dow,  
That all ye're telling may be true,  
Hae, their's a key, gang in your way  
At the neist door, there's braw ait strae ;  
Streek down upon't, my lad, and learn  
They're no ill lodg'd that get a barn."

Thus, after meikle clitter clatter,  
James fand he coudna mend the matter ;  
And since it might na better be,  
With resignation took the key,  
Unlockt the barn---clam up the mou,  
Where was an opening near the hou,  
Throw whilk he saw a glent of light,  
That gave diversion to his sight :  
By this he quickly cou'd discern  
A thin wa' sep'rate house and barn,

And throw this rive was in the wa,  
 All done within the house he saw :  
 He saw (what ought not to be seen,  
 And scarce gave credit to his een)  
 The parish-priest of reverend fame  
 In active courship with the dame--  
 To lengthen out description here,  
 Wou'd but offend the modest ear,  
 And beet the lewder youthfu' flame,  
 That we by satire strive to tame.  
 Suppose the wicked action o'er,  
 And James continuing still to glowlr ;  
 Wha saw the wife as fast as able,  
 Spread a clean servite on the table,  
 And syne, frae the ha' ingle, bring ben  
 A piping het young roasted hen,  
 And twa good bottles stout and clear,  
 Ane of strong ale, and ane of beer.

But wicked luck, just as the priest  
 Shot in his fork in chucky's breast,  
 Th' unwelcome Miller ga'e a roar.  
 Cry'd " Bessy, haste ye, ope the door."--  
 With that the haly letcher fled,  
 And darn'd himsell behind a bed ;  
 While Bessy huddl'd a' things by,  
 That nougat the cuckold might espy ;  
 Syne loot him in,--but out of tune,  
 Speer'd why he left the mill sae soon ;  
 " I come, said he, as manners claims,  
 To crack and wait on Master James,  
 Whilk I shou'd do, tho' ne'er sae biffy ;  
 I sent him here, good-wife, where is he."  
 " Ye sent him here, (quoth Bessy, grumbling)  
 Kend I this James ? A chiel came rumbling,  
 But how was I assur'd, when dark,  
 That he had been nae thievish spark,  
 Or some rude wencher gotten a dose,  
 That a weak wife cou'd ill oppose ?"  
 " And what came of him ? speak nae langer,"  
 Cries Halbert, in a highland anger.  
 " I sent him to the barn," quoth she :  
 " Gae quickly bring him in," quoth he.

James was brought in--the Wife was bawked--  
 The Priest stood close--the Miller cracked--

Then ask'd his funkyn gloomy spouse,  
 What supper had she in the house,  
 That might be suitable to gi'e  
 Ane of their lodger's qualitie ?  
 Quoth she, " Ye may well ken, good-man,  
 " Your feast comes frae the pottage-pan :  
 " The stov'd or roasted we afford,  
 " Are aft great strangers on our board."  
 " Pottage, quoth Hab, ye senseless tawpie !  
 " Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpy ?  
 " And that his gentle stamock's master  
 " To worry up a pint of plaster ?  
 " Like our mill-knaves that lift the laiding,  
 " Whase kytes can streek out like raw plaiding.  
 " Swith roast a hen, or fry some chickens,  
 " And send for ale frae Maggy Pickens."  
 " Hout I, quoth she, ye may well ken,  
 " 'Tis ill brought but that's no there bein ;  
 " When but last owk, nae farder gane,  
 " The laird got a' to pay his kain."

Then James, wha had as good a gues  
 Of what was in the house as Bess,  
 With pawky smile, this plea to end,  
 To please himsell and ease his friend,  
 First open'd, with a flee oration,  
 His wond'rous skill in conjuration.  
 Said he, " By this fell art, I'm able  
 " To whop aff any great man's table  
 " What e'er I like to make a mail of,  
 " Either in part, or yet the hail of,  
 " And if ye please, I'll shaw my art---"  
 Cries Halbert, " Faith, with all my heart !"  
 Bess feign'd herself,--- cry'd, " Lord be here !"  
 And near hand fell a swoon for fear.

James leugh, and bade her naithing dread,  
 Syne to his conj'ring went with speed :  
 And first he draws a circle round,  
 Then utters mony a magic sound  
 Of words, part Latin, Greek, and Dutch,  
 Enow to fright a very witch :  
 That done, he says, " Now, now, 'tis come,  
 " And in the boal beside the lum :  
 " Now set the board ; goodwife, gae ben,  
 " Bring frae yon boal a roasted hen."

She wadna gang, but Haby ventur'd ;  
 And soon as he the ambrie enter'd,  
 It smell'd sae well, he short time fought it,  
 And, wond'ring, 'tween his hands he brought it.  
 He view'd it round, and thrice he smell'd it,  
 Syne with a gentle touch he felt it.  
 Thus ilka senfe he did conveen,  
 Lest glamour had beguil'd his e'en :  
 They all in an united body,  
 Declar'd it a fine fat how-towdy.  
 " Nae mair about it, quoth the Miller,  
 " The fowl looks well, and we'll fa' till her,"  
 Sae be't, says James ; and in a doup,  
 They snapt her up baith stoup and roup.

" Neift, O ! cries Halbert, cou'd your skill  
 " But help us to a waught of ale,  
 " I'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,  
 " And offer to the de'el my wife,  
 " To see if he'll dilcreeter mak' her,  
 " But that I'm fled he winna tak' her."  
 Said James, " Ye offer very fair ;  
 " The bargain's hadden, sae nae mair."

Then thrice he shook a willow-wand,  
 With kittie words thrice gave command ;  
 That done, with look baith learn'd and grave,  
 Said, " Now ye'il get what ye wad have ;  
 " Twa bottles of as nappy liquor  
 " As ever ream'd in horn or bicquer,  
 " Behind the ark that hads your meal,  
 " Ye'll find twa standing, corkit weel."  
 He said, and fast the Miller flew,  
 And frae their nest the bottles drew ;  
 Then first the scholar's health he toasted,  
 Whase art had gart him feed on roasted ;  
 His father's neift,--and a' the rest  
 Of his good friends that wish'd him best,  
 Which were o'er langsome at the time,  
 On a short tale, to put in rhyme.

Thus while the Miller and the Youth,  
 Were blythly flock'ning of their drowth,  
 Befs, fretting, scarcely held frae greeting,  
 The Priest inclos'd, stood vex'd and sweating.

" O wow ! said Hab, if an might spear,  
 " Dear Master James, wha brought our cheer ?

" Sic laits appear to us sae awfu',  
 " We heardly think your learning lawfu'?"  
 " To bring your doubts to a conclusion,  
 " Say's James, ken I'm a Rosicrucian,  
 " Ane of the set that never carries  
 " On traffic with black de'els or fairies ;  
 " There's mony a sp'rit that's no a de'el,  
 " That constantly around us wheel.  
 " There was a sage call'd Albumazor,  
 " Whase wit was gleg as ony razor :  
 " Frae this great man we learn'd the skill  
 " To bring these gentry to our will ;  
 " And they appear, when we've a mind,  
 " In ony shape of human kind :  
 " Now, if you'll drap your foolish fear,  
 " I'll gar my Pacolet appear."

Hab fidg'd and leugh, his elbuck clew,  
 Baith fear'd and fond a sp'rit to view ;  
 At last his courage wan the day,  
 He to the scholar's will give way.

Bessy by this began to smell  
 A rat, but kept her mind to'r sell :  
 She pray'd like howdy in her drink,  
 But mean time tipt young James a wink.  
 James frae his e'en an answer sent,  
 Which made the wife right well content .  
 Then turn'd to Hab, and thus advis'd,  
 " Whate'er you see, be nougnt surpris'd,  
 " But for your faul move not your tongue ;  
 " And ready stand with a great rung,  
 " Syne as the sp'rit gangs marching out,  
 " Be sure to lend him a sound rout :  
 " I bidna this by way of mocking,  
 " For nougnt delytes hig mair than knocking."

Hab got a kent---stood by the hallan,  
 And straight the wild mischievous Callan  
 Cries, " Radamanthus Husky Mungo,  
 " Monk, Horner, Hipock, Jinko Jingo,  
 " Appear in likeness of a priest :  
 " No like a de'el, in shape of beast,  
 " With gaping chafts to fleg us a' :  
 " Wauk forth, the door stands to the wa."

Then frae the hole where he was pent,  
 The priest approach'd, right well content,

With silent pace strade o'er the floor,  
 'Till he was drawing near the door,  
 Then to escape the cudgel ran,  
 But was not miss'd by the good-man,  
 Wha lent him on his neck a lounder,  
 That gart him o'er the threshold founder.  
 Darknes soon hid him frae their sight :  
 Ben flew the miller in a fright ;  
 " I trow, quoth he, I laid well on ;  
 " But wow he's like our ain Mef John !

*Christ's Kirk on the Green, in three CANTOS.*

CANTO I.

Was ne'er in Scotland heard or seen  
 Sic dancing and deray ;  
 Nowther at Falkland on the green,  
 Nor Peebles at the play,

This edition of the first Canto is taken from an old manuscript collection of Scots poems written 150 years ago, where it is found that James, the first of that name, king of Scots, was the author; thought to be wrote while that brave and learned prince was unfortunately kept prisoner in England by Henry VI. about the year 1412. Ballenden, in his translation of H. Bocce's history, gives this character of him, " He was well lernit to fecht with the sword, to just, to tar-  
 " nay, to worsyl, to syng, and dance : was an expert medicinar,  
 " richt crafty in playing baith of lute and harp, and sindry  
 " othir instrumentis of musik : he was expert in gramer, ora-  
 " tory, and poetry, and maid sae flowand and sententious  
 " versis, apperit weil he was ane natural and borne poete," lib. 16 cap. 16.

3 Falkland.] In the shire of Fife, where our kings for some time had their residence.

4 Peebles at the play] Peebles, one of our royal boroughs, where the gentlemen of the shire frequently meet for the diversion of horse-races and the like.

As was of wooers, as I ween,  
 At Christ's Kirk on a day :  
 There came out kitties washen clean,  
 In new kirtles of gray,

Fou gay that day.

8

To dance these damsels did them dight,

Thir lasses light of laits,  
 Their gloves were of the raffel right,  
 Their shoon were of the straits,  
 Their kirtles were of Lincome light,  
 Well prest with mony plaits,  
 They were so nice when men them nicht,  
 They squeel'd like ony gaits

12

Fou loud that day.

16

Of all these maidens mild as mead,  
 Was nane sae jimp as Gilly,  
 As ony rose her rude was red,  
 Her lire was like the lilly :  
 Fou yellow yellow was her head,  
 But she of love was silly ;  
 Tho' a' her kin had sworn her dead,  
 She wa'd have but sweet Willy

20

Alane that day.

24

She scorned Jack, and scrap'd at him,  
 And murgeon'd him with mocks ;  
 He wad have loo'd, she wad na let him,  
 For a' his yellow locks.

28

6 Christ's Kirk.] The place where our wedding held is either at Lefly, (the church there bearing that name) or a place so named, a little distant from Windsor, where our king was in the time of his confinement.

9 Them dight.) Made themselves ready.

10 Light of laits.) Light or wanton in their manners.

13 Lincome light.) Stuff made at Lincoln.

26 Murgeon'd him.) Ridicul'd him, by a ludicrous manner of aping his gait or actions.

He cherish'd her, she bad gae chat him,  
Counted him not twa clocks ;  
Sae shamefully his short gown set him,  
His legs were like twa rocks

Or rungs that day.

Tam Lutter was their minstrel meet,  
Good Lord ! how he cou'd lance,  
He play'd sae shill, and fang sae sweet,  
While Tousie took a trance :  
Auld Lightfoot there he did forleet,  
And counterfeited France :  
He us'd himself as man discreet,  
And up the morice dance

He took that day.

Then Steen came steppand in with stends,  
Nae rink might him arrest :  
Plaitfoot did bob with mony bends,  
For Mause he made request :  
He lap 'till he lay on his lends,  
But risand was sae prest,  
While that he holtit at baith ends,  
For honour of the feast,

And danc'd that day.

Syne Robia Roy began to revel,  
And Dawny to him rugged :  
Let be, quoth Jack, and ca'd him jевel,  
And by the tail him tugged :

29 Gae chat him.] She bid him go hang himself.

30 Twa clocks.] Reckon'd him not worth a couple of beetles.

32 Twa rocks.] Twa distaffs. This description of Gilly's love to Willy, and her despising Jack, notwithstanding his affection to her, is drawn with an admirable comic delicacy.

33 Minstrel meet.] A musician fit for them.

37 Auld Lightfoot there he did forleet, and counterfeited France.] He forgot to play the good old Scots tunes, like Auld Lightfoot, and imitated the French, like our modern minstrels, that dare play nought but Italiano's, for fear they spoil their fiddles.

42 Nae rink might him arrest.] The swiftest course could not stop him.

The kensie cleekit to a cavel,  
But, Lord, as they twa lugged ;  
They parted manly on a nevel :  
Men say that hair was rugged

Between them twa.

56

Ane bent a bow, sic sturt did steer him,  
Great skaith was't to have scar'd him ;  
He chesit a flane as did affear him,  
Th' other said dirdum dardum.

60

Through baith the cheeks he thought to sheer him,  
Or throw the arse have char'd him ;  
B'ane akerbraid it came na neer him,  
I cannot tell what marr'd him,

64

Sae wide that day.

With that, a friend of his cry'd, fy,  
And up an arrow drew,  
He forged it fae furiously,  
The bow in flinders flew :

68

Sae was the will of God, trow I ;  
For had the tree been true,  
Men said, wha kend his archery,  
That he had slain anew,

72

Belyve that day.

A yap young man that stood him neist,  
Loos'd aff a shot with ire,  
He etled the bairn in at the breast,  
The bolt flew o'er the bire ;

76

Ane cry'd, fy, he has slain a priest,  
A mile beyond a mire ;  
Then bow and bag frae him he kiest,  
And fled as fierce as fire

80

Frac flint that day.

59 He chesit a flane.] He chose an arrow.

60 Dirdum dardum.] A slighting manner of speaking, When one makes a boast of some action which we think but meanly of, we readily say, " A dirdum of that."

75 He etled the bairn.] He designed his arrow at the lad's breast.

76 The bolt flew o'er the bire.] He expresses his missing him, by a metaphor of a thunder-bolt flying over the bire or cow-house.

Ane hasty hensure, called Harry,  
 Wha was an archer hynd,  
 Fit up a tackle withoutten tarry,  
 That torment sae him tynd.  
 I watna whether's hand cou'd vary,  
 Or the man was his friend ;  
 For he escap'd throw mights of Mary,  
 As ane that nae ill mean'd,  
 But good that day.

Then Laurie like a lion lap,  
 And soon a flane can fedder,  
 He hecht to pierce him at the pap,  
 Thereon to wed a wedder !  
 He hit him on the waine a wap,  
 It bufft like ony bladder :  
 But fae his fortune was and hap,  
 His doublet made of leather  
 Sav'd him that day.

The buff sae boisterously abaist him,  
 He to the earth dusht down ;  
 The tither man for dead there left him,  
 And fled out of the town.  
 The wives came forth, and up they reft him,  
 And fand life in the lown ;  
 Then with three routs on's arse they rais'd him,  
 And cur'd him out of sown

Frae hand that day.

With forks and flails they lent great flaps,  
 And flang together like frigs :  
 With bougers of barns they beft blew caps,  
 While they of bairns made brigs.

83 Hynd fit up a tackle, &c.] Immediately made ready his shooting tackle.

84 That torment sae him tynd.] His vexation made him angry.

85 A flane can fedder.] Feathered an arrow.

86 Wed a wedder:] He wagered a wedder he would pierce him at the pap.

107 Bougers.] Rafters.

The rierd raise rudely with the raps,  
When rungs were laid on riggs ;  
The wives came furth wi' cries and claps,  
See where my liking liggs

112

For low this day !

They girded, and let gird with grains,  
Ilk gossip other griev'd ;  
Some strake with slings, some gather'd stains,  
Some fled and ill mischiev'd.

116

The minstrel wan within twa wains,  
That day he wisely priev'd ;  
For he came hame wi' unbruised bains,  
Where fighters were mischiev'd

120

Fou ill that day.

Heigh Hutchon with a hisil rice,  
To red can throw them rummil ;  
He maw'd them down like ony mice,  
He was nae baity bummil :  
Tho' he was wight, he was na wise,  
With sic jangleurs to jummil ;  
For frae his thumb they dang a slice,  
While he cry'd, barlafumil,

124

I'm slain this day.

When that he saw his blood sae red,  
To flee might nae man let him ;  
He ween'd it had been for auld feed,  
He thought and bade have at him ;  
He gart his feet defend his head,  
The far fairer it set him,  
While he was past out of all plead,  
He soud been swift that gat him,

132

Throw speed that day.

112 My liking liggs.] My sweet-heart lies on the ground.  
117 Wan within twa wains.] Got between two wains or waggons, and hid himself.

124 Baity bummil.] Or petty fumbler ; an actionless fellow.

128 Barlafumil.] Cry'd, barley, or, a barlefumil, I'm fallen.

The town souter in grief was bowden,  
 His wife hung at his waist.  
 His body was with blood a' browden,  
 He grain'd like ony ghaist ;  
 Her glittering hair that was sae gowden,  
 Sae hard in love him lac'd,  
 That for her sake he was not yowden,  
 While he a mile was chac'd,

140 And mair that day.

The miller was of manly make,  
 To meet him was nae mows ;  
 There durst nae tensome there him take,  
 Sae noyted he their pows :  
 The bushment heal about him brake,  
 And bicker'd him wi' bows :  
 Syne trait'rously behind his back,  
 They hew'd him on the hows

143 Behind that day.

Twa that were headsmen of the herd,  
 On ither ran like rams,  
 They follow'd, seeming right unfear'd,  
 Beat on with barrow trams :  
 But where their gabs they were ungear'd  
 They gat upon the gams ;  
 While bloody barker'd was their beards,  
 As they had worried lambs,

152 Maist like that day.

The wives keist up a heditary yell,  
 When all these yonkers yoked :  
 As fleece as flags of fire flaughts fell,  
 Frieks to the fields they flocked :

160

137 In grief was bowden.] Was furnish'd with abundance of grief. One who has enough of any thing, we say, he is well bodin.

139 Blood a' browden.] All besmear'd with blood. But browden more commonly means forward or fond.

143 Not yowden.] Not tired.

152 They hew'd him on the hows.] Threw him on his back by striking him on his hows, i. e. houghs.

164 Frieks.] Young fellows.

The carles with clubs did others quell  
 On breasts, while blood out boaked ;  
 Sac rudely rang the common bell,  
 That a' the steeple rocked,  
 For dread that day. 168

By this Tam Taylor was in's gear,  
 When that he heard the bell,  
 He said he should make all a steer,  
 When he came there himsel : 172  
 He gaed to fight in sic a fear,  
 While to the ground he fell ;  
 A wife that hat him on the ear,  
 With a great knocking mell,  
 Fell'd him that day. 76

When they had bierd like baited bulls,  
 And brain-wood brynt in bails ;  
 They were as meek as any mules,  
 That mangit are with mails ; 180  
 For faintness thaeforfoughten fools  
 Fell down like slaughter'd fails :  
 Fresh men came in, and hal'd the dools,  
 And dang them down in dails,  
 Bedeen that day. 184

When a' was done, Dick with an aix  
 Came forth to fell a fidder ;  
 Quoth he, Where are yon hangit smaiks,  
 That wad have slain my brither ? 188  
 His wife bad him gae hame Gib Glaicks,  
 And fae did Meg his mither ;  
 He turn'd and gave them baith their paiks,  
 For he durst ding nae ither,  
 But them that day. 192

166 Out boaked.] Gush'd out.

178 And braid-wood.] Being distracted, or brainsick.

180 Mangit are with mails.] Wearied and gall'd with their loading.

182 Flauther'd fails.] Turf that the country people flea for covering their houses.

183 Hal'd the dools.] See Lucky Spence, line 40.

184 Down in dails, bedeen.] In heaps a great deal of them, Bedeen, speedily.

186 Came forth to fell a fidder.] Cut down a fidder or load of wood.

*Christ's Kirk on the Green.*

## \* CANTO II.

BUT there had been mair blood and skaith,  
 Sair harship and great spulie,  
 And mony aane had gotten his death  
 By this unsomie toolie :  
 But that the bauld good-wife of Braith,  
 Arm'd wi' a great kail gully,  
 Came bellyflaught, and loot an aith,  
 She'd gar them a' be hooly

Fou fast that day.

Blyth to win aff fae wi' hale banes,  
 Tho' mony had clow'r'd pows ;  
 And dragl'd fae 'mang muck and stanes,  
 They look'd like wirrykows :

---

\* The King having painted the rustic squabble with an uncommon spirit, in a most ludicrous manner, in a stanza of verse the most difficult to keep the sense complete, as he has done, without being forced to bring in words for crambo's sake, where they return so frequently : Ambitious to imitate so great an original, I put a stop to the war, called a congreſs, and made them sign a peace, that the world might have their picture in the more agreeable hours of drinking, dancing, and singing.

The following Cantoes were wrote, one in 1715, the other in 1718 ; about 300 years after the first. Let no worthy poet despair of immortality ; good sense will be always the same in spite of the revolution of words.

<sup>7</sup> Came belly-flaught.] Came in great haste, as it were flying full upon them with her arms full spread, as a falcon with expanded wings comes swooping upon her prey.

<sup>8</sup> Be hooly fou fast.] Desist immediately.

Quoth some, who 'maist had tint their aynds,

Let's see how a' bowls rows :

And quat their bruizement at anes,

Yon gully is nae mows,

16

Forsooth this day.

Quoth Hutchon, I am well content,

I think we may do war ;

Till this time tomord I'se indent

Our claihs of dirt will fa'r :

Wi' nevels I'm amait fawn faint,

My chafts are dung a char ;

Then took his bonnet to the bent,

And dadit aff the glar,

20

Fou clean that day.

Tam Taylor, wha in time of battle

Lay as gin some had fell'd him,

Gat up now wi' an unco' rattle,

As nane there durst a quell'd him :

Bauld Bess flew till him wi' a brattle,

And spite of his teeth held him

Cleis by the craig, and with her fatal

Knife shored she would geld him,

28

For peace that day.

Syne a' wi' ae consent shook hands,

As they stood in a ring ;

Some red their hair, some set their bands,

Some did their fark-tails wring ;

Then for a hap to shaw their brands,

They did their minstrel bring,

Where clever houghs like willi-wands,

At ilka blythsoine spring,

36

Lap high that day.

14 Let's see how a' bowls rows.] A bowling-green phrase, commonly used when people would examine any affair that's a little ravel'd.

17 Quoth Hutchon.] Vide Canto i. l. 121. He's brave, and the first man for an honourable peace.

25 Tam Taylor.] Vide Canto i. l. 169. He's a coward, but would appear valiant when he finds the rest in peace.

Claud Peky was na very blate,  
 He stood nae lang a dreigh ;  
 For by the wame he gripped Kate,  
   And gar'd her gi'e a skriegh :  
 Had aff, quoth she, ye filthy slate,  
   Ye stink o' leeks, O figh !  
 Let gae my hands, I say, be quait ;  
   And vow gin she was skeigh,

And mim that day.

Now settl'd goffies sat, and keen  
   Did for fresh bickers birlie ;  
 While the young swankies on the green  
   Took round a merry tirlie ;  
 Meg Wallet wi' her pinky een,  
   Gart Lawrie's heart-strings dirle ;  
 And foul wad threep, that she did green  
   For what wad gar her skirle

And skreigh some day.

The manly miller, haff and haff,  
   Came out to shaw good will,  
 Flang by his mittens and his staff,  
   Cry'd, Gi'e me Paty's Mill ;  
 He lap bawk-hight, and cry'd, Had aff,  
   They rus'd him that had skill ;  
 He wad do't better, quoth a cawff,  
   Had he another gill

Of usquebae.

Furth started neist a pensy blade,  
   And out a maiden took,  
 They said that he was Falkland bred,  
   And danced by the book ;

50 Did for fresh bickers birlie.] Contributed for fresh bottles.

57 Haff and haff.] Half fuddled.

61 He lap bawk-hight.] So high as his head could strike the loft or joining of the couples.

67 Falkland bred.] Been a journeyman to the king's tailor, and had seen court dancing.

A couple taylor to his trade,  
And when their hands he shook,  
Ga'e them what he got frae his dad,  
Videlicet, the yuke,

To claw that day.

72

Whan a' cry'd out he did sae weel,  
He Meg and Bess did call up ;  
The lasses babb'd about the reel,  
Gar'd a' their hurdies wallop,  
And swat like pownies when they speel  
Up braes, or when they gallop,  
But a thrawn knublock hit his heel,  
And wives had him to haul up,

76

Haff fell'd that day.

80

But mony a pauky look and tale  
Gaed round when glowmin hous'd them,  
The ostler wife brought ben good ale,  
And bad the lasses rouze them ;  
Up wi' them lads, and I'fe be bail  
They'll loo ye an ye touze them :  
Quoth gawfie, this will never fail  
Wi' them that this gate woos them,

84

On sic a day.

88

Syne stools and furms were drawn aside,  
And up raise Willy Dadle,  
A short hought man, but fou o' pride,  
He said the fidler plaid ill ;  
Let's hae the pipes, quoth he, beside ;  
Quoth a', that is nae said ill :  
He fits the floor syne wi' the bride  
To cuttymun and Treeladle,

92

96

Thick, thick, that day.

In the mean time in came the laird,  
And by some right did claim  
To kifs and dance wi' Mausie Aird,  
A dink and dortie dame :

100

82 Glowmin hous'd him.] Twilight brought them into the house.

96 Cuttymun, &c.] A tune that goes very quick.

But O poor Mause was aff her guard,  
 For back gate frae her wame,  
 Beckin she loot a fearfu' raird,  
 That gart her think great shame,  
 And blush that day.

Auld Steen led out Maggy Forsyth,  
 He was her ain good brither ;  
 And ilka ane was unco' blyth,  
 To see auld fouk sae clever.  
 Quoth Jock, wi' laughing like to rive,  
 What think ye o' my mither ?  
 Were my dad dead, let me ne'er thrive  
 But she wad get anither

Goodman this day.

Tam Lutter had a muckle dish,  
 And betwixt ilka tune,  
 He laid his lugs in't like a fish,  
 And fuckt till it was done :  
 His bags were liquor'd to his wish,  
 His face was like a moon ;  
 But he cou'd get nae place to pish  
 In, but his ain twa shoon,

For thrang that day.

The latter gae of haly rhyme,  
 Sat up at the board-head,  
 And a' he said was thought a crime  
 To contradict indeed :  
 For in clark lear he was right prime,  
 And cou'd baith write and read,  
 And drank sae firm 'till ne'er a styme  
 He cou'd keek on a bead,

Or book that day.

118 His face was like a moon.] Round, full, and shining. When one is staring full of drink, he is said to have a face like a full moon.

121 The letter gae of haly rhyme.] The reader or church precentor, who lets go, i. e. gives out the tune to be sung by the rest of the congregation.

126. Baith write and read.] A rarity in those days.

128 Keek on a bead.] Pray after the Roman Catholic manner, which was the religion then in fashion.

When he was fluite, twa sturdy chielis,  
Be's oxter and be's collar,  
Held up frae cowping o' the creels  
The liquid logic scholar.

132

When he came hame his wife did reel,  
And rampage in her choler,  
With that he brake the spinning-wheel,  
That cost a good rix-dollar

136

And mair, some say.

Near bed-time now ilk weary wight  
Was gaunting for his rest :  
For some were like to tine their sight,  
Wi' sleep and drinking strest.

140

But ithers that were stomach-tight,  
Cry'd out, it was nae best  
To leave a supper that was dight  
To brownies, or a ghaist,

144

To eat or day.

On whomelt tubs lay twa lang dails,  
On them stood mony a goan,  
Some fill'd wi' brachan, some wi' kail,  
And milk het frae the loan.

148

Of daintiths they had routh and wale,  
Of which they were right fou ;  
But naithing wad gae down but ale  
Wi' drunken Donald Dou

152

The smith that day.

Twa times aught bannocks in a heap,  
And twa good junts of beef,  
Wi' hind and fore spaul of a sheep,  
Drew whittles frae ilk sheath :

156

131 Frae cowping o' the creels.] From turning topsy turvy.

144 To brownies.] Many whimsical stories are handed down to us by old women, of these brownies : they tell us, they were a kind of drudging spirits, who appeared in the shape of rough men, would have lain familiarly by the fire all night, threshed in the barn, brought a midwife at a time, and done many such kind offices; but none of them have been seen in Scotland since the Reformation, as saith the wise John Brown.

Wi' gravie a' their beards did dreep,  
They kempit with their teeth ;  
A kebbuck syne that 'maist cou'd creep  
Its lane pat on the sheaf,

160 In stones that day.

The bride was now laid in her bed,  
Her left leg ho was flung ;  
And Gordie Gibb was fidgen glad,  
Because it hit Jean Gunn :  
She was his jo, and aft had said,  
Fy, Geordie, had your tongue,  
Ye's ne'er get me to be your bride ;  
But chang'd her mind when bung,

164 That very day.

Tehee, quoth Touzie, when she saw,  
The cathiel coming ben ;  
It piping het get round them a' ;  
The bride she made a fen,  
To fit in wylicoat fae braw,  
Upon her nether en ;  
Her lad like ony cock did craw,  
That meets a clockin hen,

172 176 And blyth were they.

The fouter, miller, smith, and Dick,  
Lawrie and Hutchon bauld,  
Carles that keep nae very strict  
Be hours, tho' they were auld :  
Nor cou'd they e'er leave aff that trick ;  
But whare good ale was sald,  
They drank a' night, e'en tho' auld nick  
Shou'd tempt their wives to scald

180 184 Them for't neist day.

160 A kebbuck syne that 'maist cou'd creep its lane pat on the sheaf.] A cheese full of crawling mites crown'd the feast.

162 Her left leg ho was flung.] The practice of throwing the bridegroom or the bride's stocking when they are going to bed, is well known : the person who it lights on is to be next married of the company.

169 Tehee.] An interjection of laughter.

176 Clockin hen.] A hatching hen.

Was ne'er in Scotland heard or seen  
 Sic banqueting and drinkin,  
 Sic revelling and battles keen,  
 Sic dancing and sic jinkin,  
 And unco wark that fell at e'en,  
 Whan lasses were haff winkin,  
 They lost the feet and baith their e'en,  
 And maidenheads gae'd lilkin

188

192  
Aff a' that day.168  
*Christ's Kirk on the Green.*

## C A N T O III.

Now frae east nook of Fife the dawn  
 Speel'd westlines up the lift,  
 Carles wha heard the cock had craw'n,  
 Begoud to rax and rift :  
 And greedy wives wi' girning thrawn,  
 Cry'd lasses up to thrift ;  
 Dogs barked, and the lads frae hand  
 Bang'd to their breeks like drift,

4

8

Be break of day.

Curious to know how my bridal folks would look next day after the marrriage, I attempted this third Canto, which opens with a description of the morning ; then the friends come and present their gifts to the new-married couple ; a view is taken off one girl (Kirsh) who had come fairly off, and of Mause who had stumbled with the laird ; next a scene of drinking is represented, and the young good-man is creel'd ; then the character of the smith's ill-natured shrew is drawn, which leads in the description of riding the stang ; next Maggy Murdy has an exemplary character of a good wife wife : deep drinking and bloodless quarrels makes an end of an old tale.

<sup>1</sup> East nook of Fife.] Where day must break upon my company ; if, as I have observed, the scene is at Lesly church.

But some who had been foul yestreen,  
 Sic as the letter-gae,  
 Air up had nae will to be seen,  
 Grudgin their groat to pay.  
 But what aft fristed's no forseen,  
 When foul has nougnt to say ;  
 Yet sweer were they to rake their een,  
 Sic dizzy heads had they,

And het that day.

Be that time it was fair foor days,  
 As foul's the house cou'd pang,  
 To see the young foul 'ere they raise,  
 Gossips came in ding dang,  
 And wi' a soos aboon the clraiths,  
 Ilk ane their gifts down flang :  
 Twall toop-horn-spoons down Maggy lays,  
 Baith muckle mow'd and lang,

For kale or whey.

Her aunt a pair of tangs fush in,  
 Right bauld she spake and spruce,  
 " Gin your goodman shall make a din,  
 " And gabble like a goose,  
 " Shorin whan foul to skelp ye're skin,  
 " Thir tangs may be of use :  
 " Lay them enlang his pow or shin,  
 " Wha wins syne may make roose,

Between you twa."

12 Their groat to pay.] Payment of the drunken groat is very peremptorily demanded by the common people next morning ; but if they frankly confess the debt due, they are passed for two pence.

15 Rake their een.) Rub open their eyes.

17 Fair foor days.) Broad day-light.

21 Aboon the clraiths.) They commonly throw their gifts of household furniture above the bed-cloaths where the young folks are lying.

Auld Bessie in her red coat braw,  
Came wi' her ain oe Nanny,  
An odd like wife, they said, that saw

36

A moupin runcleld granny :  
She fley'd the kimmers ane and a',  
Wold gae'd she was na canny ;  
Nor wad they let Lucky awa,

Till she was fou wi' branny,

40

Like mony mae.

Steen fresh and fastin 'mang the rest

Came in to get his morning,  
Speer'd gin the bride had tane the test,

44

And hew she loo'd her corning ?

She leugh as she bad fun a nest,

Said, let a be ye'r scorning.

Quoth Roger, fegs I've done my best,

To ge'er a charge of horning,

48

As well's I may.

Kind Kirsh was there, a canty lass,

Black ey'd, black hair'd, and bonny :

Right well red up and jimp she was,

And wooers had fow mony :

52

I wat na how it came to pafs,

She cutled in wi' Jonnie,

And tumbling wi' him on the grafs,

Dang a' her cockernonny

56

Ajee that day.

But Mause begrutten was and bleer'd,

Look'd thowless, dowf, and sleepy ;

Auld Maggy kend the wyt, and sneer'd,

Caw'd her a poor daft heeby :

60

38 Word gaed she was na canny.) It was reported she was a witch.

43 Had tane the test.) I do not mean an oath of that name we all have heard of.

48 Charge of horning.) Is a writ charging to make payment, declaring the debtor a rebel. N. B. It may be left in the lock hole if the doors be shut.

“ It’s a wise wife that kens her weir’d,  
 “ What tho’ ye mount the creepy ;  
 “ There’s a good lesson may be lear’d,  
 “ And what the war will ye be,  
 To stand a day.  
 “ Or bairns can read, they first maun spell,  
 “ I learn’d this frae my maminy,  
 “ And coost a legen girth my fell,  
 “ Lang or I married Tammie :  
 “ I’se warrand ye have a’ heard tell,  
 “ Of bonny Andrew Lammy,  
 “ Stiffly in loove wi’ me he fell,  
 “ As soon as e’er he saw mè :  
 “ That was a day.”  
 Het drink, fresh butter’d caiks and cheese,  
 That held their hearts aboon,  
 Wi’ clashes, mingled aft wi’ lies,  
 Drave aff the hale forenoon :  
 But after dinner, an ye please,  
 To weary not o’er soon,  
 We down to e’ening edge wi’ ease  
 Shall loup, and see what’s done  
 I’ the doup o’ day.

Now what the friends wad fain been at,  
 They that were right true blue,  
 Was e’en to get their wysons wat,  
 And fill young Roger fou :  
 But the bauld billy took his maut,  
 And was right stiffl to bow ;  
 He fairly ga’e them tit for tat,  
 And scour’d aff healths anew

Clean out that day.

63 Mount the creepy.) The stool of repentance.

67 Coost a legen girth.) Like a tub that loses one of its bottom-hoops

84 Fill young Roger fou.) ’Tis a custom for the friends to endeavour the next day after the wedding to make the new married man as drunk as possible.

A creel bout fou of muckle stains

They clinked on his back,

To try the pith o's rigg and reins,

They gart him cadge this pack.

Now as a sign he had tane pains,

His young wife was na slack,

To rin and ease his shoulder-bains,

And sneg'd the raips fou snack,

92

Wi' her knife that day.

Syne the blyth carles, tooth and nail,

Fell keenly to the wark ;

To ease the gantrees of the ale,

And try wha was maist stark ;

Till boord and floor, and a' did fail,

Wi' spilt ale i' the dark ;

Gart Jock's fit slide, he like a fail,

Play'd dad, and dang the bark

96

Aff shins that day.

The souter, miller, smith, and Dick,

Et cet'ra, closf sat cockin,

Till wasted was baith cash and tick,

Sae ill were they to flocken :

Gane out to pish in gutters thick,

Some fell, and some gaed rockin,

Sawny hang sneering on his stick,

To see bauld Hutchon bockin

100

Rainbows that day.

The smith's wife her black deary sought,

And fand him skin and birn :

Quoth she, " This day's wark's be dear bought ; "

He damn'd and gae a girn,

108

112

116

89 A creel, &c.] For merriment, a creel or basket is bound, full of stones, upon his back ; and if he has acted a manly part, his young wife with all imaginable speed cuts the cords, and relieves him from the burthen : if she does not, he's rallied for a fumbler.

105 The souter, &c.] Vide Canto II. line 177.

114 Skin and birn.] The marks of a sheep ; the burn on the nose, and the tar on the skin : i. e. She was sure it was him, with all the marks of her drunken husband about him.

- Ca'd her a jade, and said she mucht  
 Gae hame and scum her kirk :  
 " Whisht ladren, for gin ye say out  
 " Mair, Ise wind ye a pirn,  
 " To reel some day".
- " Ye'll wind a pirn ! ye silly snool,  
 " Wae worth ye'r drunken faul,"  
 Quoth she, and lap out o'er a stool,  
 And caught him by the spaul :  
 He shook her, and sware muckle dool,
- " Ye's thole for this, ye scal ;  
 " Ise rive frae aff ye'r hips the hool,  
 " And learn ye to be baul.  
 On sic a day."
- " Your tippanizing scant o' grace,  
 " Quoth she, gars me gang daddy :  
 " Our nibour Pate sin break o' day's  
 " Been thumping at his studdy.  
 " An it be true that some fowk says,  
 " Ye'll gирн yet in a woody ;"  
 Syne wi' her nails she rave his face,  
 Made a' his black baird bloody  
 Wi' scarts that day.
- A gilpy that had seen the faught,  
 I wat he was nae lang,  
 Till he had gather'd seven or aught  
 Wild hempies stout and strang ;  
 They frae a barn a kabar raught,  
 Ane mounted wi' a bang,  
 Betwixt twa's shoulders and sat straght  
 Upon't, and rade the stang  
 On her that day.

120 Wind ye a pirn.] Is a threatening expression, when one designs to contrive some malicious thing to vex you.

144 Rade the stang on her.] The riding of a stang on a woman that hath beat her husband, is as I have described it, by one's riding upon a stang, or long piece of wood, carried by two others on their shoulders, where, like a herald, he proclaims the woman's name, and the manner of her unnatural action.

The wives and gytlings a' spawn'd out  
 O'er middings and o'er dykes,  
 Wi' mony an unco skirl and shout,  
 Like bumbees frae their bykes ;  
 Thro' thick and thin they teour'd about,  
 Flashing thro' dubs and sykes,  
 And sic a rierd ran thro' the rout,  
 Gart a' the hale town tykes

148

Yamph loud that day.

152

But d'ye see sou better bred  
 Was mens-fou Maggy Murdy,  
 She her lamb like a lammy led  
 Hame, wi' a well wail'd wordy.  
 Faft frae the company he fled,  
 As he had tane the sturdy :  
 She flench'd him fairly to his bed,  
 Wi ca'ing him her burdy,

156

Kindly that day.

160

But Lawrie he took out his nap  
 Upon a mow of pease ;  
 And Robin spew'd in's ain wife's lap ;  
 He said it gae him ease :  
 Hutchon with a three lugg'd cap,  
 His head bizzan wi' bees,  
 Hit Geordy a mislushios rap,  
 And brak the brig o's neese

164

Right fair that day.

168

Syne ilka thing gae'd arse o'er head,  
 Chanlers, boord, stools, and stowps,  
 Flew thro' the house wi' muckle speed,  
 And there was little hopes,  
 But there had been some ill-done deed,  
 They gat sic thrawart cowps ;  
 But a' the skaith that chanc'd indeed,  
 Was only on their dowsps,

172

Wi' faws that day.

176

158 Tane the sturdy.] A disease among sheep that makes them giddy, and run off from the rest of the herd.

Sae whiles they toolied, whiles they drank,  
 'Till a' their sense was smor'd ;  
 And in their maws there was nae mank,  
 Upon the forms some snor'd :  
 Ithers frae aff the bunkers sank,  
 Wi' e'en like collops scor'd ;  
 Some ram'd their noddles wi' a clanck,  
 E'en like a thick-scull'd lord,

184  
On posts that day.

The young good-man to bed did clim,  
 His dear the door did lock in ;  
 Crap down beyont him and the rim  
 O'er wame he clapt his dock on.  
 She fand her lad was not in trim,  
 And be this same good token,  
 That ilka member, lith and limb,  
 Was souple like a doken,

185  
Bout him that day.

Notwithstanding all this my public-spirited pains, I am well assured there are a few heavy heads, who will bring down the thick of their cheeks to the fide of their mouths, and richly stupid, alledge there's some things in it have meaning. Well, I own it ; and think it handsomer in a few lines to say something, than talk a great deal and mean nothing. Pray, is there any thing vicious or unbecoming in saying, " Men's Liths and Limbs are souple when intoxicated ?" Does it not shew, that excessive drinking enervates and unhinges a man's constitution, and makes him uncapable of performing divine or natural duties. There is the moral. And believe me, I could raise many useful notes from every character, which the ingenious will presently find out.

" Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,  
 " And rise to faults true critics dare not mend ;  
 " From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,  
 " And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

POPE.  
Thus have I pursued these comical characters, having gentlemen's health and pleasure, and the good manners of the vulgar, in view : the main design of comedy being to represent the follies and mistakes of low life in a just light, making them appear as ridiculous as they really are, that each who is

*TARTANA, or the PLAID.*

Ye Caledonian beauties, who have long  
Been both the muse and subject of my song,  
Assist your bard, who, in harmonious lays,  
Designs the glory of your plaid to raise :  
How my fond breast with blazing ardor glows,  
Whene'er my song on you just praise bestows.

5

Phoebus and his imaginary Nine,  
With me have lost the title of divine ;  
To no such shadows will I homage pay,  
These to my real muses shall give way :  
My muses, who on smooth meand'ring Tweed,  
Stray through the groves, or grace the clover mead ;  
Or these who bathe themselves where haughty Clyde  
Does roaring o'er his lofty cat'racts ride ;  
Or you who on the banks of gentle Tay  
Drain from the flow'r's the early dews of May,  
To varnish on your cheek the crimson dye,  
Or make the white the falling snow outv'y :  
And you who on Edina's streets display  
Millions of matchless beauties every day ;  
Inspir'd by you, what poet can desire  
To warm his genius at a brighter fire ?

15

20

25

I sing the Plaid, and sing with all my skill,  
Mount then, O Fancy, standard to my will :  
Be strong each thought, run soft each happy line,  
That gracefulness and harmony may shine,  
Adapted to the beautiful design.

{ } { }

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a spectator, may evite his being the object of laughter. Any body that has a mind to look four upon it may use their freedom.

" Not laugh, beasts, fishes, fowls, nor reptiles can,  
" That's a peculiar happiness of man :  
" When govern'd with a prudent cheerful grace,  
" 'Tis one of the first beauties of the face.

Great is the subject, vast th' exalted theme,  
And shall stand fair in endless rolls of fame.

The Plaid's antiquity comes first in view,  
Precedence to antiquity is due :

Antiquity contains a certain spell,  
To make ev'n things of little worth excel ;  
To smallest subjects gives a glaring dash,  
Protecting high born idiots from the lash :  
Much more 'tis valu'd, when with merit plac'd  
It graces merit, and by merit's grac'd.

O first of garbs ! garment of happy fate !  
So long employ'd, of such an antique date ;  
Look back some thousand years, till records fail,  
And lose themselves in some romantic tale,  
We'll find our godlike fathers nobly scorn'd  
To be with any other dress adorn'd ;  
Before base foreign fashions interwove,  
Which 'gainst their int'rest and their brav'ry strove.  
'Twas they could boast their freedom with proud Rome,  
And, arm'd in steel, despise the senate's doom ;  
Whilst o'er the globe their Eagle they display'd,  
And conquer'd nations prostrate homage paid,  
They only, they unconquer'd stood their ground,  
And to the mighty empire fix'd the bound.  
Our native prince who then supply'd the throne,  
In plaid array'd magnificently shone :  
Nor seem'd his purple, or his ermine less,  
Tho' cover'd with the Caledonian dres.  
In this at court the thanes were gayly clad,  
With this the shepherds and the hinds were glad,  
In this the warrior wrapt his brawny arms,  
With this our beauteous mothers veil'd their charms ;  
When ev'ry youth, and every lovely maid  
Deem'd it a *dishabille* to want their Plaid.

O Heavens ! how chang'd ! how little look their race !  
When foreign chains with foreign modes take place ;  
When East and Western Indies must combine  
To deck the fop, and make the gewgaw shine.  
Thus while the Grecian troops in Persia lay,  
And learn'd the habit to be soft and gay,  
By luxury enerv'd, they lost the day.

I ask'd Varell, what soldiers he thought best ?  
And thus he answer'd to my plain request ;  
“ Were I to lead battalions out to war,

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" And hop'd to triumph in the victor's car,  
 " To gain the loud applause of worthy fame,  
 " And columns rais'd to enternise my name,  
 " I'd choose, had I my choice, that hardy race  
 " Who fearless can look terrors in the face ;  
 " Who 'midst the snows the best of limbs can fold  
 " In Tartan Plaids, and smile at chilling cold :  
 " No useless trash should pain my soldier's back,  
 " No canvas-tents make loaden axles crack ;  
 " No rattling silks I'd to my standards bind,  
 " But bright Tartana's waving in the wind :  
 " The Plaid alone should all my ensigns be,  
 " This army from such banners would not flee.

80

" These, these were they, who naked taught the way  
 " To fight with art, and boldly gain the day."

85

Ev'n great Gustavus stood himself amaz'd,  
 While at their wond'rous skill and force he gaz'd.  
 With such brave troops one might o'er Europe run,  
 Make out what Richlieu fram'd, and Lewis had begun.

90

Degenerate men ! now ladies please to sit,  
 That I the Plaid in all its airs may hit,  
 With all the powers of softness mixt with wit,

95

While scorching Titan tawns the shepherd's brow,  
 And whistling hinds sweat, lagging at the plow,  
 The piercing beams Brucina can defy,  
 Not sun-burnt she's, nor dazzl'd is her eye.

Ugly's the mask, the fan's a trifling toy  
 To still at church some girl or restless boy.

100

Fix'd to one spot's the pine and myrtle shades,  
 But on each motion wait th' umbrellian Plaids,  
 Repelling dust when winds disturb the air,  
 And give a check to every ill-bred stare.

Light as the pinions of the airy fry,  
 Of larks and linnets who traverse the sky,

105

Is the Tartana, spun so very fine,  
 Its weight can never make the fair repine,

By raising ferments in her glowing blood,  
 Which cannot be escap'd within the hood :

Nor does it move beyond its proper sphere,  
 But lets the gown in all its shape appear ;

Nor is the straightness of her waist deny'd  
 To be by every ravish'd eye survey'd.

For this the hoop may stand at largest bend,  
 It comes not high, nor can its weight offend.

110

The Hood and Mantle make the tender faint ;  
 I'm pain'd to see them moving like a tent.  
 By heather, Jenny in her blanket dreft,  
 The Hood and Mantle fully are exprest ;  
 Which round her neck with rags is firmly bound,  
 While heather besoms loud she screams around.  
 Was Goody Strode so great a pattern, say ?  
 Are ye to follow when such lead the way ?  
 But know each fair who shall this Surtout use,  
 You're no more Scots, and cease to be my muse.

The smoothest labours of the Persian loom  
 Lin'd in the Plaid, set off the beauty's bloom ;  
 Faint is the gloss, nor come the colours nigh,  
 Tho' white as milk, or dipt in scarlet dye.  
 The lily plukt by fair Pringella grieves,  
 Whose whiter hand outshines its snowy leaves :  
 No wonder then white silks in our esteem,  
 Match'd with her fairer face, they fully'd seem.

If shining red Campbella's cheeks adorn,  
 Our fancies straight conceive the blushing morn ;  
 Beneath whose dawn the sun of beauty lies,  
 Nor need we light but from Campbella's eyes.

If lin'd with green Stuarta's Plaid we view,  
 Or thine, Ramseia, edg'd around with blue ;  
 One shews the spring when nature is most kind,  
 The other heav'n, whose spangles lift the mind.

A garden-plot enrich'd with chosen flowers,  
 In sun-beams basking after vernal showers,  
 Where lovely pinks in sweet confusion rise,  
 And amaranths and eglintines surprise :  
 Hedg'd round with fragrant briar and jessamine,  
 The rosie thorn and variegated green ;  
 These give not half that pleasure to the view,  
 As when, Fergusia, mortals gaze on you ;  
 You raise our wonder, and our love engage,  
 Which makes us curse, and yet admire the hedge ;  
 The silk and tartan hedge, which doth conspire  
 With you to kindle love's soft spreading fire,  
 How many charms can every fair one boast !  
 How oft's our fancy in the plenty lost !  
 These more remote, these we admire the most.  
 What's too familiar often we despise,  
 But rarity makes still the value rise.

- If Sol himself should shine through all the day,  
 We cloy, and lose the pleasure of his ray : 160  
 But if behind some marly cloud he steal,  
 Nor for some time his radiant head reveal,  
 With brighter charms his absence he repays,  
 And every sun-beam seems a double blaze.  
 So when the fair their dazzling lustres shroud, 165  
 And disappoint us with a tartan cloud,  
 How fondly do we peep with wishful eye,  
 Transported when one lovely charm we spy :  
 Oft to our cost, ah me ! we often find  
 The pow'r of love strikes deep, tho' he be blind ;  
 Perch'd on a lip, a cheek, a chin, or smile, 170  
 Hits with surprise, and throws young hearts in jail.  
 From when the cock proclaims the rising day,  
 And milk-maids sing around sweet curds and whey ;  
 'Till grey-ey'd twilight, harbinger of night, 175  
 Pursues o'er silver mountains sinking light,  
 I can unweared from my casement's view  
 The Plaid, with something still about it new.  
 How are we pleas'd, when with a handsome air  
 We see Hepburna walk with easy care ? 180  
 One arm half-circles round her slender waist,  
 The other like an ivory pillar plac'd,  
 To hold her Plaid, around her modest face,  
 Which faves her blushes with the gayest grace :  
 If in white kids her taper fingers move, 185  
 Or unconfin'd jet thro' the sable glove.  
 With what a pretty action Keitha holds  
 Her Plaid, and varies oft its airy folds ;  
 How does that naked space the spirits move, 190  
 Between the ruffl'd lawn and envious glove ?  
 We by the sample, tho' no more be seen,  
 Imagine all that's fair within the skreen.  
 Thus belles in Plaids vail and display their charms,  
 The love-sick youth thus bright Humea warms, 195  
 And with her graceful mein he rivals all alarms.  
 The Plaid itself gives pleasure to the sight,  
 To see how all its setts imbibe the light ;  
 Forming some way, which ev'n to me lies hid,  
 White, black, blue, yellow, purple, green, and red.

Let Newton's royal club thro' prisms stare,  
To view celestial dyes with curious care,  
I'll please myself, nor shall my sight ask aid  
Of crystal gimcracks to survey the Plaid.—

How decent is the plaid when in the pew,  
It hides th' enchanting fair from ogler's view.  
The mind's oft crowded with ill-tim'd desires,  
When nymphis unval'd approach the sacred choirs,  
Even senators who guard the commonweal,  
Their minds may rove—Are mortals made of steel?  
The finish'd beaux start up in all their airs,  
And search out beauties more than mind their prayers.  
The wainscot forty-six's are perplext  
To be eclips'd, spite makes them drop the text.  
The younger gaze at each fine thing they see;  
The orator himself is scarcely free.  
Ye then who wou'd your piety expres,  
To sacred domes ne'er come in naked dress.  
The power of modesty shall still prevail;  
Then Scotian virgins use your native vail.

Thus far young Cosmel read; then star'd and curst,  
And askt me very gravely how I durst  
Advance such praises for a thing despis'd?  
He smiling, swore I had been ill advis'd.

To you, said I, perhaps this may seem true,  
And numbers vast, nor fools may side with you;  
As many shall my sentiments approve:  
Tell me what's not the butt of scorn and love?  
Were mankind all agreed to think one way  
What wou'd divines and poets have to say?  
No ensigns wou'd on martial fields be spread,  
And *Corpus Juris* never wou'd be read:  
We'd need no councils, parliaments, nor kings,  
Ev'n wit and learning wou'd turn turn silly things.  
You miss my meaning still, I'm much afraid;  
I wou'd not have them always wear the Plaid.

Old Salem's royal sage, of wits the prime,  
Said, "For each thing there was a proper time."  
Night's but Aurora's Plaid, that ta'en away,  
We lose the pleasure of returning day;  
Ev'n thro' the gloom, when view'd in sparkling skies,  
Orbs scarcely seen, yet gratify our eyes.  
So thro' Hamilla's op'ned Plaid, we may  
Behold her heav'nly face, and heaving milky way.

- Spanish reserve, join'd with a Gallic air,  
If manag'd well, becomes the Scotian fair. 245
- Now you say well, said he ; but when's the time  
That they may drop the Plaid without a crime ?
- Then I ;  
Left, O fair nymphs, ye shou'd our patience tire,  
And starch reserve extinguish gen'rous fire ;  
Since Heav'n your soft victorious charms design'd 250  
To form a smoothness on the rougher mind :  
When from the bold and noble toils of war,  
The rural cares, or labours of the bar ;  
From these hard studies which are learn'd and grave,  
And some from dang'rous riding o'er the wave ; 255  
The Caledonian manly youth resort  
To their Edina, love's great mart and port,  
And crow'd her theatres with all that grace  
Which is peculiar to the Scotian race ;  
At concert, ball, or some fair's marriage-day, 260  
O then with freedom all that's sweet display.  
When beauty's to be judg'd without a vail,  
And not its power met out as by retail,  
But wholesale all at once to fill the mind  
With sentiments gay, soft, and frankly kind ; 265  
Throw by the Plaid, and like the lamp of day,  
When there's no cloud to intercept his ray ;  
So shine Maxella, nor their censure fear,  
Who, slaves to vapours, dare not so appear.
- On Ida's height, when to the royal swain,  
To know who should the prize of beauty gain,  
Jove sent his two fair daughters and his wife,  
That he might be the judge to end the strife :  
Hermes was guide, they found him by the tree, 270  
And thus they spoke with air divinely free,  
" Say, Paris, which is fairest of us three."  
To Jove's high queen, and the celestial maids,  
E're he wou'd pass his sentence, cry'd, " No Plaids." 275  
Quickly the goddesses obey'd his call,  
In simple nature's dress he view'd them all,  
Then to Cytherea gave the golden ball.
- Great critics, hail ! our dread, whose love or hate,  
Can with a frown or smile, gave verse its fate ;  
Attend, while o'er this field my fancy roams,  
I've somewhat more to say, and here it comes : 280  
When virtue was a crime, in Tancred's reign,  
There was a noble youth who wou'd not deign

To own for sovereign one a slave to vice,  
 Or blot his conscience at the highest price ;  
 For which his death's devis'd with hellish art,  
 To tear from his warm breast his beating heart.  
 Fame told the tragic news to all the fair,  
 Whose num'rous sighs and groans bound thro' the air :  
 All mourn his fate, tears trickle from each eye,  
 'Till his kind sister threw the woman by ;  
 She, in his stead, a gen'rous off'ring staid,  
 And he, the tyrant baulk'd, hid in her Plaid.  
 So when Æneas with Achilles strove,  
 The goddes mother hasted from above,  
 Well seen in fate, prompt by maternal love,  
 Wrapt him in mist, and warded off the blow  
 That was design'd him by his valiant foe.

I of the Plaid could tell a hundred tales ;  
 Then hear another, since that strain prevails :

The tale no records tell, it is so old ;  
 It happen'd in the easy age of gold,  
 When am'rous Jove, chief of the Olympian gods,  
 Pall'd with Saturnia, came to our abodes,  
 A beauty hunting ; for in these soft days,  
 Nor gods nor men delighted in a chace  
 That wou'd destroy, not propagate their race.  
 Beneath a fir-tree in Glentanar's groves,  
 Where-e'er gay fabrics rose, swains sung their loves,  
 Iris lay sleeping in the open air,

A bright Tartana vail'd the lovely fair ;  
 The wounded god beheld her matchless charms  
 With earnest eyes, and grasp'd her in his arms.  
 Soon he made known to her, with gaining skill,  
 His dignity, and import of his will.

" Speak thy desire," the divine monarch said,  
 " Make me a goddes, cry'd the Scotian maid,  
 " Nor let hard fate bereave me of my Plaid."  
 " Be thou the hand-maid to my mighty queen,  
 " Said Jove, and to the world be often seen  
 " With the celestial bow, and thus appear  
 " Clad with these radiant colours as thy wear."

Now say, my muse, e're thou forsake the field,  
 What profit does the Plaid to Scotia yield ?

298 Homer.

312 Glentanar's groves.] A large wood in the north of Scotland.

Justly that claims our love, esteem, and boast,  
Which is produc'd within our native coast.

330

On our own mountains grows the golden fleece,  
Richer than that which Jason brought to Greece :  
A beneficial branch of Albion's trade,  
And the first parent of the Tartan Plaid.

Our fear ingenious ladies hands prepare  
The equal threads, and give the dyes with care :  
Thousands of artists fullen hours decoy  
On rattling looms, and view their webs with joy.

335

May she be curst to starve in *frogland fens*,  
To wear a *fala* ragg'd at both the ends.  
Groan still beneath the antiquated suit,  
And die a maid at fifty-five, to boot !

340

May she turn quaggy fat, or crooked dwarf,  
Be ridicul'd while primm'd up in her scarf ;  
May spleen and spite still keep her on the fret,  
And live till she outlive her beauty's date ;  
May all this fall, and more than I have said,  
Upon that wench who disregards the Plaid.

345

But with the sun let ev'ry joy arise,  
And from soft slumbers lift her happy eyes ;  
May blooming youth be fixt upon her face,  
'Till she has seen her fourth descending race ;  
Blest with a mate with whom she can agree,  
And never want the finest of Bohea !

350

May ne'er the Miser's fears make her afraid,  
Who joins with me, with me admires the Plaid.  
Let bright Tartanas henceforth ever shine,  
And Caledonian goddesses enshrine.

355

Fair judges, to your censure I submit,  
If you allow this poem to have wit,  
I'll look with scorn upon these musty fools,  
Who only move by old worm-eaten rules.  
But with th' ingenious, if my labours take,  
I wish them ten times better for their sake ;  
Who shall esteem this vain, are in the wrong ;  
I'll prove the moral is prodigious strong :  
I hate to trifle, men should act like men,  
And for their country only draw their sword and pen.

360

365

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340 *Fala.*] A little square cloth wore by the Dutch women.

*Edinburgh's Address to the Country.*

Nov. 1718.

**F**ROM me Edina, to the brave and fair,  
Health, joy, and love, and banishment of care ;  
Forasmuch as bare fields and gurdy skies  
Make rural scenes ungrateful to the eyes :  
When Hyperborean blasts confound the plain,  
Driving, by turns, light snow and heavy rain ;  
Ye swains and nymphs, forsake the wither'd grove,  
That no damp colds may nip the buds of love ;  
Since winds and tempests o'er the mountains ride,  
Haste here, where choice of pleasures do reside ;  
Come to my tow'rs, and leave th' unpleasant scene,  
My cheerful bosom shall your warmth sustain,

Screen'd in my walls, you may bleak winter shun,  
And, for a while, forget the distant sun :  
My blazing fires, bright lamps, and sparkling wine,  
As summer's fun shall warm, like him shall shine.

My witty clubs of minds that move at large,  
With ev'ry glass can some great thought discharge ;  
When from my senate, and the toils of law,  
T' unbend the mind from bus'ness you withdraw,  
With such gay friends to laugh some hours away,  
My winter even shall ding the summer's day.

My schools of law produce a manly train  
Of fluent orators, who right maintain,  
Practis'd t' expres themselves a graceful way,  
An eloquence shines forth in all they say.

Some Raphael, Rubens, or Vandyke admire,  
Whose bosoms glow with such a godlike fire.  
Of my own race I have, who shall e're long,  
Challenge a place amongst th' immortal throng.

Others in smoothest numbers are profuse,  
And can in Mantuan dactyls lead the muse :  
And others can with music make you gay,  
With sweetest sounds Correlli's art display,  
While they around in softest measures sing,  
Or beat melodious solos from the string.

What pleasure can exceed to know what's great,  
The hinge of war, and winding draughts of state ;  
These, and a thousand things, th' aspiring youth  
May learn, with pleasure, from the sage's mouth ;  
While they full fraughted judgments do unload,  
Relating to affairs home and abroad.

The generous soul is fir'd with noble flame  
To emulate victorious Eugene's fame,  
Who with fresh glories decks th' imperial throne,  
Making the haughty Ott'man empire groan.  
He'll learn when warlike Sweden and the Czar,  
The Danes and Prussians shall demit the war ;  
T' observe what mighty turns of fate may spring  
From this new war rais'd by Iberia's king.

Long e're the morn from eastern seas arise,  
To sweep night-shades from off the vaulted skies,  
Oft love or law in dreams your mind may toss,  
And push the sluggish senses to their poits ;  
The hautboys distant notes shall then oppose  
Your phantom cares, and lull you to repose.

To visit and take tea, the well-dres'd fair  
May pass the crowd unruffled in her chair ;  
No dust or mire her shining foot shall stain,  
Or on the horizontal hoop give pain.  
For beaux and belles no city can compare,  
Nor shew a galaxy so made, so fair :  
The ears are charin'd, and ravish'd are the eyes,  
When at the concert my fair stars arise.  
What poets of fictitious beauties sing,  
Shall in bright order fill the dazzling ring :  
From Venus, Pallas, and the spouse of Jove,  
They'd gain the prize, judg'd by the god of love :  
Their sun-burnt features wou'd look dull, and fad'e,  
Compar'd with my sweet white and blushing red.

The character of beauties so divine,  
The muse for want of words cannnot define.  
The panting soul beholds with awful love,  
Impress'd on clay th' angelic forms above,  
Whose softest smiles can pow'rfully impart  
Raptures sublime, in dumb show, to the heart.

The strength of all these charms, if you defy,  
My court of justice shall make you comply.  
Welcome, my sesson, thou my bosom warms,  
Thrice three times welcome to thy mother's arms :

The father long, rude man ! has left my bed,  
 Thou'rt now my guard, and support of my trade;  
 My heart yearns after thee with strong desire,  
 Thou dearest image of thy ancient fire :  
 Should proud Augusta take thee from me too,  
 So great a loss wou'd make Edina bow ;  
 I'd sink beneath a weight I cou'd not bear,  
 And in a heap of rubbish disappear.

Vain are such feats : I'll rear my head in state,  
 My boding heart fortells a glorious fate :  
 New stately structures on new streets shall rise,  
 And new-built churches tow'ring to the skies.  
 From utmost Thule to the Dover-rock,  
 Britain's best blood in clouds to me shall flock ;  
 A num'rous fleet shall be my Fortho's pride,  
 While they in her calm roads at anchor ride :  
 These from each coast shall bring what's great and rare,  
 To animate the brave, and please the fair.

*Written beneath the Historical Print of the wonderful preservation of Mr. David Bruce, and others his Schoolfellows.*

St ANDREW'S, August 19th, 1711

Six times the day with light and hope arose,  
 As oft the night her terrors did oppose,  
 While toss'd on roaring waves the tender crew  
 Had nought but death and horror in their view :  
 Pale famine, seas, bleak cold, at equal strife,  
 Conspiring all against their bloom of life :  
 Whilst like the lamp's last flame their trembling souls  
 Are on the wing to leave their mortal goals ;  
 And death before them stands with frightful stare,  
 Their spirits spent, and sunk down to despair.

Behold th' indulgent providental Eye,  
 With watchful rays descending from on high !  
 Angels came posting down the divine beam  
 To save the helpless in their last extreme ;  
 Unseen the heav'nly guard about them flock,  
 Some rule the winds, some lead them up the rock,  
 While other two attend the dying pair,  
 To waft their young white souls thro' fields of air.

*The SCRIBBLERS lashed.*

" You write pindarics! and be d--n'd,  
 " Write epigrams for cutlers;  
 " None with thy nonsense will be shamm'd  
 " But chambermaids and butlers.  
 " In t' other world expect dry blows,  
 " No tears shall wipe thy stains out :  
 " Horace shall pluck thee by the nose,  
 " And Pindar beat thy brains out."

T. BROWN to T. DURFY.

THAT I thus prostitute my muse  
 On theme so low, may gain excuse :  
 When following motives shall be thought on,  
 Which has this doggrel fury brought on.

I'm call'd in honqr to protect  
 The fair when treat with disrpect ;  
 Besides, a zeal transports my soul,  
 Which no constraint can e'er controul ;

5

In service of the government,  
 To draw my pen and satyr vent,  
 Against vile mongrels of Parnassus,  
 Who through impunity oppres us.  
 'Tis to correct this scribbling crew,  
 Who, as in former reigns, so now  
 Torment the world, and load our time  
 With jargon cloth'd in wretched rhyme,  
 Disgrace of numbers ! earth ! I hate them !

10

And as they merit, so I'll treat them.

And, first, these ill-bred things I lash,  
 That hated authors of the trash,  
 In public spread with little wit,  
 Much malice, rude, and bootless spite,  
 Against the sex who have no arms  
 To shield them from insulting harms,  
 Except the lightning of their eye,  
 Which none but such blind dolts defy.

20

Ungen'rous war ! t' attack the fair ;  
 But, ladies, fear not, ye're the care  
 Of ev'ry wit of true descent,  
 At once their song and orname n.

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They'll ne'er neglect the lovely crowd ;  
 But 'spite of all the multitude  
 Of scribbling fops, assert your cause,  
 And execute Apollo's laws :  
 Apollo, who the bard inspires  
 With softest thoughts and divine fires ;  
 Than whom, on all the earth, there's no man  
 More complaisant to a fine woman.  
 Such veneration, mixt with love,  
 Points out a poet from above ;  
 But Zany's void of sense and merit,  
 Love, fire, or fancy, wit, or spirit ;  
 Weak, frantic, clownish, and chagreen  
 Pretending, prompt by zealous spleen,  
 T' affront your head-dress, or your bone-fence,  
 Make Printers presses groan with nonsense.  
 But while Sol's offspring lives, as soon  
 Shall they pull down his sister moon.

They with low incoherent stuff,  
 Dark sense or none, lines lame and rough ;  
 Without a thought, air, or address,  
 All the whole loggerhead confess.  
 From clouded notions in the brain,  
 They scribble in a cloudy strain ;  
 Desire of verse they reckon wit,  
 And rhyme without one grain of it.  
 Then hurry forth in public town  
 Their scrawls, lest they should be unknown.  
 Rather than want a fame, they chuse  
 The plague of an infamous muse.  
 Unthinking, thus the sots aspire,  
 And raise their own reproach the high'r :  
 By meddling with the modes and fashion  
 Of women of politest nations.  
 Perhaps by this they'd have it told us,  
 That in their spirit something bold is,  
 To challenge those who have the skill,  
 By charms to save, and frowns to kill.  
 If not ambition, then 'tis spite  
 Which makes the puny insects write.  
 Like old and mouldy maids turn'd sour,  
 When distant charms have lost their pow'r,  
 Fly out in loud transports of passion,  
 When ought that's new comes first in fashion ;

Till by degrees it creeps right snodly  
 On hips and head-dress of they g---y.  
 Thus they to please the sighing sisters,  
 Who often beet them in their misters,  
 With their malicious breath set fail,  
 And write these silly things they rail.  
 Pimps ! such as you can ne'er extend  
 A flight of wit, which may amend  
 Our morals ; that's a plot too nice  
 For you, to laugh folks out of vice.  
 Sighing, " O hey !" ye cry " Alas !  
 " This fardingale's a great disgrace !"  
 And all indeed, because an ancle,  
 Or foot is seen, might monarchs muncle ;  
 And makes the wife, with face upright,  
 Look up, and bless Heav'n for their sight..

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In your opinion nothing matches,  
 O horrid sin ! the crime of patches !  
 'Tis false, ye clowns ; I'll make't appear,  
 The glorious fun does patches wear :  
 Yea, run thro' all the frame of nature,  
 You'll find a patch for every creature :  
 Ev'n you yourselves, you black'ned wretches,  
 To Heliconians are the patches..

95

But grant that ladies modes were ill  
 To be reform'd, your creeping skills,  
 Ye rhymers, never wou'd succeed,  
 Who write what the polite ne'er read..  
 To cure an error of the fair,  
 Demands the nicest prudent care ;  
 Wit utter'd in a pleasant strain,  
 A point so delicate may gain :  
 But that's a task as far above  
 Your shallow reach, as I'm from Jove..

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No more then let the world be vexed  
 With baggage empty and perplexed :  
 But learn to speak with due respect  
 Of Peggy's breasts and ivory neck.  
 Such purblind eyes as your's, 'tis true,  
 Shou'd ne'er such divine beauties view.

110

78 Beet them in their misters.] Oblige them up on occasion.

If Nellie's hoop be twice as wide,  
As her two pretty limbs can stride ;  
What then ? will any man of sense  
Take umbrage, or the least offence,  
At what ev'n the most modest may  
Expose to Phœbus' brightest ray ?  
Does not the handsome of our city,  
The pious, chaste, the kind, and witty,  
Who can afford it great and small,  
Regard well shapen fardingale ?  
And will you, magpies, make a noise ?  
You grumble at the lady's choice !  
But leave't to them, and mother's wife,  
Who watch'd their conduct, mein, and guise,  
To shape their weeds as fits their ease ;  
And place their patches as they please.  
This shou'd be granted without grudging,  
Since we all know they're best at judging,  
What from mankind demands devotion,  
In gesture, garb, free airs, and motion.  
But you ! unworthy of my pen !  
Unworthy to be class'd with men !  
Haste to Caffar, ye clumsy sots,  
And there make love to Hottentots.

Another fet with ballads waste  
Our paper, and debauch our taste  
With endleſs 'larums on the street,  
Where crowds of circling rabble meet.  
The vulgar judge of poetry  
By what theſe hawkers sing and cry ;  
Yea, ſome who claim to wit amiss,  
Cannot diſtinguiſh that from this ;  
Hence poeſts are accounted now,  
In Scotland, a mean empty crew,  
Whose heads are craz'd, who ſpend their time  
In that poor wretched trade of rhyme :  
Yet all the learn'd discerning part  
Of mankind own the heav'nly art  
Is as much diſtant from ſuch trash  
As lay'd Dutch coin from ſterling cash.

Others in lofty nonſeſne write,  
Incompreheſible's their flight ;  
Such magic pow'r is in their pen,  
They can beſtow on worthless men

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More virtue, merit, and renown,  
Than ever they cou'd call their own.  
They write with arbitrary power,  
And pity 'tis they should fall lower ;  
Or stoop to truth, or yet to meddle  
With common sense, for crambo diddle.

160

But none of all the rhyming herd  
Are more encourag'd and rever'd,  
By heavy souls to theirs ally'd,  
Than such who tell who lately dy'd.

165

No sooner is the spirit flown  
From its clay cage, to lands unknown,  
Than some rash hackney gets his name,  
And thro' the town laments the same :  
An honest burges cannot die  
But they must weep in elegy :  
Even when the virtuous soul is soaring  
Thro' middle air he hears it roaring.

170

These ills, and many more abutes,  
Which plague mankind and vex the muses,  
On pain of poverty shall cease,  
And all the fair shall live in peace :  
And every one shall die contented,  
Happy when not by them lamented.  
For great Apollo in his name,  
Has order'd me thus to proclaim :

175

" Forasmuch as a grov'ling crew,  
" With narrow mind, and brazen brow,  
" Wou'd fain to poets title mount,  
" And with vile maggots rub affront  
" On an old virtuoso nation,  
" Where our lov'd Nine maintain their station ;  
" We order strict, that all refrain  
" To write, who learning want, and brain ;  
" Pedants, with Hebrew roots o'er-grown,  
" Learn'd in each language but their own.  
" Each spiritless half-starving sinner,  
" Who knows not how to get his dinner :  
" Dealers in small ware, clinks, whim-whams,  
" Acrostics, puns, and anagrams ;  
" And all who their productions grudge,  
" To be canvast by skilful judge :  
" Who can find out indulgent trip,  
" While 'tis in harmleis manuscript.

180

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200

" But to all them who disobey,  
 " And jog on still in their own way ;  
 " Be't kend to all men, that our will is,  
 " Since all they write so wretched ill is,  
 " They must dispatch their shallow ghosts,  
 " To Pluto's jakes, and take their posts ;  
 " There to attend, till Dis shall deign  
 " To use their works ; the use is plain."

Now know, ye scoundrels, if ye stand  
 To huph and ha at this command,  
 The furies have prepar'd a halter,  
 To hang, or drive ye, helter skelter,  
 Through bogs and moors, like rats and mice,  
 Pursu'd with hunger, rags, and lice,  
 If e'er ye dare again to croak,  
 And god of harmony provoke :  
 Wherefore pursue some craft for bread,  
 Where hands may better serve than head :  
 Nor ever hope in verse to shine,  
 Or share in Homer's fate. or----

### CONTENT, A Poem.

" Content is wealth, the riches of the mind ;  
 " And happy he who can that treasure find :  
 " But the base miser starves amidst his store,  
 " Broods on his gold, and gripping still for more,  
 " Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor."

DRYDEN.

" Virtue was taught in verse, and Athen's glory rose."

PRIOR.

WHEN genial beams wade thro' the dewy morn,  
 And from the clod invite the sprouting corn :  
 When chequer'd green, wing'd music, new blown scents,  
 Conspir'd to sooth the mind, and please each sense :  
 Then down a shady haugh I took my way,  
 Delighted with each flower and budding spray ;

Musing on all that hurry, pain, and strife,  
 Which flow from the fantastic ills of life  
 Enlarg'd from such distresses of the mind,  
 Due gratitude to Heav'n my thoughts refin'd,  
 And made me, in the laughing Sage's way,  
 As a mere farce, the murmur'ring world survey ;  
 Finding imagin'd maladies abound,  
 Tenfold for one, which gives a real wound.

Godlike is he whom no false fears annoy,  
 Who lives content, and grasps the present joy ;  
 Whose mind is not with wild convulsions rent,  
 Of pride and avarice, and discontent :  
 Whose well-train'd passions, with a pious awe,  
 Are all subordinate to reason's law :  
 Then smooth Content arises like the day,  
 And makes each rugged phantom fly away.  
 To lowest men she gives a lib'ral share  
 Of solid bliss ; she mitigates our care,  
 Enlarging joys, administering health ;  
 The rich man's pleasure, and the poor man's wealth ;  
 A train of comforts on her nod attend,  
 And to her sway profits and honours bend.

Hail, blest Content ! who art by Heav'n design'd  
 Parent of health and chearfulness of mind ;  
 Serene Content shall animate my song,  
 And make th' immortal numbers smooth and strong.

Silenus, thou whose hoary beard and head  
 Experience speak, and youth's attention plead ;  
 Retail thy gather'd knowledge, and disclose  
 What state of life enjoys the most repose.  
 Thus I address--And thus the antient bard--  
 First, to no state of life fix thy regard.  
 All mortals may be happy, if they please,  
 Not rack'd with pain, nor lingering disease.

Midas the wretch, wrapt in his patched rags,  
 With empty paunch, fits brooding o'er his bags ;  
 Meagre his look, his mind in constant fright,  
 If winds but move his windows in the night :  
 If dogs should bark, or but a mouse make din,  
 He sweats and starts, and think the thief's got in :

His sleep forsakes him 'till the dawn appears,  
Which every thing but such a caitiff chears :  
It gives him pain to buy a farthing light :  
He jums at home in darknes all the night.  
What makes him manage with such cautious pain ?  
'Twould break a sum ; a farthing spent so vain !.  
If e'er he's pleas'd, 'tis when some needful man  
Gives ten per cent, with an insuring pawn ;  
Tho' he's provided in as much would serve  
Whole Nestor's years, he ever fears to starve.  
Tell him of alms ; alas ! he'd rather chuse  
Damnation, and the promis'd bliss refuse.---  
" And is there such a wretch beneath the sun ?"---  
Yes, he return'd, thoufands, instead of one,  
To whom Content is utterly unknown.---  
" Are all the rich men such ?"---He answer'd, No ;  
Marcus hath wealth, and can his wealth bestow  
Upon himself, his friends, and on the poor ;  
Enjoys enough, and wishes for no more.

Reserve of these is he who braves the sky,  
Cursing his Maker when he throws the die :  
Gods, devils, furies, hell, heaven, blood, and wounds,  
Promiscuous fly in bursts of tainted sounds :  
He to Perdition doth his soul bequeath,  
Yet inly trembles when he thinks of death.  
Except at game, he ne'er employs his thought,  
'Till his'sd and pointed at---not worth a groat.  
The desp'rare remnant of a large estate  
Goes at one throw, and points his gloomy fate ;  
He finds his folly now, but finds too late.  
I'll brooks my foondling master to be poor,  
Bred up to nought but bottle, game, and whore.  
How pitiful he looks without his rent !  
They who fly virtue, ever fly Content.

Now I beheld the sage look'd less severe,  
Whilst pity join'd his old satyric lear.  
The weakly mind, said he, is quickly torn ;  
Men are not gods, some frailties must be borne :  
Heaven's bounteous hand all in their turn abuse ;  
The happiest men at times their fate refuse,  
Befool themselves---and trump up an excuse.

Is Lucius but a subaltern of foot ?  
His equal Gallus is a coronet.

Sterilla shuns a gossiping, and why ?  
The teeming mother fills her with envy.  
The pregnant matron's grief as much prevails,  
Some of the children always something ails :  
One boy is sick, t' other has broke his head,  
And nurse is blam'd when little miss is dead.

A duchess on a velvet couch reclin'd,  
Blabs her fair cheecks till she is almost blind ;  
Poor Philli's death the briny pearls demands,  
Who ceases now to snarl, and lick her hands.

The politicians, who, in learn'd debates,  
With penetration carve out kingdoms fates,  
Look four, drink coffee, shrug, and read gazettes :  
Deep sunk in craft of state their souls are lost,  
And all their hopes depend upon the post ;  
Each mail that's due they curse the contrair wind ;  
'Tis strange if this way men contentment find.  
Tho' old, their humours I am yet to learn,  
Who vex themselves in what they've no concern.

Ninny the glaring fop, who always runs  
In tradesmen's books, which makes the careful duns,  
Often e'er ten, to break his slumbering rest ;  
Whilst with their craving clamours he's opprest,  
He frames excuses 'till his cranny akes,  
Then thinks he justly damns the cursed sneaks.  
The disappointed dun, with as much ire,  
Both threats and curses till his breast's on fire ;  
Then home he goes, and pours it on his house,  
His servants suffer oft, and oft his spouse.

Some groan thro' life amidst a heap of cares,  
To load with too much wealth their lazy heirs.  
The lazy heir turns all to ridicule,  
And all his life proclaims his father fool :  
He toils in spending---leaves a thread-bare son,  
To scrap anew, as had his grandfire done.

How is the fair Myrtilla's bosom fir'd,  
If Leda's fable locks are more admir'd ;  
While Leda does her secret sighs discharge,  
Because her mouth's a straw-breadth, ah ! too large.

Thus sung the fire, and left me to invite  
The scorching beams in some cool green retreat ;  
Where gentle slumber seiz'd my weary'd brain,  
And mimic fancy op'd the following scene :

Methought I stood upon a rising ground,  
A splendid landscape open'd all around,  
Rocks, rivers, meadows, gardens, parks, and woods,  
And domes which hide their turrets in the clouds ;  
To me approach'd a nymph divinely fair,  
Celestial virtue shone thro' all her air :  
A nymph for grace, her wisdom more renown'd,  
Adorn'd each grace, and both true valour crown'd.  
Around her heav'nly smiles a helmet blaz'd,  
And graceful as she mov'd, a spear she gently rais'd,  
My sight at first the lustre scarce cou'd bear,  
Her dazzling glories shone so strong and clear :  
A majesty sublime, with all that's sweet,  
Did adoration claim, and love invite.  
I felt her wisdom's charm my thoughts inspire,  
Her dauntless courage set my soul on fire :  
The maid, when thus I knew, I soon address'd,  
My present wishful thoughts the theme suggest :  
“ Of all th' ethereal powers thou noblest maid,  
“ To human weakness lend'st the readiest aid :  
“ To where Content and her blest train reside,  
“ Immortal Pallas, deign to be my guide.”  
With my request well pleas'd, our course we bent,  
To find the habitation of Content.

Thro' fierce Bellona's tents we first advanc'd,  
Where cannons bounc'd, and nervous horses pranc'd,  
Here *vi et armis* sat with dreadful awe  
And daring front, to prop each nation's law ;  
Attending squadrons on her motions wait,  
Array'd in deaths, and fearless of their fate.  
Here chieftain souls glow'd with as great a fire  
As his who made the world but one empire.  
Even in low ranks brave spirits might be found,  
Who wanted nought of monarchs but a crown.  
But ah ! ambition stood a foe to peace,  
Shaking the emp'y fob and ragged fleece ;  
Which were more hideous to these sons of war,  
Than brimstone, smoak, and storms of bullets are.  
Here, said my guide, Content is rarely found,  
Where blood and noisy jars beset the ground.

Trade's wealthy warehouse next fell in her way,  
Where in great bales part of each nation lay ;  
The Spanish citron, and Hesperia's oil,  
Persia's soft product, and the Chinese toil ;

Warm Barneo's spices, Arab's scented gum,  
 The Polish amber, and the Saxon mum ;  
 The Orient pearl, Holland's lace and toys,  
 And tinsy work, which the fair nun employs ;      180  
 From India ivory, and the clouded cane ;  
 And cochineal from straits of Magellan.  
 The Scandinavian rosin, hemp, and tar ;  
 The Lapland furs, and Russia caviare ;  
 The Gallic puncheon charg'd with ruby juice,      185  
 Which makes the hearts of gods and men rejoice :  
 Britannia here pours from her plenteous horn  
 Her shining mirrors, clock-work, cloaths, and corn.  
 Here Cent per Cents sat poring o'er their books,  
 While many shew'd the bankrupts in their looks,      190  
 Who by mismanagement their stock had spent,  
 Curs'd these hard times, and blam'd the government :  
 The missive letter, and peremptor bill,  
 Forbade them rest, and call'd forth all their skill :  
 Uncertain credit bore the sceptre here,      195  
 And her prime ministers were hope and fear.  
 The surly chufs demanded what we fought ;  
 "Content, said I ; May she with gold be bought?"  
 Content, said one, then star'd and bit his thumb,  
 And leering ask'd, if I was worth a plum.      200  
 Love's fragrant fields, where mildest western gales,  
 Loaden with sweets, perfume the hills and dales ;  
 Where longing lovers haunt the streams and glades,  
 And cooling groves, whose verdure never fades :  
 Thither with joy and hasty steps we strode,      205  
 There sure I thought our long'd-for bliss abode.  
 Whom first we met on that enchanted plain,  
 Was a tall yellow-hair'd young pensive swain ;  
 Him I addresst,---"O youth ! what heavenly power  
 "Commands and graces yon Elysian bower !      210  
 "Sure 'tis Content, else much I am deceiv'd."  
 The shepherd sigh'd, and told me that I rav'd :  
 "Rare she appears, unless on some fine day  
 She grace a nuptial, but soon hastes away :  
 If her you seek, soon hence you must remove,      215  
 Her presence is precarious in love.

200 Worth a plum.] 100,000 pounds.

Thro' these and other shrines we wander'd long,  
 Which merit no description in my song,  
 'Till at the last methought we cast our eye  
 Upon an antique temple, square and high,      220  
 Its area wide, its spire did pierce the sky ;  
 On adamantine Doric pillars rear'd,  
 Strong Gothic work the massy work appear'd ;  
 Nothing seem'd little, all was great design'd,  
 Which pleas'd the eye at once, and fill'd the mind.      225  
 Whilst wonder did my curious thoughts engage,  
 To us approach'd a studious rev'rend sage ;  
 Both awe and kindness his grave aspect bore,  
 Which spoke him rich with wisdom's finest store.  
 He ask'd our errand there,---Straight I reply'd,  
 "Content, in these high towers does she reside?"      230  
 "Not far from hence, said he, her palace stands ;  
 "Ours she regards, as we do her demands ;  
 "Philosophy sustains her peaceful sway,  
 "And in return she feasts us every day."      235  
 Then straight an ancient telescope he brought,  
 By Socrates and Epictetus wrought.  
 Improved since, made easier to the sight,  
 Lengthen'd the tube, the glasses ground more bright ;  
 Thro' this he shew'd a hill, whose lofty brow  
 Enjoy'd the sun, while vapours all below,  
 In pitchy clouds, encircled it around,  
 Where phantoms of most horrid forms abound ;  
 The ugly brood of lazy spleen and fear,      240  
 Frightful in shape, most monstrous appear.  
 Then thus my guide,---  
 Your way lies through yon gloom, be not a ghast,  
 Come briskly on, you'll jest them when they're past ;  
 Mere empty spectres, harmless as the air,  
 Which merit not your notice, less your care.      245  
 Encourag'd with her word, I thus address  
 My noble guide, and grateful joy exprest :  
 "O sacred Wisdom ! thine's the source of light,  
 "Without thy blaze the world wou'd grope in night ;  
 "Of woe and bliss thou only art the test ;      250  
 "Falsehood and truth before thee stand confess'd :  
 "Thou mak'st a double life ; one nature gave,  
 "But without thine, what is it mortals have ?  
 "A breathing motion grazing to the grave."      255

P O E M S.

Now through the damps methought we boldly went, 260  
 Smiling at all the grins of Discontent :  
 Tho' oft pull'd back, the rising ground we gain'd,  
 Whilst inward joy my weary'd limbs sustain'd :  
 Arriv'd the height, whose top was large and plain,  
 And what appear'd, soon recompenc'd my pain, 265  
 Nature's whole beauty deck'd th' enamell'd scene.

225 Amidst the glade the sacred palace stood,  
 The architecture not so fine as good ;  
 Nor scrimp, nor gousty, regular and plain,  
 Plain were the columns which the roof sustain ; 270  
 An easy greatness in the whole was found,  
 Where all that nature wanted did abound ;  
 But here no beds are screen'd with rich brocade,  
 Nor fuel-logs in silver grates are laid ;  
 No broken China bowls disturb the joy 275  
 Of waiting handmaid, or the running boy ;  
 Nor in the cupboard heaps of plate are rang'd,  
 To be with each splenetic fashion chang'd.

230 A weather-beaten sentry watch'd the gate,  
 Of temper cross, and practis'd in debate : 280  
 'Till once acquaint with him, no entry here,  
 Tho' brave as Cæsar, or as Helen fair ;  
 To strangers fierce, but with familiars tame,  
 And Touchstone Disappointment was his name.

235 This fair inscription shone above the gate,  
 " Fear none but Him whose will directs thy fate." 285  
 With smile austere he lifted up his head,  
 Pointed the characters, and bid us read.  
 We did, and stood resolv'd. The gates at last  
 Op'd of their own accord, and in we past.

240 Each day a herald, by the Queen's command,  
 Was order'd on a mount to take his stand,  
 And thence to all the earth this offer make :  
 " Who are inclin'd her favours to partake,  
 " Shall have them free, if they small rubs can bear 295  
 " Of disappointment, spleen, and bug-bear fear."

245 Rais'd on a throne within the outer-gate,  
 The goddes sat, her vot'ries round her wait ;  
 The beautiful divinity disclos'd  
 Sweetness sublime, which roughest cares compos'd : 300  
 Her looks sedate, yet joyful and serene,  
 Not rich her dress, but suitable and clean ;

Unfurrow'd was her brow, her cheecks were smooth,  
 Tho' old as time, enjoy'd immortal youth ;  
 And all her accents so harmonious flow'd,  
 That every list'ning ear with pleasure glow'd.  
 An olive garland on her head she wore,  
 And her right hand a cornucopia bore.  
 Crofs Touchstone fill'd a bench without the doer,  
 To try the sterling of each human ore ;  
 Grim judge he was, and them away he sent,  
 Unfit t' approach the shrine of calm Content.

To him a hoary dotard, load with bags :  
 Unweildy load ! to one who hardly drags  
 His being----More than seventy years, said he,  
 I've fought this court, 'till now unfound by me :  
 Now let me rest----“ Yes, if ye want no more ;  
 “ But e'er the sun has made his annual tour,  
 “ Know, grov'ling wretch, thy wealth's without thy  
 power.”

The thoughts of death, and ceasing from his gain,  
 Brought on the old man's head so sharp a pain,  
 Which dimm'd his optic nerves, and with the light  
 He lost the palace, and crawl'd back to night.  
 Poor griping thing, how useleſs is thy breath,  
 While nothing's so much long'd for as thy death ?  
 How meanly hast thou spent thy lease of years !

A slave to poverty, to toils, and fears ;  
 And all to vie with some bleak rugged hill,  
 Whose rich contents millions of cheſts can fill.

As round the greedy rock clings to the mine,  
 And hinders it in open day to shine,  
 'Till diggers hew it from the spar's embrace,  
 Making it circle, stamp't with Cæſar's face ;  
 So dost thou hoard, and from thy prince purloin  
 His useful image, and thy country coin ;  
 'Till gaping heirs have free'd th' imprifon'd slave,  
 When to their comfort thou hast fill'd a grave.

The next, who with a janty air approach'd,  
 Was a gay youth, who thither had been coach'd :  
 Sleek were his Flanders mares, his liv'ries fine,  
 With glittering gold his furniture did shine.  
 Sure ſuch, methought, may enter when they please.  
 Who have all these appearances of ease.  
 Strutting he march'd, nor any leave he crav'd,  
 Attempt' to paſs, but found himself deceiv'd ;

Old Touchstone gave him on the breast a box,  
 Which op'd the sluices of a latent pox ;  
 Then bid his equipage in haste depart  
 The youth look'd at them with a fainting heart ;  
 He found he could not walk, and bid them stay ;      350  
 Sware three cramp oaths, mounted, and wheel'd away.

The Pow'r exprest herself thus with a smile :  
 "These changing shadows are not worth our while ;  
 "With sinallest trifles oft their peace is torn,  
 "If here at night, they scarcely wait the morn."      355

Another beau, as fine, but more vivace,  
 Whose airs sat round him with an easy grace,  
 And well-bred motion, came up to the gate,  
 I lov'd him much, and trembled for his fate.  
 The sentry broke his clouded cane--he smil'd,  
 Got fairly in, and all our fears beguil'd.      360  
 The cane was soon renew'd which had been broke,  
 And thus the Virtue to the circle spoke :  
 "Each thing magnificent or gay we grant  
 "To them who're capable to bear their want."      365

Two handsome toasts came next, them well I knew,  
 Their lovely make the court's observance drew :  
 Three waiting-maids attended in the rear,  
 Each loaden with as much as she cou'd bear :  
 One mov'd beneath a load of silks and lace :      370  
 Another bore the off-sets of the face :  
 But the most bulky burden of the three,  
 Was her's who bore th' utensils of Bohea,  
 My mind indulgent in their favour pled,  
 Hoping no opposition would be made ;      375  
 So mannerly, so smooth, so mild their eye,  
 Enough almost to give Content envy :  
 But soon I found my error ; the bold judge,  
 Who acted as if prompted by some grudge,  
 Them thus saluted with a hollow tone :      380  
 "You're none of my acquaintance, get you gone ;  
 "What loads of trump'ry these ;--ha, where's my cross ?  
 "I'll try if these be solid ware, or boſs :"  
 The China felt the fury of his blow,  
 And lost a being, or for use or show ;      385  
 For use or show no more's each plate or cup,  
 But all in sherd's upon the threshold drop.  
 Now every charm which deck'd their face before,  
 Gives place to rage, and beauty is no more.

The briny stream their rosy cheeks besmear'd,  
Whilst they in clouds of vapours disappear'd.

393

A rustic hind, attir'd in home-spun grey,  
With forked locks, and shoes bedaub'd with clay ;  
Palms shod with horn, his front fresh, brown, and broad,  
With legs and shoulders fitted for a load ;  
He 'midst ten bawling children laugh'd and sung,  
While comfort hobnails on the pavement rung :  
Up to the porter unconcern'd he came,  
Forcing along his offspring and their dame.  
Cross Touchstone strove to stop him, but the clown  
At handy-cuffs him match'd, and threw him down ;  
And spite of him, into the palace went,  
Where he was kindly welcom'd by Content.

400

Two Busbian philosophs put in their claims,  
Gamaliel and Critis were their names ;  
But soon's they had our British Homer seen,  
With face unruffl'd, waiting on the Queen,  
Envious hate their surly bosoms fir'd,  
Their colour chang'd, they from the porch retir'd :  
Backward they went, reflecting with much rage  
On the bad taste and humour of the age,  
Which paid so much respect to nat'r'al parts,  
While they were starving graduates of arts.  
The goddes fell a laughing at the fools,  
And sent them packing to their grammar-schools ;  
Or in some garret elevate to dwell,  
There with Sisyphean toil to teach young beaux to spell.

405

Now all this while a gale of eastern wind  
And cloudy skies opprest the human mind ;  
The wind set west, back'd with the radiant beams  
Which warm'd the air, and danc'd upon the streams,  
Exhal'd the spleen, and sooth'd a world of souls,  
Who crowded now the avenue in shoals.  
Numbers in black, of widowers, relicts, heirs,  
Of new-wed lovers many handsome pairs ;  
Men landed from abroad, from camps and seas ;  
Others got through some dangerous disease :  
A train of belles adorn'd with something new,  
And even of ancient prudes there were a few,  
Who were refresh'd with scandal and with tea,  
Which for a space set them from vapours free,  
Here from their cups the lower species flockt,  
And knaves with bribes and cheating methods stockt.

410

415

420

425

430

- The Pow'r survey'd the troop, and gave command  
 They should no longer in the entry stand, 435  
 But be convey'd into Chimera's tow'r,  
 There to attend her pleasure for an hour.
- Soon as they enter'd, apprehension shook  
 The fabric, fear was fixt on every look ;  
 Old age and poverty, disease, disgrace, 440  
 With horrid grin, star'd full in every face,  
 Which made them, trembling at their unknown fate,  
 Issue in haste out by the postern gate.
- None waited out their hour but only two,  
 Who had been wedded fifteen years ago. 445  
 The man had learn'd the world, and fixt his mind ;  
 His spouse was cheerful, beautiful, and kind :  
 She neither fear'd the shock, nor phantom's stare :  
 She thought her husband wise, and knew that he was there.  
 Now while the court was sitting, my fair guide 450  
 Into a fine Elysium me convey'd.
- I saw, or thought I saw, the spacious fields  
 Adorn'd with all prolific nature yields,  
 Profusely rich with her most valu'd store :  
 But as m' enchanted fancy wander'd o'er 455  
 The happy plain, new beauties seem'd to rise,  
 The fields were fled, and all was painted skies.  
 Pleas'd for a while, I wish'd the former scene ;  
 Straight all return'd, and eas'd me of my pain.
- Again the flow'ry meadows disappear, 460  
 And hills and groves their stately summits rear ;  
 These sink again, and rapid rivers flow ;  
 Next from the rivers cities seem to grow.
- Some time the fleeting scene I had forgot,  
 In busy thought entranc'd ; with pain I sought 465  
 To know the hidden charm ; straight all was fled,  
 And boundless heav'ns o'er boundless oceans spread :  
 Impatient I obtest my noble guide,
- "Reveal this wondrous secret ;" she reply'd,  
 We carried on what greatly we design'd, 470  
 When all these human follies you resign'd,  
 Ambition, lux'ry, and a cov'tous mind :  
 Yet think not true Content can thus be bought,
- There's wanting still a train of virtuous thought. 475  
 When me your leader prudently you chuse,  
 And list'ning to my counsel, did refuse

Fantastic joys, your soul was thus prepar'd  
 For true Content : and thus I do reward  
 Your gen'rous toil. Observe this wond'rous clime ;  
 Of nature's blessings here are hid the prime : 480  
 But wise and virtuous thought in constant course,  
 Must draw these beauties from their hidden source ;  
 The smallest intermissions will transform  
 The pleasant scene, and spoil each perfect charm.  
 'Tis ugly Vice will rob you of Content, 485  
 And to your view all hellish woes present :  
 Nor grudge the care in virtue you employ,  
 Your present toil will prove your future joy :  
 Then smil'd she, heav'nly sweet, and parting said,  
 Hold fast your virtuous mind, of nothing be afraid. 490

A while the charming voice so fill'd my ears,  
 I griev'd the divine form no more appears :  
 Then to confirm my yet unsteady mind,  
 Under a lonely shadow I reclin'd,  
 To try the virtues of the clime I sought ; 495  
 Then straight call'd up a train of hideous thought,  
 Famine, and blood, and pestilence appear,  
 Wild shreiks and loud laments disturb mine ear ;  
 New woes and horrors did my sight alarm,  
 Envy and hate compos'd the wretched charm. 500

Soon as I saw, I dropt the hateful view,  
 And thus I sought past pleasures to renew.  
 To heav'nly love my thoughts I next compose,  
 Then quick as thought the following sights disclose :  
 Streams, meadows, grottos, groves, birds, carolling ; 505  
 Calmness, and temp'rate warmth, and endless spring :  
 A perfect transcript of these upper bow'rs,  
 The habitation of th' immortal Pow'rs.

Back to the palace ravished I went,  
 Resolved to reside with blest Content ; 510  
 Where all my special friends methought I met,  
 In order 'mongst the best of mankind set ;  
 My soul, with too much pleasure overcharg'd,  
 The captiv'd senses to their post enlarg'd:  
 Lifting mine eyes I view'd declining day, 515  
 Sprang from the green, and homeward beat my way ;  
 Reflecting on that hurry, pain, and strife,  
 Which flow from false, and real ills of life.

*Richy and Sandy, a Pastoral on the Death of Joseph Addison, Esq.*

Richy.

WHAT gars thee look sae dowf, dear Sandy say ?  
Cheat up, dull fellow, take thy reed and play  
My apron deary,----or some wanton tune :  
Be merry, lad, and keep thy heart aboon.

Sandy. Na, na, it wanna do ! leave me to mane ;  
This aught days twice o'er tell'd I'll whistle nane.

Rich. Wow man, that's unco' sad---Is't that ye'r jo  
Has ta'en the strunt ? Or has some bogle bo,  
Glowrin frae 'mang auld waws gi'en ye a fleg ?  
Or has some daunted wedder broke his leg ?

Sand. Naithing like that, sic troubles eith were born :  
What's bogles, wedders, or what Mausy's scorn ?  
Our loss is meikle mair, and past remead :  
Edie that played and sang sae sweet, is dead.

Rich. Dead ! fay'st thou : Oh ! had up my heart, O Pan !  
Ye gods, what laids ye lay on feckless man !  
Alake therefore, I canna wyt ye'r wae ;  
I'll bear ye company for year and day.  
A better lad ne'er lean'd out o'er a kent,  
Or hounded coly o'er the mossy bent :  
Blyth at the bought, how aft ha' we three been,  
Hartsome on hills, and gay upon the green.

Sand. That's true indeed ! but now thae days are gane,  
And, with him, a' that's pleasant on the plain.  
A summer day I never thought it lang,  
To hear him make a roundel or a sang.  
How sweet he sung, where vines and myrtles grow,  
Of wimbling waters which in Latium flow.  
Titry the Mantuan bard, wha lang sinsyne  
Best sung on aeten reed the lover's pine,  
Had he been to the fore now in our days,  
Wi' Edie he had frankly dealt his bays.

Richy and Sandy.] Sir Richard Steel and M. Alexander Pope.

27 How sweet.] His poetic epistle from Italy to the Earl of Halifax.

As lang's the wrold shall Amaryllis ken,  
 His Rosamond shall echo thro' the glen :  
 While on burn-banks the yellow gowan grows ;  
 Or wand'ring lambs rin bleeting after ewes,  
 His fame shall last : last shall his sang of weirs,  
 While British bairns brag of their bauld forbear<sup>s</sup> :  
 We'll meikle mis his blyth and wetty jest  
 At spaining time, or at our Lammass feast.  
 O, Richy, but 'tis hard that death ay reaves  
 Away the best fowk, and the ill anes leaves.  
 Hing down ye'r heads, ye hills, greet out ye'r springs,  
 Upon ye'r edge na mair the shepherd sings.

Rich. Then he had ay a good advice to gie,  
 And kend my thoughts amait as well as me :  
 Had I been thowleis, vext, or oughtlins fow'r,  
 He wad have made me blyth in haff-an hour :  
 Had Rosie ta'n the dorts—or had the tod  
 Worry'd my lambs—or were my feet ill shod,  
 Kindly he'd laugh, when fae he saw me dwine,  
 And tauk of happiness like a divine.  
 Of ilka thing he had an unco' skill :  
 He kend be moon-light how tides ebb and fill :  
 He kend, what kend he no ? E'en to a hair  
 He'd tell or night gin neist day wad be fair.  
 Blind John, ye mind, wha sang in kittle phrase,  
 How the ill sp'rit did the first mischief raise ;  
 Mony a time, beneath the auld birk-tree,  
 What's bony in that sang he loot me see.  
 The lasses aft flung down their rakes and pails,  
 And held their tongues, O strange, to hear his tales.

Sand. Sound be his sleep and aft his wak'ning be ;  
 He's in a better case than thee or me :  
 He was o'er good for us ; the gods haes ta'en  
 Their ain but back—he was a borrow'd len :  
 Let us be good, gin virtue be our drift,  
 Then we may yet forgerther 'boon the lift.  
 But see the sheep are wysing to the cleugh ;  
 Thomas has loos'd his ousen frae the pleugh ;

34 Rosamond.] An opera wrote by him.

37 Sang of weirs.] His Campaign, an heroic poem.

57 Blind John.] The famous Mr. Milton, the author of the excellent poem on Paradise Lost, was blind.

Maggy by this has bewk the supper-Icones ;  
And nucle kye stand rowting in the loans :  
Come, Richy, let us truse and hame o'er bend,  
And make the best of what we canna mend.

To Mr. Allan Ramsay, on his 'Ricky and Sandy, by Mr. Burchet.'

WELL fare thee, Allan, who in mother tonguc  
So sweetly hath of breathless Addy fung :  
His endless fame thy nat'ral genius fir'd,  
And thou hast written as if he inspir'd.  
Ricky and Sandy, who do him survive,  
Long as thy rural stanzas last shall live :  
The grateful swains thou'st made, in tuneful verse,  
Mourn sadly o'er their late---lost patron's hearse :  
Nor would the Mantuan bard, if living, blame  
Thy pious zeal, or think thou'st hurt his fame,  
Since Addison's inimitable lays  
Give him an equal title to the bays.  
When he of armies sang in lofty strains,  
It seem'd as if he on the hostile plainis  
Had present been : his pen hath to the life,  
Trac'd every action in the sanguine strife :  
In council now sedate the chief appears,  
Then loudly thunders in Bavarian ears ;  
And still pursuing the destructive theme,  
He pushes them into the rapid stream :  
Thus beaten out of Blenheim's neighb'ring fields,  
The Gallic gen'rал to the victor yields,  
Who, as Britannia's Virgil hath observ'd,  
From threaten'd fate all Europe then preserv'd.  
Nor dost thou, Ramsay, fightless Milton wrong,  
By ought contain'd in thy melodious song ;  
For none but Addy could his thoughts sublime  
So well unriddle, or his mystic rhyme.  
And when he deign'd to let his fancy rove  
Where sun-burnt shepherds to the nymphs make love,  
No one e'er told in softer notes the tales  
Of rural pleasures in the spangled vales.

So much, O Allan ! I thy lines revere,  
 Such veneration to his mem'ry bear,  
 That I no longer could my thanks refrain  
 For what thou'st sung of the lamented swain.

*To Josiah Burchet, Esq.*

THIRSTING for fame, at the Pierian spring  
 'The poet takes a waught, then 'says to sing  
 Nature, and with the tentiest view to hit  
 Her bonny side with bauldest turns of wit.  
 Streams slide in verse, in verse the mountains rise,  
 When earth turns toom, he rummages the skies,  
 Mounts up beyond them, paints the fields of rest,  
 Doups down to visit ilka law-land ghaist.  
 O hartsome labour ! wordy time and pains,  
 That fræ the best esteem and friendship gains.  
 Be that my luck, and let the greedy bike  
 Stock-job the warld among them as they like.

In blyth-braid Scots allow me, Sir, to shaw  
 My gratitude, but fleetching or a flaw.  
 May rowth o' pleasures light upon you lang,  
 'Till to the blest Elysian bow'rs ye gang ;  
 Wha've clapt my head sae brawly for my fang.  
 When honour'd Burchet and his maikes are pleas'd  
 With my corn-pipe, up to the stars I'm heez'd :  
 Whence far I glowr to the fag-end of time,  
 And view the warld delighted wi' my rhyme.  
 That when the pride of sprush new words are laid,  
 I like the Classic authors shall be read.

Stand yont, proud Czar, I wadna nisser fame  
 With thee, for a' thy furs and gaughty name.

If sic great ferlies, Sir, my muse can do,  
 As spin a three-plait praise where it is due,  
 Frae me there's nane deserves it mair than you.  
 Frae me ! fræ ilky ane ; for sure a breast  
 Sae gen'rous is of a' that's good posselt.  
 'Till I can serve ye mair, I'll wish ye weel,  
 And aft in sparkling claret drink your heal :

■4 But fleetching.] But is frequently used for without, i. e. without flatt'ring.

Minding the mem'ry of the great and good  
 Sweet Addison, the wale of human blood,  
 Wha fell, (as Horace anes said to his billy)  
*Nulli flebilior quam tibi Virgili.*

35

SIR,

Yours, &amp;c.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

*Familiar Epistles between Lieutenant William Hamilton and Allan Ramsay.*

## EPISTLE I.

GILBERTFIELD, June 26th, 1719.

O Fam'd and celebrated ALLAN!  
 Renowned RAMSAY, canty callan,  
 There's nowther highlandman nor lawlan  
     In poetrie,  
 But may as soon ding down Tamtallan  
     As match wi' thee.

4

For ten times ten, and that's a hunder,  
 I ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,  
 When frae Parnassus thou didst thunder  
     Wi' wit and skill,  
 Wherfore I'll soberly knock under,  
     And quat my quill.

8

Of poetry the hail quintessence  
 Thou hast fuck'd up, left nae exressence  
 To petty poets, or sic messens,  
     Tho' round thy stool,  
 They may pick crumbs, and learr some lessons  
     At Ramsay's school.

12

4 Tamtallan.] An old fortification upon the firth of Forth in East Lothian.

Tho' Ben and Dryden of renown  
 Were yet alive in London town,  
 Like kings contending for a crown,  
 'Twad be a pingle  
 Whilk o' you three wad gar words found  
 And best to jingle.

Transform'd may I be to a rat,  
 Wer't in my pow'r, but I'd create  
 Thee upo' fight the laureat  
 Of this our age,  
 Since thou may'st fairly claim to that  
 As thy just wage.

Let modern poets bear the blaine,  
 Gin they respect not Ramsay's name,  
 Wha soon can gar them greet for shame,  
 To their great loss ;  
 And send them a' right sneaking lame  
 Be Weeping-crofs.

Wha boards wi' thee had need be wary,  
 And leär wi' skill thy thrust to parry,  
 When thou consults thy dictionairy  
 Of ancient words,  
 Which come from thy poetic quarry,  
 As sharp as swords.

Now tho' I should baith reel and rattle,  
 And be as light as Aristotle,  
 At Ed'nburgh we fall ha'e a bottle  
 Of reaming claret,  
 Gin that my haff-pay filler shottle  
 Can safely spare it.

13 Tho' Ben.] The celebrated Ben. Johnson.

19 The Laureat.]

Scots Ramsay press'd hard, and sturdily vaunted,  
 He'd fight for the laurel before he would want it.  
 But risit Apollo, and cry'd, Peace there, old style,  
 Your wit is obscure to one half of the ilse.

B. Seft. of Poets.

32 Haff-pay] He held his commission houourably in my  
 Lord Hyndford's regiment.

And

At crambo then we'll rack our brain,  
 Drown ilk dull care and aiking pain,  
 Whilk often does our spirits drain  
     Of true content ;  
 Woy, woy ! but we's be wonder fain,  
     When thus acquaint.

36

Wi' wine well gargarize our craig,  
 Then enter in a lasting league,  
 Free of ill aspect or intrigue ;  
     And, gin you please it,  
 Like princes when met at the Hague,  
     We'll solemnize it.

40

Accept of this, and look upon it  
 With favour, tho' poor I've done it ;  
 Sae I conclude, and end my Sonnet,  
     Who am most fully,  
 While I do wear a hat or bonnet,  
     Yours,---Wanton Willy..

44

## POSTSCRIPT.

By this my postscript I incline  
 To let you ken my hale design  
 Of sic a lang imperfect line,  
     Lies in this sentence,  
 To cultivate my dall engine  
     By your acquaintance.

48

Your answer thicrefo're I expect,  
 And to your friend you may direct  
 At Gilbertfield, do not neglect,  
     When ye have leisure,  
 Which I'll embrace with great respect,  
     And perfect pleasure.

52

And may the stars who shine aboon  
 With honour notice real merit.  
 Be to my friend auspicious soon,  
 And cherish ay sae fine a spirit.  
 51 Gilbertfield.] Nigh Glasgow.

K 2

## ANSWER I.

EDINBURGH, July 10th, 1719.

SONSE fa' me, witty, Wanton Willy,  
 Gin blyth I was na as a filly :  
 Not a fow pint, nor short-hought gilly,  
     Or wine that's better,  
 Cou'd please sae meikle, my dear Billy,  
     As thy kiud letter.

Before a lord and eik a knight,  
 In gossy Don's be candle light,  
 There first I saw't, and ca'd it right,  
     And the maist feck  
 Wha's seen't sinsyne, they ca'd as tight,  
     As that on Heck.

Ha, heh ! thought I, I canna say  
 But I may cock my nose the day,  
 When Hamilton the bauld and gay  
     Lends me a heezy,  
 In verse that slides sae smooth away,  
     Well tell'd and easy.

Sae roos'd by ane of well kend mettle,  
 Nae sma did my ambition pettle,  
 My canker'd critics it well nettle,  
     And e'en sae be't :  
 This month I'm sure I winna settle,  
     Sae proud I'm wi't.

When I begoud first to cun verse,  
 And cou'd your Ardry Whins rehearse,  
 Where Bonny Heck ran fast and fierce,  
     It warm'd my breast ;  
 Then emulation did me pierce,  
     Whilk since ne'er ceast.

18 Ardry Whins.] The last words of Bonny Heck, of which he was author.

May I be ticket wi' a bittle,  
 Gin of your numbers I think little,  
 Ye're never rugget, shan, nor kittle,  
 But blyth and gabby ;  
 And hit the spirit to a title,  
 Of standard Habby.

24

Ye'll quat your quill ! that were ill, Willy,  
 Ye's sing some mair yet, nill ye will ye,  
 O'er meikle haining wad but spill ye,  
 And gar ye four,  
 Then up and war them a' yet, Willy,  
 'Tis in your pow'r.

28

To knit up dollars in a clout,  
 And then to card them round about,  
 Syne to tell up, they downa lout  
 To lift the gear ;  
 The malison lights on that rout,  
 Is plain and clear.

32

The chieles of London, Cam, and Ox,  
 Ha'e rais'd up great poetic stocks  
 Of Rapes, of Buckets, Sarks, and Locks,  
 While we neglect  
 To shaw their betters. This provokes  
 Me to reflect

36

On the lear'd days of Gawn Dunkell ;  
 Our country then a tale cou'd tell,  
 Europe had nane mair snack and snell  
 At verse or prose ;  
 Our kings were poets to themself,  
 Bauld and jocose.

40

<sup>24</sup> Standard Habby.] The elegy on Habby Simpson, piper of Kilbarchan, a finish'd piece of its kind.

<sup>37</sup> Gawn Dunkell.] Gawn Douglas, brother to the Earl of Angus, Bishop of Dunkell, who, besides several original poems, hath left a most exact translation of Virgil's *Eneid*.

<sup>40</sup> Our kings.] James the first and fifth.

To Ed'nburgh, Sir, whene'er ye come,  
 I'll wait upon ye, there's my thumb,  
 Weel't frae the gill-bells to the drum,  
     And tak' a bout,  
 And faith I hope we'll not sit dumb,  
     Nor yet cast out.

44

## EPISTLE II.

GILBERTFIELD, July 24th, 1719.

Dear RAMSAY,  
 WHEN I receiv'd thy kind epistle,  
 It wade me dance, and sing, and whistle ;  
 O sic a fike and sic a fistle  
     I had about it !  
 That e'er was knight of the Scots thistle  
     Sae tain, I doubted.

The bonny lincs therein thou sent me,  
 How to the nines they did content me ;  
 Tho' Sir, sae high to high to compliment me,  
     Ye might deferr'd,  
 For had ye but haff well a kent me,  
     Some leſs wad fer'd.

With joyfu' heart beyond expreſſion,  
 They're ſafely now in my poſſeſſion :  
 O gin I were a winter ſeſſion,  
     Near by thy lodging,  
 I'd cloſe attend thy new poſfeſſion  
     Without e'er budging.

43 Frae the gill-bells.] From half an hour before twelve at noon, when the music-bells begin to play, frequently call'd the gill-bells, from peoples taking a whetting dram at that time. To the drum, at ten o'clock at night, when the drum goes round, to warn sober folks to call for a bill.

4 Knight of the Scots thistle.] The ancient and most noble order of knighthood, erected by king Achaius. The ordinary enſign, worn by the knights of the order, was a green ribband, to which was appended a thistle of gold crown'd with an imperial crown, within a circle of gold, with this motto, *Nemo me impune laceſſet.*"

In even down earnest, there's but few  
 To vie with Ramsay dare avow,  
 In verse, for to gie thee thy due,  
     And without fleetching,  
 Thou's better at that trade, I trow,  
     Than some's at preaching.

For my part, 'till I'm betterlear't,  
 To strok with thee I'd best forbear't,  
 For an' the frouk of Ed'nburgh hear't,  
     They'll ca' me daft ;  
 I'm unco' iri, and dirt feart  
     I mak' wrang waft.

Thy verses nice as ever nicket,  
 Made me as canty as a ericket ;  
 I ergh to reply, leſt I stick it,  
     Syne like a coof  
 I look, or aine whose pouch is picket  
     As bare's my loof.

Heh winsom ! how thy saft sweet style,  
 And bonny auld words gar me sinile ;  
 Thou's travell'd ſure mony a mile  
     Wi' charge and cost,  
 To learn them thus keep rank and file,  
     And ken their poft.

For I maun tell thee, honest Allie,  
 (I use the freedom fo to call thee)  
 I think them a' fae braw and walie,  
     And in ſic order,  
 I wad nae care to be thy vallie,  
     Or thy recorder.

Has thou with Rosicrucians wandert,  
 Or thro' ſcine doncie defart dandert ?

16 Than some's at preaching.] This compliment is entirely free of the fulſome hyperbole.

33 Rosicrucians.] A people deeply learned in occult sciences, who converſed with aerial beings, gentlemanlike kind of necromancers, or ſo.

That with thy magie, town, and landart,  
For ought I see,  
Maun a' come truckle to thy standard  
Of poetic.

Do not mistake me, dearest heart,  
As if I charg'd thee with black art ;  
'Tis thy good genius still alert,  
That does inspire  
Thee with ilk thing that's quick and smart  
To thy desire.

E'en mony a bonny knacky tale,  
Bra to set o'er a pint of ale :  
For fifty guineas I'll find bail,  
Against a bodle,  
That I wad quat ilk day a mail  
For sic a nodule.

And on condition I were as gabby,  
As either thee or honest Habby,  
That I lin'd a' thy cleas wi tabby,  
Or velvet plush,  
And then thou'd be so far frae shabby,  
Thou'd look right sprush.

What tho' young empty airy sparks  
May have their critical remarks  
On thir my blyth diverting warks ;  
'Tis fina presumption,  
To say the're but unlearned clarks,  
And want the gumption.

Let coxcomb critics get a tether  
To tye up a' their lang loose lether ;  
If they and I chance to forgether,  
The tane may rue it,  
For an' they winna had their blether,  
They's get a flewet.

To learn them for to peep and pry  
In secret drolls, 'twixt thee and I ;  
Pray dip thy pen in wrath, and cry,  
And ca' them skellums,

I'm sure thou needs set little by  
To bide their bellums.

60

Wi' writing I'm sae bleirt and doited,  
That when I raise, in troth I stoited ;  
I thought I shou'd turn capernoited,  
For wi' a gird,  
Upon my bum I fairly cloited  
On the cald eard :

64

Which did oblige a little dumple  
Upon my doup, close by my rumple :  
But had ye seen how I did trample,  
Ye'd split your side,  
Wi' mony a lang and weary wimple,  
Like trough of Clyde.

68

## A N S W E R II.

EDINBURGH, August 4th, 1719.

DEAR Hamilton, ye'll turn me dyver,  
My muse sae bonny ye descrive her ;  
Ye blaw her sae, I'm fear'd ye rive her,  
For wi a whid,  
Gin ony higher up ye drive her,  
She'll rin red-wood.

4

Said I,——“ Whisht (quoth the young Jade)  
“ William's a wise judicious lad,  
“ Has havins mair than e'er ye had  
“ Ill-bred bog-staker :  
“ But me ye ne'er sae crouse had craw'd,  
“ Ye poor scull-thacker.

3

4 Rin red-wood.] Run distracted.

7 Ill-bred bog-staker, but me, &c.] The muse; not unreasonably angry, puts me here in mind of the favours she has done, by bringing me from stalking over bogs or wild marshes, to lift my head a little brisker among the polite world, which could never have been acquired by the low movements of a mechanic. Scull thacker, i. e. thatcher of sculls.

“ It sets ye well indeed to gadge !  
 “ E'er I t' Apollo did ye gadge,  
 “ And got ye on his honour's badge,  
 “      “ Ungratefou beast,  
 “ A Glasgow capon and a fadge  
 “      “ Ye thought a feast.

“ Swith to Castalius' fountain-brink,  
 “ Dad down a grouf, and tak' a drink,  
 “ Syne whisk out paper, pen, and ink,  
 “      “ And do my bidding ;  
 “ Be thankfou, else I'fe gar ye flink  
 “      “ Yet on a midding.”

My mistres dear, your servant humble,  
 Said I, I shou'd be laith to drumble  
 Your passions, or e'er gar ye grumble ;  
 ’Tis ne'er be me  
 Shall scandalize, or say ye bummil  
 Ye'r poerie.

Frae what I've tell'd, my friend may learn  
 How sadly I ha'e been forfain,  
 I'd better been a yont side Kairn-  
 amount, I trow ;  
 I've kiss'd the taz, like a good bairn,  
 Now, Sir, to you.

Heal be your heart, gay couthy carle,  
 Lang may ye help to toom a barrel :  
 Be thy crown ay unclowr'd in quarrel,  
 When thou inclines  
 To knoit thrawn-gabbed sumphs that snarl  
 At our frank lines.

9 It sets ye well indeed to gadge.] Ironically she says, It becomes me mighty well to talk haughtily, and affront my benefactress, by alledging so meanly, that it were possible to praise her out of her solidity.

12 A Glasgow capon, &c.] A herring. (A fadge.) A coarse kind of leavened bread, used by the common people.

14 Dad down a grouf.] Fall flat on your belly.

23 Kairn-amount.] A noted hill in the north of Scotland.

24 I've kiss'd the taz.] Kiss'd the rod, own'd my fault, like a good child.

Ilk good chiel says, ye're well worth gowd,  
 And blythnes on ye's well beftow'd,  
 'Mang witty Scots ye'r name's be row'd,  
     Ne'er fame to tine :  
 The crooked clinkers shall be cow'd,  
     But ye shall shine.

32

Set out the burnt fide of your shin,  
 For pride in poets is nae fin ;  
 Glory's the prize for which they rin,  
     And fame's their jo ;  
 And wha blaws best the horn shall win :  
     And wharefore no ?

36

*Quisquis vocabit nos vain gloriouſ,*  
 Shaw ſcarter ſkill than *males mores*,  
*Multi et magni* men before us  
     Did ſtamp and swagger,  
*Probatum eſt, exemplum Horace*  
     Was a bauld bragger.

40

Then let the doofarts, faſh'd wi ſpleen,  
 Caſt up the wrang fide of their een,  
 Pegh, fry, and gurn, wi' ſpite and teen,  
     And fa' a flying ;  
 Laugh, for the lively lads will ſcreen  
     Us frae back-biting.

44

If that the gypsies dinna ſprung us,  
 And foreign whiskers ha'e na dung us ;  
 Gin I can ſnifter thro' mundungus,  
     Wi' boots and belt on,  
 I hope to see you at St Mungo's  
     Atween and beltan.

48

32 The crooked clinkers, &c.] The scribbling rhymers, with their lame versification. Shall be cow'd, i. e. ſhorn off.

33 Set out the burnt fide of your shin.) As if one would say, "Walk ſtately with your toes out." An expression uſed when we would bid a person (merrily) look brisk.

48 St. Mungo's.] The High Church of Glasgow.

## EPISTLE III.

GILBERTFIELD, August 24th, 1719.

ACCEPT my third and last essay  
 Of rural rhyme, I humbly pray,  
 Bright Ramsay, and altho' it may  
     Seem doilt and donsie,  
 Yet thrice of all things, I heard say,  
     Was ay right sonsie.

Wharefore I scarce cou'd sleep or slumber  
 'Till I made up that happy number :  
 Th pleasure counterpois'd the cumber  
     In every part,  
 And snoov't away like three hand ombre,  
     Sixpence a cart.

Of thy last poem, bearing date  
 August the fourth, I grant receipt ;  
 It was fae bra, gart me look blate,  
     'Maist tyne my senses,  
 And look just like poor country Kate  
     In Lucky Spence's.

I shaw'd it to our parish-priest,  
 Wha was as blyth as gi'm a feast ;  
 He says, thou may had up thy creest,  
     And craw fu' crouse,  
 The poets a' to thee's but jest,  
     Not worth a souce.

Thy blyth and cheerfu' merry muse,  
 Of compliments is fae profuse,  
 For my good havins dis me roose  
     Sae very finely,  
 It were ill breeding to refuse  
     To thank her kindly.

8 Snoov't away.] Whirl'd smoothly round. Snooving always expresses the action of a top or spindle, &c.

12 Country Kate.] Vide Lucky Spence's Elegy, line 78.

What tho' sometimes, in angry mood,  
When she puts on her barlichood,  
Her dialect seem rough and rude,

Let's ne'er be fleet,  
But tak our bit, when it is good,  
And buffet wi't.

24

For gin we ettle anes to taunter,  
And dinna cawmly thole her banter,  
She'll tak' the flings ; verse may grow scanter,  
Syne wi' great shame  
We'll rue the day that we do want her ;  
Then wha's to blame ?

28

But let us still her kindness culzie,  
And wi' her never breed a tulzie,  
For we'll bring aff but little spulzie  
In sic a barter ;  
And she'll be fair to gar us fulzie,  
And cry for quarter.

32

Sae little worth's my rhyming ware,  
My pack I scarce dar apen mair,  
'Till I tak better wi' the lair,  
My pen's sae blunted ;  
And a' for fear I file the fair,  
And be affronted.

36

The dull draff-drink makes me so dowff,  
A' I can do's but bark and yowff ;  
Yet set me in a claret howff,  
Wi' fouk that's chancy,  
My muse may len me then a gowff  
To clear my fancy.

40

Then Bacchus-like I'd bawl and bluster,  
And a' the muses 'bout me muster ;

27 She'll tak' the flings.) Turn sullen, restive, and kick.

36 For fear I file the fair.] This phrase is used when one attempts to do what's handsome, and affronted by not doing it right---not a reasonable fear in him.

37 Dull draff drink.] Heavy malt liquor.

Sae merrily I'd squeeze the clusiter,  
 And drink the grape,  
 'Twad gi'e my verse a brighter lustre,  
 And better shape.

The pow'rs aboon be still auspicious  
 To thy achievements maist delicious ;  
 Thy poems sweet and nae way vicious,  
 But blyth and kanny :  
 To see, I'm anxious and ambitious,  
 Thy Miscellany.

A' blessings, Ramsay on thee row ;  
 Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,  
 Until thou claw an auld man's pow ;  
 And thro' thy creed,  
 Be kepted frae the warricow  
 After thou's dead.

## ANSWER III.

EDINBURGH, Sept. 2. 1719.

My Trusty TROJAN,  
 THY last oration orthodox,  
 Thy innocent auld farren jokes,  
 And fonsie saw of thre, provokes  
 Me anes again,  
 Tod Lowrie like, to loose my pocks,  
 And pump my brain.

By a' your letters I ha'e read,  
 I eithly scan the man well-bred,

49 A' blessings.] All this verse is a succinct cluster of kind wishes, elegantly expressed, with a friendly spirit, to which I take the liberty to add, Amen.

4 Tod Lowrie like.] Like Reynard the fox, to betake myself to some more of my wiles.

And foger that where honour led,  
Has ventur'd baul'd :  
Wha' now to youngsters leaves the yed,  
To 'tend his fauld.

8

That bangster billy, Cæsar July,  
Wha at Pharsalia wan the tooly,  
Had better sped, had he mair hooly  
Scamper'd thro life ;  
And 'midst his glories sheath'd his gooly,  
And kiss'd his wife.

12

Had he, like you, as well he cou'd,  
Upon burn banks the muses woo'd,  
Retir'd betimes frae 'mang the crowd,  
Wha'd been aboon him ?  
The senate's durks, and faction loud,  
Had ne'er undone him.

16

Yet sometimes leave the riggs and bog,  
Your howms and braces, and thaudy frug,  
And helm-a-lee the claret cog,  
To clear your wit :  
Be blyth, and let the wold e'en shog  
As it thinks fit.

20

Ne'er fash about your neist year's state,  
Nor with superior pow'rs debate,  
Nor cantraps cast to ken your fate ;  
There's ills anew  
To cram our days, which soon grow late ;  
Let's live just now.

24

When northern blasts the ocean snurl,  
And gars the heights and hows look gurl,  
Then left about the bumper whirl,

<sup>8</sup> Leaves the yed to 'tend his fauld.] Leaves the martial contention, and retires to a country life.

<sup>13</sup> As well he cou'd.] It is well known he could write as well as fight.

And toom the horn,  
Grip fast the hours which hasty hurl,  
The morn's the morn.

Thus to Leuconoe sang sweet Flaccus,  
Wha nane e'er thought a Gillygacus :  
And why should we let whimsies bawk us,  
When joy's in season,  
And thole sae aft the spleen to whauk us  
Out of our reason ?

Tho' I were laird of tenscore acres,  
Nodding to jouks of hallenshakers,  
Yet cruh'd wi' hum drums, which the weaker's  
Contentment ruins,  
I'd rather roost wi' causey rakers,  
And sup cauld fowens.

I think, my friend, an fowk can get  
A doil o' roast beef piping het,  
And wi' red wine their wyfion wet,  
And cleathing clean,  
And be nae sick, or drown'd in debt,  
They're no to mean.

I read this verse to my ain kimmer,  
Wha kens I like a leg o' gimmer,  
Or sic and sic good belly timmer :  
Quoth she, and leugh,  
“ Sicker of tha winter and summer  
“ Ye're well enough.”

My hearty gos, there is nae help  
But hand to nive we twa maun skelp

27 Toom the horn.] It is frequent in the country to drink beer out of horn cups, made in shape of a water-glass.

29 Thus to Leuconoe.] Vide Book I. 11 Ode of Horace.

34 Hallenshakers.] A hallen is a fence (built of stone, turf, or a moveable flake of heather) at the sides of the door in country places, to defend them from the wind. The trembling attendant about a forgetful great man's gate or levee, is also expressed in the term hallenshaker.

Up Rhine and Thames, and o'er the Alps  
pines and Pyrenians,  
The chearfou carles do sae yelp  
To ha'e their minions.

40

Thy raffan rural rhyme sae rare,  
Sic wordy, wanton, hand-wail'd ware,  
Sae gash and gay, gars fowk gae gare  
To ha'e them by them ;  
Tho' gaffin they wi' sides sae fair,  
Cry, " Wae gae by him ! "

52

Fair fa that soger did invent  
To easle the poets toil wi' print :  
Now, William, we maun to the bent  
And poufs our fortune,  
And crack wi' lads wha're well content  
Wi' this our sporting.

56

Gin ony four mou'd girning bucky  
Ca' me conceity keckling chucky,  
That we like nags whase necks are yucky.  
Hae'e us'd our teeth ;  
I'll answer fine,---Gae kifs ye'r Lucky,  
She dwells i' Leith.

60

I ne'er wi' lang tales fash my head,  
But when I speak, I speak indeed :  
Wha ca's me droll, but ony feed,  
I'll own I'm sae :  
And while my champers can chew bread,  
Yours—ALLAN RAMSAY.

64

51 Gars fowk gae gare.] Make people very earnest.  
52 Wi' sides sae fair, cry, " Wae gae by him ! ") It is usual for many, after a full laugh, to complain of sore sides, and to bestow a kindly curse on the author of the jest : but the folks of more tender consciences have turned expletives to friendly wishes such as ; this, or, " Sonse fa' ye ", and the like.  
60 Gae kifs ye'r Lucky, &c.] Is a cant phrase, from what I know not ; but it is made use of when one thinks it is not worth while to give a direct answer or think themselves foolishly accused.

*An Epistle to Lieutenant Hamilton, on receiving the Compliment  
of a Barrel of Lochfine Herrings from him.*

YOUR herrings, Sir, came hale and feer,  
In healsome brine a' soumin,  
Fu' fat they are, and gusty gear,  
As e'er I laid my thumb on :

Bra' sappy fish.  
As ane cou'd wish

To clap on fadge or scon ;  
They relish fine  
Good claret wine,

That gars our cares stand yon.

Right mony gabs wi' them shall gang  
About auld Reekie's ingle,

When kedgy carles think nae lang,  
Where stoups and trunchers jingle ;

Then my friend leuk,  
We tofs ye'r heal,

And with bald brag advance,  
What's hoorded in  
Lochs Broom and Fin.

Might ding the stocks of France.

A jelly sum to carry on  
A fishery's design'd,

Twa million good of Sterling pounds,  
By men of money's sign'd.

Had ye but seen  
How unco keen

And thrang they were about it,  
That we are bald,  
Right rich, and auld-

Farran, ye ne'er wou'd doubted.

1 Hale and feer.] Whole, without the least fault or want.

19 Broom and Fin.] Two lochs on the western seas, where plenty of herrings are taken.

22 A fishery.] The royal fishery; success to which is the wish and hope of every good man.

P O E M S.

327

Now, now, I hope we'll ding the Dutch,  
As fine as a round Robin,  
Gin greediness to grow soon rich  
Invites not to stock-jobbing:

That poor boss shade  
Of sinking trade,

35

And weather-glass politic,  
Which heaves and sets  
As public gets

A heezy or a wee kick.

40

Fy, fy ! but yet I hope 'tis daft  
To fear that trick come hither ;  
Na, we're aboon that dirty craft  
Of biting ane anither.

The subject rich  
Will gi' a hitch

45

T' increase the public gear,  
When on our seas,  
Like bisy bees,

Ten thousand fishers steer.

50

Could we catch the united shoals  
That crowd the western ocean,  
The Indies would prove hungry holes,  
Compar'd to this our Goshen :

Then let's to wark  
With net and bark,

55

Them fish and faithfu' cure up ;  
Gin sae we join,  
We'll cleek in coin  
Frae a' the ports of Europe.

60

Thank's t' ye, Captain, for this fwatch  
Of our store, and your favour ;  
Gin I be spar'd, your love to match  
Shall still be my endeavour.

Next unto you,  
My service due

65

Please gi'e to Matthew Cumin,

67 Matthew Cumin.] Merchant in Glasgow, and one of the late magistrates of that city.

Wha with fair heart  
Has play'd his part,  
And sent them true and trim in.

73

*WEALTH, or the WOODY, a Poem on the South-Sea, wrote*  
*June 1720.*

*Illi robur et aes triplex  
Circa pectus erat ; qui fragilem truci  
Commisit pelago ratem  
Primus—*

HORACE.

Daring and unco' stout he was,  
With heart hool'd in three sloughs of bra's,  
Wha ventur'd first upon the sea,  
With hempen branks, and horse of tree.

THALIA, ever welcome to this isle,  
Descend, and glad the nation with a smile ;  
See frae yon bank where South-Sea ebbs and flows,  
How sand-blind Chance woodies and wealth bestows :  
Aided by thee, I'll sail the wondreus deep,  
And thro' the crowded alleys cautious creep.  
Not easy task to plow the swelling wave,  
Or in stock-jobbing press my guts to save :  
But nathing can our wilder passions tame,  
Wha rax for riches or immortal fame.

5

10

15

Long had the grumblers us'd this murm'ring sound,  
“ Poor Britain in her public debt is drown'd ! ”  
At fifty millions late we started a',  
And wow we wonder'd how the debt wad fa' ;  
But sonsy fauls, wha first contriv'd the way,  
With project deep our charges to defray :  
O'er and aboon it heaps of treasure brings,  
That fousk beguells become as rich as kings.

---

[1 Thalia, ever welcome.] Thalia the cheerful muse that delights to imitate the actions of mankind, and produces the laughing comedy.—That kind of poetry ever acceptable to Britons.

Lang heads they were that first laid down the plan,  
Into the which the round anes headlang ran ;  
Till overstock'd, they quat the sea, and fain wa'd been at  
land.

Thus when braid flakes of fraw have clad the green,  
Aften I have young sportive gilpies seen,  
The waxing ba' with meikle pleasure row,  
'Till past their pith it did unweildy grow.

'Tis strange to think what changes may appear  
Within the narrow circle of a year ;  
How can ae project, if it be well laid,  
Supply the simple want of trifling trade ?

Saxty lang years a man may rack his brain,  
Hunt after gear baith night and day wi' pain,  
And die at last in debt, instead of gain.

But O South Sea ! what mortal mind can run  
Thro' a' the miracles that thou hast done ?

Nor scrimply thou thyself to bounds confines,  
But like the sun on ilka party shines ;  
To poor and rich, the fools as well as wise,  
With hand impartial stretches out the prize.

Like Nilus swelling frae his unkend head,  
Frai bank to brae o'erflows ilk rig and mead,  
Instilling lib'ral store of genial sap,  
Whence fun-burn'd gypies reap a plenteous crap :  
Thus flows our sea, but with this diff'rence wide,  
But anes a year their river heaves his tide,

21 Fain wa'd been at land.] Land, in the time of this golden two or three months, was sold at 45 or 50 years purchase.

29 Trifling trade.] All manner of traffic and mechanics was at that time despised. Subscriptions and transfers were the only commodities.

39 Like Nilus.] A river which crosses a great part of Africa, the spring head thereof unknown till of late. In the month of June it swells and overflows Egypt : when it rises too high, the inundation is dangerous, and threatens a famine. In this river are the monstrous amphibious animals named crocodiles, of the same species with the late alligators of the South-Sea, which make a prey of, and devour all human creatures they can lay hold of.

Ours aft ilk day, t' enrich the common weak,  
Bangs o'er its banks, and dings Egyptian Nile.

Ye rich and wise, we own succels your due,  
But your reverse their luck with wonder view,  
How without thought these dawted petts of Fate  
Have jobb'd themselves into sae high a state,  
By pure instinct sae leal the mark have hit,  
Without the use of either fear or wit.

And ithers wha last year's their garrets kept,  
Where duns in vision fash'd them while they slept ;  
Wha only durst in twilight or the dark  
Steal to a common cook's with haff a mark,  
A' their half stock---Now, by a kanny gale,  
In the o'erflowing ocean spread their sail ;  
While they in gilded galleys cut the tide,  
Look down on fisher-boats wi' meikle pride.

Mean time, the thinkers wha are out of play,  
For their ain comfort kenna what to say ;  
That the foundation's loose fair wa'd they shaw,  
And think na but the fabric soon will fa :  
That's a' but sham---for inwardly they fry,  
Vext that their fingers were na in the pye ;  
Faint-hearted wights, wha dully stood afar,  
Tholling your reason great attempts to mar ;  
While the brave dauntless of sic fitters free,  
Jumpt headlong glorious in the golden sea :

48 Your reverse.] Poor fools.

52 Of either fear or wit.] One was reckon'd a timorous thinking fool, who took advice of his reason in the grand affair.

60 Look down on fisher-boats.] Despised the virtuous design of propagating and carrying on a fishery, which can never fail to be a real benefit to Britain.

61 The thinkers.] Many of just thinking at that time were vexed to see themselves trudging on foot, when some others of very indifferent capacities were setting up gilded equipages ; notwithstanding of all the doubts they formed against it, yet fretted, because they were not so lucky as to have some shares.

70 Jumpt headlong.] Threw off all the fitters of reason, and plunged gloriously into confusion.

Where now, like gods, they rule each wealthy jaw,  
While you may thump your pows against the wa'.

On summer's e'en, the welkin cawm and fair,  
When little midges frisk in lazy air,  
Have ye not seen thro' ither how they reel,  
And time about how up and down they wheel ?

Thus eddies of stock-jobbers drive about,  
Upmost to day, the morn their pipe's put out.  
With pensive face, whene'er the market's hy,  
Minutius crys, Ah ! what a gowk was I :

Some friend of his wha wisely seems to ken  
Events of causes nair than ither men,  
Push for your interest yet, nae fear, he cries,  
For South-Sea will to twice ten hundred rise.  
Waes me for him that sells paternal land,  
And buys when shares the highest sums demand :  
He ne'er shall taste the sweets of rising stock,  
Which faws neist day ; na help for't, he is broke.

Dear Sea, be tenty how thou flows at thams  
Of Hogland Gad'rens in their froggy dams,  
Left in their muddy bogs thou chance to sink,  
Where thou may'ft stagnate, syne of course maun stink.

This I foresee (and time shall prove I'm right,  
For he's nae poet who wants the second sight)  
When autumn's stores are ruck'd up in the yard,  
And fleet and snaw dreeps down cauld winter's beard ;  
When bleak November winds make forests bare,  
And with splenetic vapours fill the air ;  
Then, then in gardens, parks, or silent glen,  
When trees bear naithing else, they'll carry men,  
Wha shall like naughty Romans greatly swing  
Aboon earth's disappointments in a string :  
Sae ends the tow'ring saul that downa see  
A man move in a higher sphere than he.

81 Wha wisely.] With grave faces many at that time pretended they could demonstrate this hoped-for rise of South-Sea.

90 Hogland Gad'rens.] The Dutch ; whom a learned author of a late essay has endeavoured to prove to be descended after a strange manner from the Gadarens, which essay Lewis XIV. was mighty pleased with, and bounteously rewarded the author.

Edin

Happy that man who has thrawn up a main,  
Which makes some hundred thousands a' his ain,  
And comes to anchor on so firm a rock,  
Britannia's credit, and the South-Sea stock :  
Ilk blythsome pleasure waits upon his nod,  
And his dependents eye him like a god :  
Closs may he bend Champain frae e'en to morn,  
And look on cells of tippony with scorn :  
Three lucky pimps, or simug-fac'd wanton fair,  
That can in a' his wealth and pleasure skair :  
Like Jove he sits, like Jove, high heav'ns goodman,  
While the inferior gods about him stan',  
'Till he permits, with condescending grace,  
That ilka ane in order take their place :  
Thus with attentive look mensow they sit,  
'Till he speak first, and shaw some shining wit ;  
Syne circling wheels the flattering gaffaw,  
As well they may, he gars their beards wag a'.  
Imperial gowd, what is't thou canna grant ?  
Possest of thee, what is't a man needs want ?  
Commanding coin, there's nothing hard to thee ;  
I canna guess how rich fowk come to die.

Unhappy wretch, link'd to the thread-bare nine,  
The dazzling equipage can ne'er be thine :  
Destin'd to toil thro' labyrinths of verse,  
Dar'st speak of great stock-jobbing as a farce.  
Poor thoughtless mortal, vain of airy dreams,  
The flying horse, and bright Apollo's beams,  
And Helicon's werl well thou ca's divine,  
Are naithing like a mistrels, coach, and wine.

Wa'd some good patron (whase superior skill  
Can make the South-Sea ebb and flow at will)  
Put in a stock for me, I own it fair,  
In epic strain I'd pay him to a hair ;  
Immortalise him, and whate'er he loves,  
In flowing numbers, I shall sing approves :  
If not, fox-like, I'll thraw my gab and gloom,  
And ca' your hundred thousand a four plum.

122 Their beards wag a'.] Feasts them at his own proper cost : hence the proverb, " 'Tis fair in ha', where beards wag a'."

142 A four plum.] The fox in the fable, that despised the plumbs he could not reach, is well known, 100,000

*Edinburgh's Salutation to the most Honourable my Lord  
\* Marquis of Carnarvon.*

WELCOME, my Lord, Heav'n by your guide,  
And furder your intention,  
To whate'er place you sail or ride,  
To brighten your invention.  
The book of mankind lang and wide,  
Is well worth your attention ;  
Wherefore please some time here abide,  
And measure the dimension,

4  
Of minds right stout.

O that ilk worthy British peer  
Wad follow your example,  
My auld grey head I yet wad rear,  
And spread my skirts mair ample.  
Shou'd London pouch up a' the gear ?  
She might spare me a sample :  
In troth his Highnes shou'd live here,  
For without oil our lamp will

12  
Gang blinkan out.

Lang syne, my Lord, I had a court,  
And nobles fill'd my cawfy ;  
But since I have been fortune's sport,  
I look nae hawff sae gawfy.

16

20

---

pounds being called a plum, makes this a right pun ; and some puns deserve not to be classed among low wit, though the generality of them do.

\* Marquis of Carnarvon.] Eldest son to his Grace the Duke of Chandois, who, in May 1720, was at Edinburgh, in his tour through Scotland.

13 Shou'd London.] Edinburgh too justly complains, that the north of Britain is so remote from the court, and so rarely enjoys the influence of British stars of the first magnitude.

Vol. I.

M

Yet here brave gentlemen resort,  
And mony a handsome lassy :  
Now that you're lodg'd within my port,  
Fow well I wat, they'll a' say,

Welcome, my Lord.

For you my best chear I'll produce,  
I'll no mak muckle vaunting ;  
But routh for pleasure and for use,  
Whate'er you may be wanting,  
You's have at will to chap and chuse,  
For few things am I scant in ;  
The wale of well-set ruby juice,  
When you like to be rantin,

I can afford.

Than I, nor Paris, nor Madrid,  
Nor Rome, I trow's mair able  
To busk you up a better bed,  
Or trim a tighter table.  
My sons are honourably bred,  
To truth and friendship stable :  
What my detracting faes have said,  
You'll find a feigned fable,

At the first sight.

My classic lear and letters belle,  
And travelling conspire,  
Ilk unjust notion to repell,  
And god-like thoughts inspire ;  
That in ilk action wise and snell  
You may shaw manly fire ;  
Sae the fair picture of himself,  
Will give his Grace, your Sire,

Immense delight.

31 The wale of well-set, &c.] The most choice of fine claret.

39 What my detracting faes.] Those who from a malicious low prejudice (only the scum indeed of our neighbours) have falsely reproached us with being rude, unhospitable, and false.

*The Prospect of Plenty, a Poem on the North-Sea Fishery,  
inscribed to the Right Honourable the Royal Burrows, of  
Scotland.*

## Oppian Halieutic, Lib. III.

TEALIA, anes again, in blythsome lays,  
In lays immortal, chant the North Sea's praise.  
Tent how the Caledonians, lang supine,  
Begin, mair wise, to open baith their cen ;  
And, as they ought, t' employ that store which Heav'n      5  
In sic abundance to their hands has giv'n.  
Sae heedleis heir, born to a lairdship wide,  
That yields mair plenty than he kens to guide ;  
Not well acquainted with his ain good luck,  
Lets ilka sneaking fellow take a pluck ;      10  
'Till at the lang-run, wi' a heart right fair,  
He sees the bites grow bein, as he grows bare :  
Then wak'ning, looks about with glegger glour ;  
And learns to thrive, wha ne'er thought on't before.

Nae nation in the warld can parallel      15  
The plenteous product of this happy isle :  
But past'r'al heights, and sweet prolific plains,  
That can at will command the safest strains,  
Stand yont ; for Amphitrite claims o'er sang,  
Wha round fair Thule drives her finny thrang,      20  
O'er shaws of coral and the pearly sands,  
To Scotia's smoothest lochs and crystal strands,  
There keeps the tyrant pike his awfou court,  
Here trout and salmon in clear channels sport.  
Wae to that hand, that dares by day or night      25  
Defile the stream where sporting fries delight.

19 Amphitrite.] The wife of Neptune.

20 Thule.] The northern islands of Scotland are allowed by all to be the Thule of the ancients.

25 Wae to that hand, &c.] There are acts of Parliament which severely prohibit steeping of lint, or any other way defiling these clear rivers where salmon abound.

But herrings, lovely fish, like best to play  
 In rowan ocean, or the open bay :  
 In crowds amazing thro' the waves they shine,  
 Millions on millions form ilk equal line :  
 Nor dares th' imperial whale, unless by stealth,  
 Attack their firm united commonwealth :  
 But artfu' nets, and fishers' wylie skill,  
 Can bring the scaly nations to their will.  
 When these retire to caverns of the deep,  
 Or in their oozy beds thro' winter sleep,  
 Then shall the tempting bait, and tented string,  
 Beguile the cod, the sea-cat, tusk, and ling.  
 Thus may our fishery thro' a' the year  
 Be still employ'd, t' increase the public gear.

Delytfou labour where the industrious gains  
 Profit surmounting ten times a' his pains,  
 Nae pleasure like success ; then lads stand be,  
 Ye'll find it endless in the Northern sea.  
 O'er lang with empty brag we have been vain  
 Of toom dominion on the plenteous main,  
 While others ran away with all the gain.  
 Thus proud Iberia vaunts of sov'reign sway <sup>15</sup>  
 O'er countries rich, frae rise to set of day ;  
 She grasps the shadows, but the substance tines,  
 While a' the rest of Europe milk her mines.

But dawns the day sets Britain on her feet ;  
 Lang look'd-for's come at last, and welcome be't ;  
 For numerous fleets shall hem Æbudan rocks,  
 Commanding feas, with rowth to raise our stocks ;  
 Nor can this be a toom chimera found,  
 The fabric's biggest on the surest ground.  
 Sma' is our need to toil on foreign shores,  
 When we have baith the Indies at our doors :  
 Yet, for diversion, laden vessels may  
 To far-aff nations cut the liquid way ;  
 And fraught frae ilka port what's nice or braw,  
 While for their trifles we maintain them a'.  
 Goths, Vandals, Gauls, Hesperians, and the Moors,  
 Shall a' be treated frae our happy shores :

48 Iberia.] Spain.

54 Æbudan rocks.] The Lewis and other western islands.

The rantin Germans, Russians, and the Poles,  
Shall feast with pleasure on our gusty sholes :  
For which deep in their treasures we shall dive :  
Thus by fair trading, North-Sea stock shall thrive.

Sae far the bonny prospect gives delight,  
The warm ideas gart the muse take flight,  
When straight a grumbletonian appears,  
Pegging fou fair beneath a laid of fears : 70  
“Wow ! that’s braw news, quoth he, to make fools fain ;  
“But gin ye be nae warlock, how’d ye ken ? 75  
“Does Tam the Rhymer spae oughtlings of this ?  
“Or do ye prophecy just as ye wish ?  
“Will projects thrive in this abandon’d place ?  
“Unsonfy we had ne’er sae meikle grace.  
“I fear, I fear, your tow’ring aim fa short,  
“Alake we winn o’er far frae king and court ? 80  
“The Southerns will with pith your project bauk,  
“They’ll never thole this great design to tak.”

Thus do the dubious ever countermine,  
With party wrangle, ilka fair design. 85  
How can a saul that has the use of thought  
Be to sic little creeping fancies brought ?  
Will Britain’s king or parliament gainstand  
The univerſal profit of the land ?  
Now when nae sep’rate interest eags to strife,  
The ancient nations join’d like man and wife,  
Maun study closſ for peace and thriving’s sake,  
Aff a’ the wiffen’d leaves of spite to shake : 90  
Let’s weave and fish to ane anither’s hands,  
And never think wha serves or wha commands ;  
But baith alike consult the common weal,  
Happy that moment friendship makes us leal  
To truth and right—then springs a shining day,  
Shall clouds of fima’ mistakes drive fast away.  
Mistakes and private int’reſt hence be gane, 95  
Mind what ye did on dire Pharsalia’s plain,  
Where doughty Romans were by Romans slain.  
A meaner phantom neift, with meikle dread,  
Attacks with ſenseleſs fears the weaker head :

76 Tam the Rhymer.] Thomas Learmond, alias the Rhymer, lived in the reign of Alexander the III. King of Scots, and is held in great esteem by the vulgar for his dark predictions.

- " The Dutcl, say they, will strive your plot to stap, 105  
 " They'll toom their banks before you reap their crap :  
 " Lang have they ply'd that trade like bify bees,  
 " And suck'd the profit of the Pictland seas ;  
 " Thence riches fish'd mair, by themselves confess,  
 " Than e'er they made by Indies East and West." 110  
 O mighty fine and greatly was it spoke !  
 Maun bold Britannia bear Batavia's yoke ?  
 May she not apen her ain pantry door,  
 For fear the paughty state shou'd gi'e a roar ?  
 Dare she nane of her herrings sell or prive,  
 Afore she say, " Dear Matkie, wi' ye'r leave ?" 115  
 Curse on the wight wha tholes a thought sae tame,  
 He merits not the manly Briton's name.  
 Grant they're good allies, yet its hardly wise  
 To buy their friendship at sae high a price :  
 But frae that airth we needna fear great skaith,  
 These people, rightauldfarran, will be laith  
 To thwart a nation, wha with ease can draw  
 Up ilk sluice they have, and drown them a'. 120  
 Ah slothfu' pride ! a kingdom's greatest curse,  
 How dowf looks gentry with an empty purse !  
 How worthless is a poor and haughty drone,  
 Wha thowles stands a lazy looker on ?  
 While active fauls a stagnant life despise,  
 Still ravish'd with new pleasures as they rise. 125  
 O'er lang, in troth, have we by-standers been,  
 And loot fowk lick the white out of our een :  
 Nor can we wyt them, since they had our vote ;  
 But now they're get the whistle of their groat.  
 Here did the muse intend a while to rest,  
 'Till hame o'er spitfu' din her lugs opprest ; 130  
 Anither set of the envyfou kind  
 (With narrow notions horribly confin'd,) -  
 Wag their boss noddles, syne with silly spite  
 Land ilka worthy project in a bite. 135  
 They force with aukward gирн their ridicule,  
 And ca' ilk ane concern'd a simple fool,

---

132 And loot fowk lick, &c.] This phrase is always applied when people with pretence of friendship do you an ill turn, as one licking a mote out of your eye makes it bloodshot.

Excepting some wha a' the lave will nick,  
And gi'e them nought but bare whop-shafts to lick.

145

Malicious envy ! root of a' debates,  
The plague of government, and bane of states ;  
The nurse of positive destructive strife,  
Fair friendship's fae, which sow'r's the sweets of life ;  
Promoter of sedition and base fead,  
Still over-joy'd to see a nation bleed.

150

Stap, stap, my Lass, forgetna where ye'r gawn,  
If ye rin on, Heav'n kens where ye may lan' ;  
Turn to your fishers sang, and let fowk ken  
The North-Sea skippers are leal-hearted men,  
Vers'd in the critic seasons of the year,  
When to ilk bay the fishing-hush should steer ;  
There to hawl up with joy the plenteous fry,  
Which on the decks in shining heaps shall lye,  
'Till carefou hands, ev'n while they've vital heat,  
Shall be employ'd to save their juices sweet ;  
Strick tent they'll tak to stow them wi' strange brine,  
In barrels tight, that shall nae liquor tine ;  
Then in the foreign markets we shall stand  
With upright front, and the first sale demand.  
This, this our faithfou trustees have in view,

155

And honourably will the task pursue ;  
Nor are they bigging castles in a cloud,  
Their ships already into action scud.

165

Now, dear ill-natur'd billies, say nae mair,  
But leave the matter to their prudent care :  
They're men of candor, and right well they wate  
That truth and honesty hads lang the gate :  
Shoulder to shoulder let's stand firm and stout,  
And there's nae fear but we'll soon make it out ;  
We've reason, law, and nature on our side,

170.

And have nae bars, but party, flowth, and pride.

175.

151 Lass.] The muse.

154 North-Sea skippers.] The managers.

159 Vital heat.] It is a vast advantage to cure them immediately after they are taken.

161 Strange brine.] Foreign salt.

168 Into action scud.] Several large ships are already employed, and took in their salt and barrels a month ago.

172 Hads lang the gate.] Holds long up its head, longest keeps the high way or gate.

When a's in order, as it soon will be,  
 And fleets of bushes fill the Northern sea,  
 What hopefou' images with joy arise  
 In order rank'd before the mufe's eyes ? 180  
 A wood of mafts, well mann'd---their jovial din,  
 Lik eydent bees gawn out and coming in.  
 Here haff a nation, healthfou', wife, and stark,  
 With spirits only tint for want of wark,  
 Shall now find place their genius to exert, 185  
 While in the common good they act their part.  
 These fit for fervitude shall bear a hand,  
 And these find government form'd for command.  
 Besides, this as a nursery shall breed  
 Stout skill'd marines, when Britain's navies need. 190  
 Pleas'd with their labour, when their task is done,  
 They'll leave green Thetis to embrace the sun ;  
 Then freshest fish shall on the brander bleez,  
 And lend the bify browster wife a heez :  
 While healthfou' hearts shall own their honest flaine, 195  
 With seaming quaff, and whomelt to her name,  
 Whase active motion to his heart did reach,  
 As she the cods was turning on the beach.  
 Curs'd poortith, Love and Hymen's deadly fae,  
 (That gars young fouk in prime cry, aft, " Oh hey," 200  
 And single live, 'till age and ruckles shaw  
 Their canker'd spirit's good for nougat at a')  
 Now flit your camp, far frae our confines scour,  
 Our lads and lasses soon shall slight your pow'r ;  
 For rowth shall cherish love, and love shall bring 205  
 Mae men t' improve the soil and serve the king.  
 Thus univerſal Plenty shall produce  
 Strength to the state, and arts for joy and use.  
 O Plenty, thou delyt of great and fma,  
 Thou nervous finnow of baith war and law : 210  
 The statesmen's drift, spur to the artist's skill,  
 Nor does the very *flamens* like the ill ;  
 The shabby poets hate thee ! that's a lie,  
 Or else they are nae of a mind wi' me.

198 The beach.] The beach is a number of big stones, where they dried the cod and ling.

212 *Flamens.*] Priests.

Plenty shall cultivate ilk scawp and moor,  
Now lee and bare, because the landlord's poor,  
On scroggy braes shall aiks and ashes grow,  
And bonny gardens clead the brecken how.

215

Do others backward dam the raging main,  
Raifing on barren fands a flow'ry plain?

220

By us then shou'd the thought o't be endur'd,  
To let braid tracts of land lye unmanur'd?

Uncultivate nae mair they shall appear,

But shine with a' the beauties of the year;

Which start with ease frae the obedient soil,

225

And ten times o'er reward a little toil.

Alang wild shores, where tuinbling billows break,  
Plenish't with nought but shells and tangle wreck,

Braw towns shall rise, with steeples mony aane,

And houses bigget a' with ester stane;

230

Where schools polite shall lib'ral arts display,

And makeauld barb'rous darknesis fly away.

Now Nereus rising frae his watry bed,  
The pearly drops hap down his lyart head;

Oceanus with pleasure hears him sing,

235

Tritons and Nereids form a jovial ring;

And dancing on the deep, attention draw,

While a' the winds in love, but fighing, blaw.

The sea-born prophet sang in sweetest strain,

" Britons, be blyth, fair queen of illes be fain;

240

" A richer people never saw the sun:

" Gang tightly throw what fairly you've begun;

" Spread a' your sails and streamers in the wind,

" For ilka pow'r in sea and air's your friend;

" Great Neptune's unexhausted bank has store

245

" Of endlesf wealth, will gar yours a' run o'er."

He sang sae loud, round rocks the echoes flew,

'Tis true, he said; and they return'd, 'tis true.

September, 1720.

219 The raging main.] The Dutch have gain'd a great deal from the sea.

## The Rife and Fall of Stocks, 1720.

*An Epistle to the Right Hon. my Lord RAMSAY, now in Paris.*

“ Your pettifoggers damn their souls !  
 ‘To share with knaves in cheating fools ;  
 And merchants, vent’ring on the main,  
 Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain.

HUDIBRAS.”

My LORD,

WITHOUTEN preface or preamble,  
 My fancy being on a ramble ;  
 Transported with an honest passion,  
 Viewing our poor bambouzl’d nation,  
 Biting her nails, her knuckles wringing,  
 Her cheeks fae blaе, her lips fae hinging ;  
 Grief and vexation’s like to kill her,  
 For tyning baith her tick and filler.

Allow me then to make a comment  
 On this affair of greatest moment,  
 Which has fa’n out, my Lord, since ye  
 Left Lothian and the Edge-well tree :  
 And, with your leave, I needna stickle  
 To say we’re in a sorry pickle,  
 Since poortith o’er ilk head does hover  
 Frae John-o’-Groat’s house, south to Dover.  
 Sair we have pelted been with stocks,  
 Casting our credit at the cocks ;

12 Edge-well tree.] An oak-tree which grows on the side of a fine spring, nigh the castle of Dalhousie, very much observed by the country people, who give out, that before any of the family died, a branch fell from the Edge-well tree. The old tree, some few years ago, fell altogether; but another sprung from the same root, which is now tall and flourishing, and lang be’t fae.

16 John-o’-Groat’s house.] The northermost house in Scotland.

Lang guilty of the highest treason  
Against the government of reason :  
We madly at our ain expences,  
Stock jobb'd away our cash and senses.

20

As little bairns frae winnocks hy  
Drap down saip bells to waiting fry,  
Wha run and wrestle for the prize,  
With face erect and watchfou eyes ;  
The lad wha gleggest waits upon it,  
Receives the bubble on his bonnet,  
Views with delight the shining beau-thing,  
Which in a twinkling bursts to nothing :  
Sae Britain brought on a' her troubles,  
By running daftly after bubbles.

25

Impos'd on by lang-nebbit jugglers,  
Stock-jobbers, brokers, cheating smugglers,  
Wha set their gowden girns sae wylie,  
Tho' ne'er sae cautious, they'd beguile ye :  
The covetous infatuation

30

Was smittle out o'er all the nation ;  
Clergy and lawyers and physicians,  
Mechanics, merchants, and musicians ;  
Baith sexes, of a' sorts and sizes,  
Drap ilk design, and jobb'd for prizes :  
Frael noblemen to livery varlets ;  
Frael topping toasts to hackney harlots :  
Poetic dealers were but scarce,  
Lefs browden still on cash than verse ;  
Only ae bard to coach did mount,  
By singing praise to Sir John Blunt ;  
But since his mighty patron fell,  
He looks just like Jock Blunt himsel.

40

Some lords and lairds sell'd riggs and castles,  
And play'd them aff with tricky rascals,  
Wha now with routh of riches vapour,  
While their late honours live on paper ;  
But ah ! the difference 'twixt good land  
And a poor bankrupt bubble's band.

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47 Only ae bard, &c.] Vide Dick Francklin's epistle.

50 He looks just like Jock Blunt.] This is commonly said of a person who is out of countenance at a disappointment.

Thus Europeans Indians rifle,  
And give them for their gowd some trifles ;  
As deugs of velvet, chips of crystal,  
A facon's bell, or bauhee whistler.

66  
Merchants and bankers heads gade wrang,  
They thought to millions they might spang,  
Despis'd the virtuous road to gain,  
And look'd on little bills with pain ;  
The well-won thousands of some years  
In ae big bargain disappears :  
'Tis fair to bide, but wha can help it,  
Instead of coach, on foot they skelp it.

67  
The ten per cents wha durstna venture,  
But lent great sums upon indenture,  
To billies wha as frankly war'd it,  
As they out of their guts had spar'd it ;  
When craving money they have lent,  
They're answer'd, Item, " A' is spent :"  
The miser hears him with a gloom,  
Girns like a brock, and bites his thumb,  
Syne shores to grip him by the wyson,  
And keep him a' his days in prison :  
Sae may ye do, replies the debtor,  
But that can never mend the matter ;  
As soon can I mount Charle wain  
As pay ye back your gear again.  
Poor mouldy rins quite by himsel,  
And bans like ane broke loofe frae hell,  
It lulls a wee my mullygrubs,  
To think upon these bitten scrubs,  
When naething saves their vital low,  
But the expences of a tow.

68  
Thus children aft, with carfu' hands,  
In summer dam up little strands,  
Collect the drizel to a pool,  
In which their glowing limbs they cool ;  
'Till by comes some ill deedy gift,  
Wha in the bulwark makes a rift,

83. By himsel.] Mad ; out of his wits.

93. Ill-deedy gift.] A roguish boy, who is seldom without doing a bad action.

And with ae strake, in ruins lays  
The work of use, art, care, and days.

95

Even handy-craftsmen too turn'd saucy,  
And maun be coaching thro' the causey ;  
Syne strut fou paughty in the alley,  
Transferring thousands with some vally ;  
Grow rich in fancy, treat their whore,  
Nor mind they were, or shall be poor.  
Like little Joves they treat the fair,  
With gowd frae banks built in the air ;  
For which their Danaes lift the lap,  
And compliment them with a clap ;  
Which by aft jobbing grows a pox,  
'Till brigs of noses fa' with stocks.

100

305

Here coachmen, grooms, or pasment trotter,  
Glitter'd a while, then turn'd to snotter ;  
Like a shot starn, that thro' the air  
Skyts east or west with unko glare,  
But found neist day on hillock side,  
Na better seems nor paddock ride.

110

Some reverend brethren left their flocks,  
And sank their stipends in the stocks ;  
But tining baith, like Æsop's colly,  
O'er late, they now lament their folly.

115

For three warm months, May, June, and July,  
There was odd scrabbling for the spulzy ;

120

And mony a ane, 'till he grew tir'd,  
Gather'd what gear his heart desir'd.  
We thought that dealer's stock an ill ane,  
That was not wordy haff a million.

120

O had this golden age but lasted,  
And no sae soon been broke and blasted,  
There is a person well I ken  
Might wi' the best gane right far ben ;  
His project better might succeeded,  
And far less labour had he needed :  
But 'tis a daffin to debate,  
And aurgle bargle with our fate.

125

130

<sup>105</sup> Danaes.] Danae, the daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos, to whom Jupiter descended in a shower of gold.

<sup>127</sup> A person, &c.] Meaning myself, with regard to my printing this volume by subscription.

Well, had this gowden age but lasted,  
And not sae soen been broke and blasted,  
O woy, my Lord, these had been days  
Which might have claim'd your poet's lays.  
But soon, alake ! the mighty Dagon  
Was seen to fa' without a rag on :  
In harvest was a dreadfu' thunder,  
Which gart a' Britain glowr and wonder ;  
The phizzing bout came with a blatter,  
And dry'd our great sea to a gutter.

But mony fowk with wonder speir,  
What can be come o' a' the gear ?  
For a' the country is repining,  
And ilka ane complains of tyning.  
Plain answer I had best let be,  
And tell ye just a simile.

Like Belzie when he nicks a witch,  
Wha sells her faul, she may be rich ;  
He finding this the bait to damn her,  
Casts o'er her een his cheating glamour :  
She signs and seals, and he affords  
Her heaps of visionary hoards ;  
But when she comes to count the cunzie,  
'Tis a' sklate stanes instead of money.

Thus we've been trick'd with braw projectors,  
And faithfu' maitaging directors,  
Wha for our cash, the faul of trade,  
Bonny propines of paper made,  
On footing clean, drawn unco' fair,  
Had they not vanish't into air.

When South Sea tyde was at a hight,  
My fancy took a daring flight ;  
Thalia, lovely muse, inspir'd  
My breast and me with foresight fir'd ;  
Rapt into future months, I saw  
The rich aerial Babel fa' ;  
'Yond seas I saw the upstarts drifting,  
Leaving their coaches for the lifting :  
These houses fit for wights gane mad,  
I saw cramm'd fou as they cou'd had ;

---

164 My fancy, &c.] Wealth or the woody, wrote in the month of June last.

While little fauls funk with despair,  
Implor'd cauld death to end their care.  
But now a sweeter scene I view,  
Time has, and time shall prove I'm true ;  
For fair Astrea moves frae heav'n,  
And shortly shall make a' odds even :  
The honest man shall be regarded,  
And villains as they ought rewarded.

175

180

The setting moon and rosie dawn  
Bespeak a shining day at han' :  
A glorious sun shall soон arise,  
To brighten up Britannia's skies :  
Our king and senate shall engage  
To drive the vultures off the stage ;  
Trade then shall flourish, and ilk art  
A lively vigour shalt impart  
To credit lauguishing and famisht,  
And Lombard-street shall be replenisht.  
Got safe ashore after this blast,  
Britons shall smile at follies past.

185

God grant your Lordship joy and health,  
Lang days and routh of real wealth ;  
Safe to the land of cakes hea'vn send ye,  
And frae cross accidents defend ye.

190

195

EDINBURGH, March 25th, 1721.

## P R O L O G U E,

*Spoke by one of the young Gentlemen, who, for their Improvement and Diversion, acted the Orphan, and Cheats of Scapin, the last Night of the Year 1719.*

BRAW lads, and bonny lasses, welcome here----  
But wha's to entertain ye---never speer---  
Quietness is best---Tho' we be leal and true,  
Good sense and wit's mair than we dare avow---  
Some body says to some fowk, we're to blame ;  
That 'tis a scandal and black burning shame  
To thole young callands thus to grow sae snack,  
Andlear---O mighty crimes!---to speak and act---

Stage plays, quothe Dunce, are unco' things indeed !  
 He said, he gloom'd---and shook his thick boſs head.  
 They're Papery, Papery !---cry'd his nibour neift,  
 Contriv'd at Rome by some malignant priest,  
 To witch away fowks minds fra doing we'll,  
 As faith Rab Ker, M'Millan, and M'Neil.

But let them tauk---In spite of ilk cadaver  
 We'll cherish wit, and fcorn their fead or favour ;  
 We'll strive to bring in active eloquence,  
 Tho' for a while upon our fame's expence.  
 I'm wrang---Our fame will mount with mettled carles,  
 And for the rest, we'll be aboon their snarls---  
 Knock down the fool, wha dare with empty rage  
 Spit in the face of virtue and the stage.  
 'Cause heretics in pulpits thump and rair,  
 Must naithing orthodox b' expected there ?  
 Because a rump cut off a royal head,  
 Must not anither parli'ment succeed ?  
 Thus tho' the Drama's aft debauch'd and rude,  
 Must we, for some are bad, refuse the good ?  
 Answer me that---if there be ony log,  
 That's come to keek upon us here incog.  
 Anes, twice, thrice---But now I think on't, stay,  
 I've something else to do, and must away---  
 This prologue was design'd for use and sport,  
 The chiel that made it, let him answer for't.

*Cupid thrown into the South-Sea.*

MYRTILLA, as like Venus' fell,  
 As e'er an egg was like anither,  
 Anes Cupid met upon the Mall,  
 And took her for his bonny mither.  
 He wing'd his way up to her breast :  
 She started, he cry'd, mam, tis me ;

---

16 Rab Ker.] One who put the canting phrases of M'Millan and M'Neil, (two non-conforming hill-preachers) into wretched rhyme.

The beauty, in o'er rash a jest,  
 Flang the arch gyting in South-Sea.  
 Frae thence he raise wi' gilded wings,  
 His bow and shafts to gowd were chang'd ;  
 Deel's i' the sea, quoth he, it dings ;  
 Syne back to Mall and park he rang'd.  
 Breathing mischief, the god look'd gurly,  
 With transfers a' his darts were feather'd ;  
 He made a horrid hurly burly,  
 Where beaus and belles were thickest gather'd.  
 He tentily Myrtilla sought,  
 And in the thrang Change-Alley got her ;  
 He drew his bow, and quick as thought  
 With a braw new subscription shot her.

*The Satyr's Comic Project for recovering a young Bankrupt Stock-jobber.*

## A S O N G.

ON the shore of a low ebbing sea,  
 A fighing young jobber was seen,  
 Staring wishfully at an old tree  
 Which grew on the neighbouring green.  
 There's a tree that can finish the strife  
 And disorder that wars in my breast,  
 What need one be pain'd with his life,  
 When a halter can purchase him rest ?  
 Sometimes he would stamp and look wild,  
 Then roar out a terrible curse  
 On bubbles that had him beguil'd,  
 And left ne'er a doit in his purse.  
 A Satyr that wander'd along,  
 With a laugh to his raving reply'd ;  
 The savage maliciously fung,  
 And jok'd while the stock-jobber cry'd.  
 To mountains and rocks he complain'd,

44

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From the beginning to the 20th line, sing to the tune of Colin's Complaint.

His cravat was bath'd with his ears ;  
 The Satyr drew near like a friend,  
     And bid him abandon his fears.  
 Said he, Have ye been at the sea,  
     And met with a contrary wind,  
 That you rail at fair fortune so free ?  
     Don't blame the poor goddefis, she's blind.  
 Come hold up thy head, foolish wight,  
     I'll teach thee the los's to retrieve ;  
 Observe me this project aright,  
     And think not of hanging, but live.  
 Hecatissa conceited and old,  
     Affects in her airs to seem young,  
 Her jointure yields plenty of gold,  
     And plenty of nonsense her tongue.  
 Lay siege to her for a short space,  
     Ne'er mind that she's wrinkled or grey ;  
 Extol her for beauty and grace,  
     And doubt not of gaining the day.  
 In wedlock you fairly may join,  
     And when of her wealth you are sure,  
 Make free with the old woman's coin,  
     And purchase a sprightly young w-----

## TO THE MUSIC CLUB.

E'ER on old Shinar's plain the fortrefs rose,  
 Rear'd by those gaunts who durst Heav'n oppose ;  
 An universal language mankind us'd,  
 'Till daring crimes brought accents more confus'd ;  
 Discord and jar for punishment were hurl'd  
 On hearts and tongues of the rebellious world.

The primar speech with notes harmonious clear,  
 Transposing thought, give pleasure to the ear :  
 Then music in its full perfection shin'd,  
 When man to man melodious spoke his mind.

As when a richly fraughted fleet is lost  
 In rolling deeps, far from the ebbing coast,  
 Down many fathoms of the liquid mafs,  
 The artist dives in ark of oak, or brafs.

---

From the 21st line, where the Satyr begins to speak, sing  
 to the tune of, "The kirk wad let me be."

Snatches some ingots of Peruvian ore,  
And with his prize rejoicing makes the shore.  
Oft this attempt is made, and much they find ;  
They swell in wealth tho' much is left behind.

Amphion's sons, with minds elate and bright,  
Thus plunge th' unbounded ocean of delight,  
And daily gain new stores of pleasing sounds  
To glad the earth, fixing to spleen its bounds ;  
While vocal tubes and consort strings engage  
To speak the dialect of the golden age.

Then you whose symphony of souls proclaim  
Your ken to heav'n add to your country's fame,  
And shew that music may have as good fate  
In Albion's glens, as Umbria's green retreat ;  
And with Correllia's soft Italian song  
Mix "Cowden Knows," and "Winter nights are long :"  
Nor should the martial pibrough be despis'd ;  
Own'd and refin'd by you, these shall the more be priz'd.

Each ravish'd ear extols your heav'nly art,  
Which sooths our care, and elevates the heart,  
Whilst hoarser sounds the martial ardors move,  
And liquid notes invite to shades and love.

Hail, safe restorer of distemper'd minds,  
That with delight the raging passion binds :  
Ecstatic concord only banish'd hell,  
Most perfect where the perfect beings dwell.  
Long may our youth attend the charming rites,  
Long may they relish thy transported sweets.

### *WINE and MUSIC, an Ode.*

#### SYMON.

O COLIN, how dull is't to be,  
When a soul is sinking wi' pain,  
To one who is pained like me :  
    My life's grown a load,  
    And my faculties nod,  
    While I sigh for cold Jeanie in vain :  
By beauty and scorn I am slain,  
    The wound it is mortal and deep,  
My pulses but low in each vein,  
    And threaten eternal sleep.

## COLIN.

Come, here are the best cures for thy wounds,  
 O boy, the cordial bowl !  
 With soft harmonious sounds ;  
 Wounds ! these can cure all wounds,  
 With soft harmonious sounds,  
 And pull of the cordial bowl !

O Symon, sink thy care, and tune up thy drooping soul :  
 Above, the gods beinly bouze,  
 When round they meet in a ring ;  
 They cast away care and carouse  
 Their Nectar, while they sing :  
 Then drink and chearfully sing,  
 These make the blood circle fine ;  
 Strike up the music,  
 The safest physic,  
 Compounded with sparkling wine.~

*On the great Eclipse of the SUN, the 22d of April, nine o'Clock of the morning, wrote a month before it happened, March 1715.*

Now do I press among the learned throng,  
 To tell a great Eclipse in little song.  
 At me nor scheme nor demonstration ask,  
 That is our Gregory's or fam'd Halley's task ;  
 'Tis they who are conversant with each star,  
 We know how planets planets rays debar :  
 This to pretend, my muse is not so bold,  
 She only echoes what she has been told.  
 Our rolling globe will scarce have made the sun  
 Seem half way up Olympus to have run,

10

4 Our Gregory's.] Mr Gregory Professor of Mathematics in Edinburgh. Fam'd Halley.] Fellow of the Royal Society, London.

9 Rolling globe.] According to Copernican system.

When night's pale queen, in her oft changed way,  
Will intercept in direct line his ray,  
And make black night usurp the throne of day.  
The curious will attend that hour with care,  
And wish no clouds may hover in the air,  
To dark the medium, and obstruct from sight  
The gradual motion and decay of light ;  
Whilst thoughtless fools will view the water-pail,  
To see which of the planets will prevail,  
For then they think the sun and moon make war ;  
Thus nurses tales oft times the judgment mar.

When this strange darkness overshades the plain,  
'Twill give an odd surprise t' unwarned swains ;  
Plain honest hinds, who do not know the cause,  
Nor know of orbs, their motions or their laws,  
Will from the half-plough'd furrows homeward bend  
In dire confusion, judging that the end  
Of time approacheth : thus possest with fear,  
They'll think the general conflagration near.

The traveller, benighted on the road,  
Will turn devout, and supplicate his God.  
Cocks with their careful mates and younger fry,  
As if 't were evening, to their roosts will fly.  
The horned cattle will forget to feed,  
And come home lowing from the grassy mead.

Each bird of day will to his nest repair,  
And leave to bats and owls the dusky air.  
The lark and little rob'n's softer lay

Will not be heard till the return of day.  
Now this will be great part of Europe's case,  
While Phebe's as a mask on Phœbus face.

The unlearn'd clowns, who don't our æra know,  
From this dark Friday will their ages show ;  
As I have often heard auld country men  
Talk of dark Monday, and their ages then.

Not long shall last this strange uncommon gloom,  
When light dispels the ploughman's fear of doom ;  
With merry heart he'll lift his ravish'd sight  
Up to the heav'ns, and welcome back the light.  
How just's the motions of these whirling spheres !  
Which ne'er can err while time is met by years.  
How vast is little man's capacious soul !  
That know how orbs thro' wilds of æther roll.

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How great's the pow'r of that omnific hand !  
 Who gave them motion by his wise command,  
 That they should not, while time had being, stand. 55 }

*The Gentleman's Qualifications, as debated by some of the  
 Fellows of the Easy Club, April 1715.*

FROM different ways of thinking comes debate,  
 This we despise, and that we over-rate,  
 Just as the fancy takes, we love or hate.  
 Hence Whig and Tory live in endless jar,  
 And most of families in civil war : 5 }

Hence 'mongst the easiest men beneath the skies,  
 Ev'n in their easy dome, debates arise :  
 As late they did with strength of judgment scan  
 These qualities that form a gentleman.  
 First Tippermalloch pled with Spanish grace, 10 }

That gentry only sprung from ancient race,  
 Whose names in old records of time were fix'd,  
 In whose rich veins some royal blood was mix'd.  
 I being a poet sprung from Douglas' loin,  
 In this proud thought did with the doctor join ; 15 }

With this addition, if they could speak sense,  
 Ambitious I, ah ! had no more pretence.  
 Buchanan, with stiff argument and bold,  
 Pled gentry took its birth from powerful gold,  
 Him Hector Bœce join'd, they argu'd strong, 20 }

Said they, to wealth that title must belong ;

Easy Club.] A juvenile society, of which I am a fellow, from the general antipathy we all seemed to have at the ill-humour and contradictions which arise from trifles, especially those which constitute Whig and Tory, without having the grand reason for it : this engaged us to take a pleasure in the sound of an Easy Club.

The Club, by one of our special laws, must not exceed twelve ; and any gentleman at his admission was to take the name of some Scots author, or one eminent for something extraordinary for obscuring his real name in the register of our lucubrations, such as are named in this debate, Tippermalloch, Buchanan, Hector Bœce, &c.

If men are rich, they're gentle ; and if not,  
You'll own their birth and sense are soon forgot,  
Pray say, said they, how much respectful grace  
Demands an old red coat and mangled face ?

25

Or one, if he could like an angel preach,  
If he to no rich benefice can reach ?

Ev'n progeny of dukes are at a stand

How to make out bare gentry without land.

But still the doctor would not quit the field,

But that rich upstarts should to birth-right yield ;

30

He grew more stiff, nor would the plea let go,  
Said he was right, and swore it should be so.

But happy we, who have such wholesome laws,  
Which without pleading can decide a cause !

35

To this good law recourse we had at last,

That throws off wrath, and makes our friendship fast ;

In which the legislators laid the plot,

To end all controversy by a vote.

Yet that we more good humour might display,  
We frankly turn'd the vote another way ;

40

As in each thing we common topics shun,

So the great prize, nor birth nor riches won.

The vote was carried thus, that easy he

Who should three years a social fellow be,

45

And to our Easy Club give no offence,

After triennial trial, should commence

A gentleman, which gives us just a claim

To that great title, as the blast of fame

Can give to them who tread in human gore,

50

Of those who heap up hoards of coined ore ;

Since in our social friendship nought's design'd

But what may rise and brighten up the mind ;

We aiming close to walk by virtue's rules,

To find true honour's self, and leave her shade to fools.

### *On WIT.*

My Easy friends, since ye think fit  
This night to lucubrate on wit ;

And since ye judge that I compose  
 My thoughts in rhyme better than prose,  
 I'll give my judgment in a sang ;  
 And here it comes, be't right or wrang.  
 But first of a' I'll tell a tale,  
 That with my case runs parallel.

There was a manting lad in Fife,  
 Wha cou'd na' for his very life  
 Speak without stammering very lang,  
 Yet never manted when he sang.  
 His father's kiln he anes saw burning,  
 Which gart the lad run breathless mourning ;  
 Hameward with clever strides he lap,  
 To tell his daddy his mishap.  
 At distance, e'er he reach'd the door,  
 He stood and rais'd a hideous roar.  
 His father, when he heard his voice,  
 Stept out and said, Why a' this noise ?  
 The calland gap'd and glowr'd about,  
 But no ae word cou'd he lug out.  
 His dad cry'd, kenning his defect,  
 Sing, sing, or I shall break your neck.  
 Then soon he gratify'd his fire,  
 And sang aloud, " Your kiln's a-fire."

Now ye'll allow there's wit in that,  
 To tell a tale sae very pat.  
 Bright wit appears in mony a shape,  
 Which some invent, and others ape.  
 Some shaw their wit in wearing claithe,  
 And some in coining of new aiths ;  
 There's crambo wit in making rhyme,  
 And dancing wit in beating time :  
 There's mettl'd wit in story telling,  
 In writing grammar and right spelling :  
 Wit shines in knowledge of politics,  
 And wow ! what wit's amang the critics.

<sup>3</sup> Since ye judge, &c.] Being but an indifferent sort of an orator, my friends would merrily alledge that I was not so happy in prose as rhyme : it was carried in a vote, against which there is no opposition, and the night appointed for some lessons on wit, I was ordered to give my thoughts in verse.

So far, my mates, excuse me while I play  
 In strains ironic with that heav'nly ray,  
 Rays which the human intellects refine,  
 And makes the man with brilliant lustre shine,  
 Marking him sprung from origin divine.  
 Yet may a well-rigg'd ship be full of flaws,  
 So may loose wits regard no sacred laws :  
 That ship the waves will soon to pieces shake,  
 So 'midst his vices sinks the witty rake.  
 But when on first-rate virtues wit attends,  
 It both itself and virtue recommends,  
 And challenges respect where'er its blaze extends.

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5

*On FRIENDSHIP.*

29 THE earth born clod who hugs his idol pelf,  
 His only friends are Mammon and himself :  
 The drunken sots, who want the art to think,  
 Still cease from Friendship when they cease from drink.  
 The empty fop, who scarce for man will pass,  
 Ne'er sees a friend but when he views his glass.

5

Friendship first springs from sympathy of mind,  
 Which to complete the virtues all combine,  
 And only found 'mongst men who can espy  
 The merits of his friend without envy.  
 Thus all pretending friendship's but a dream,  
 Whose base is not reciprocal esteem.

10

35 KEITHA: *A Pastoral, lamenting the Death of the Hon.  
Mary Countess of Wigton.*

## RINGAN.

O'ER ilka thing a gen'ral sadness hings !  
 The burds wi' melancholy droop their wings ;  
 My sheep and kye neglect to moup their food,  
 And seem to think as in a dumpish mood.

Vol. I.

O

Hark how the winds souch mournfu' thro' the broom,  
 The very lift puts on a heavy gloom :  
 My neighbourin Colin too, he bears a part,  
 His face speaks out the fairnes of his heart ;  
 Tell, tell me, Colin, for my boding thought,  
 A bang of fears into my breast has brought.

## COLIN.

Where hast thou been, thou simpleton, wha speers  
 The cause of a' our sorrow and our tears ?  
 Wha unconcern'd can hear the common skaith  
 The warld receives by lovely Keitha's death ?  
 The bonniest sample of what's good and kind :  
 Fair was her make, and heav'nly was her mind.  
 But now this sweetest flower of a' our plain  
 Leaves us to sigh, tho' a' our sighs are vain ;  
 For never mair she'll grace the heartsome green,  
 Ay heartsome, when she deign'd there to be seen.  
 Speak, flow'ry meadows, where she us'd to wauk ;  
 Speak, flocks and burds, wha've heard her sing or tauk ;  
 Did ever you fae meikle beauty bear ?  
 Or ye so mony heav'nly accents hear ?  
 Ye painted haughs, ye minstrels of the air,  
 Lament, for lovely Keitha is nae mair.

## RINGAN.

Ye weftlin winds that gently us'd to play  
 On her white breast, and steal some sweets away,  
 Whilst her delicious breath perfum'd your breeze,  
 Which gratfu' Flora took to feed her bees ;  
 Bear on your wings, round earth, her spotless fame,  
 Worthy that noble race from whence she came :  
 Resounding braes, where'er she us'd to lean,  
 And view the crystal burn glide o'er the green ;  
 Return your echoes to our mournfu' sang,  
 And let the streams in murmurs bear't alang.  
 Ye unkend pow'rs, wha water haunt or air,  
 Lament, lor lovely Keitha is nae mair.

32 Worthy that noble race.] She was daughter to the late Earl Marshal, the third of that honourable rank of nobility.

## COLIN.

Ah! Wha cou'd tell the beauties of her face?  
 Her mouth, that never op'd but wi' a grace ! 40  
 Her een, which did with heav'nly sparkles low ?  
 Her modest cheek, flush'd with a rosie glow ?  
 Her fair bent brow, smooth as th' unrukled deep,  
 When a' the winds are in their caves asleep ?  
 Her presence, like a simmer's morning ray, 45  
 Lighten'd our hearts, and gart ilk place look gay.  
 Now twin'd of life, these charms look cauld and blaue,  
 And what before gave joy, now makes us wae.  
 Her goodness shin'd in ilka pious deed,----  
 A subject, Ringan, for a lofty reed ! 50  
 A shepherd's sang mawn sic high thoughts decline,  
 Lest rustic notes should darken what's divine.  
 Youth, beauty, graces, a' that's good and fair  
 Lament, for lovely Keitha is nae mair.

## RINGAN.

How tenderly she smooth'd our master's mind, 55  
 When round his manly waist her arms she twin'd,  
 And look'd a thousand saft things to his heart,  
 While native sweetness fought nae help frae art !  
 To him her merit still appear'd mair bright,  
 As yielding she own'd his superior right. 60  
 Baith saft and sound he slept within her arms,  
 Gay were his dreams, the influence of her charms.  
 Soon as the morning dawn'd he'd draw the screen,  
 And watch the op'ning of her fairer een ;  
 Whence sweetest rays gusht out in sic a thrang, 65  
 Beyond expression in my rural sang.

## COLIN.

O Clementina ! sprouting fair remains  
 Of her wha was the glory of the plains, 70  
 Dear innocence, with infant-darkness blest,  
 Which hides the happiness that thou hast mist,  
 May a' thy mither's sweets thy portion be,  
 And a' thy mither's graces shine in thee.

## RINGAN.

She loot us ne'er gae hungry to the hill,  
 And a' she gae, she geed it wi' good will ; 75

Fow mony, mony aane will mind that day  
 On which frae us she's tane fae soon away ;  
 Baith hynds and herds wha's cheeks bespeak nae scant,  
 And throu' the howins could whistle, sing, and rant,  
 Will miss her fair, till happily they find,  
 Another in her place fae good and kind.  
 The lasses wha did at her graces mint,  
 Ha'e by her death their bonniest pattern tint.  
 O ilka aane who did her bounty skair,  
 Lam'ent, for gen'rous Keitha is nae mair.

## COLIN.

O Ringan, Ringan ! things gang fae unev'n,  
 I canna well take up the will of Heav'n.  
 Our crosses teughly last us mony a year,  
 But unco soon our blessings disappear.

## RINGAN.

I'll tell thee, Colin, my last Sunday's note,  
 I tented well mass Thomas ilka jot.  
 The powers aboon are cautious as they're just,  
 And dinna like to gie o'er meikle trust  
 T'o this unconstant earth, with what's divine,  
 Lest in laigh damps they should their lustre tine.  
 Sae let's leave aff our murmuring and tears,  
 And never value life by length of years :  
 But as we can in goodness it employ,  
 Syne wha dies first, first gains eternal joy.  
 Come, Colin, dight your cheeks, and banish care,  
 Our lady's happy, tho' with us nae mair.

*To the Right Hon. the Town Council of EDINBURGH,  
 The Address of Allan Ramsay.*

YOUR poet humbly means and shaws,  
 That contrair to just rights and laws  
 I've suffer'd muckle wrang  
 By Lucky Reid and ballad-singers  
 Wha thumb'd with their coarse dirty fingers,  
 Sweet Adie's funeral sang,

4 Lucky Reid.] A printer's relit, who with the hawkers

They spoil'd my sense, and staw my cash,  
My muse's pride murgully'd,  
And printing it like their vile trash,  
The honest lieges whilly'd

Thus undone, to London  
It gade to my disgrace,  
Sae pimpin and limpin  
In rags wi' bluther'd face.

Yet gleg-eyed friends throw the disguise  
Receiv'd it as a dainty prize,

For a' it was sae hav'ren;  
Gart Lintot take it to his pres',  
And clead it in a braw new dres,  
Syne took it to the tavern.  
But tho' it was made clean and braw,  
Sae fair it had been knoited,  
It blather'd buff before them a',  
And aftentimes turn'd doited.

It griev'd me, and reav'd me  
Of kindly sleep and rest,  
By earlings and gorling  
To be sae fair opprest.

Wherefore to you, ne'er kend to guide ill,  
But wisely had the good town's bridle,  
My case I plainly tell,  
And, as your ain, plead I may have  
Your word of weight, when now I crave  
To guide my gear myself.

reprinted my pastoral on Mr. Addison, without my knowledge, on ugly paper, full of errors.

11 To London.] One of their incorrect copies was reprinted at London by Bernard Lintot, on Folio first, before he printed it a second time from a correct copy of my own, with the honourable Mr. Burchet's English version of it.

23 Blather'd buff.] Spoke nonsense, from words being wanting, and many wrong spell'd and chang'd such as gras for gars, praise for phrase, &c.

32 As your ain.] A free citizen.

33 Your word of weight.] To interpose their just authority in my favour, and grant me an act to ward off these little pirates, which I gratefully acknowledge the receipt of.

Then clean and fair the type shall be,  
The paper like the snaw,  
Nor shall our town think shame wi' me,  
When we gang far awa.

35

What's wanted, if granted  
Beneath your honour'd wing  
Baith hartily and cantily  
Your suppliant shall sing.

40

*Inscription on the Gold Tea-pot gained by Sir James Cunningham  
ham of Milncraig, Bart.*

AFTER the gaining Edinburgh's prize  
The day before with running thrice,  
Me Milncraig's rock most fairly won,  
When thrice again the course he run :  
Now for diversion 'tis my share  
To run three heats, and please the fair.

*Inscription engraven on the Piece of Plate, which was a  
Punch-bowl and Ladle, given by the Captains of the Train-  
Bands of Edinburgh, and gained by Captain Ch. Crockat's  
Swallow.*

CHARGE me with Nantz and limpid spring,  
Let sow'r and sweet be mixt ;  
Bend round a health fyne to the King,  
To Edinburgh's Captains next,  
Wha form'd me in sae blyth a shape,  
And gave me lasting honours,  
Take up my ladle-fil and lape,  
And fay, fairfa' the donors.

---

42 Shall sing.] There being abundance of their petitioners  
who daily oblige themselves to pray.

35

*To the Whin-Bush-Club, The Bill of Allan Ramsay.*

40

Of Crawford-Moor, born in Leadhill,  
Where min'ral springs Glengoner fili,  
Which joins sweet flowing Clyde,  
Between auld Crawfurd-Lindfay's towers,  
And where Depeetne rapid pours

5

His stream thro' Glotta's tide ;  
Native of Clydesdale's upper ward,  
Bred fifteen summers there,  
Tho', to my los', I'm no a laird  
By birth, my title's fair ;  
To bend wi' ye, and spend with ye  
An evening, and gaffaw,  
If merit and spirit  
Be found without a flaw.

15

Since dously ye do nought at random,  
Then take my bill to avisandum ;  
And if there's nae objection,  
I'll deem't my honour, and be glad,  
To come beneath your Whin-bush shade,

And claim to its protection.

If frae the caverns of a head  
That's blos, a storm should blaw,  
Etling wi' spite to rive my reed,  
And give my muse a fa',  
When poring and soaring  
O'er Heliconian heights,  
She traces these places  
Where Cynthius delights.

25

---

*Whin-bush.]* This club consists of Clydesdaleshire gentlemen, who frequently meet at a diverting hour, and keep up a good understanding amongst themselves over a friendly bottle. And, from a charitable principle, easily collect into their treasurer's box a small fund, which has many a time relieved the distresses of indigent persons of that shire.

*1 Leadhill.]* In the parish of Crawford Moor, famous for the lead and gold mines belonging to the Earl of Hopetoun.

*2 Glengoner.]* The name of a small river, which takes its rise from the Leadhills, and enters Clyde between the castle of Crawfurd and the mouth of Depeetne, another of the branches of Clyde.

*An Epistle to Mr. James Arbuckle of Belfast, A. M.*

EDINBURGH, January 1719.

As errant knight with sword and pistol  
 Bestrides his steed with mighty fistle,  
 Then stands some time in jumbl'd swither,  
 To ride in this road, or that ither,  
 At last spurs on, and disna care for,  
 A how, a what way, or a wherefore ;  
 Or like extemporary Quaker,  
 Wafting his lungs, t'enlighten weaker  
 Lanthorns of clay, where light is wanting,  
 With forinless phrase, and formal canting ;  
 While Jacob Behman's salt does season,  
 And faves his thought frae corrupt reasoun,  
 Gowling aloud with motions queerest,  
 Yerking these words out which lie nearest :

Thus I (no longer to illustrate  
 With similes, lest I should frustrate  
 Design laconic of a letter,  
 With heap of language, and no matter,)  
 Bang'd up my blyth auld-fashion'd whistle,  
 To sowf ye o'er a short epistle,  
 Without rule, compasses, or charcoal,  
 Or serious study in a dark hole.  
 Three times I ga'e the muse a rug,  
 Then bate my nails, and claw'd my lug ;  
 Still heavy, at the last my nose  
 I prim'd with an inspiring dose,  
 Then did ideas dance (dear save us !)  
 As they'd been daft—Here ends the preface.

Good Mr. James Arbuckle, Sir,  
 (That's merchant's style as clean as fir,) 30  
 Ye're welcome back to Caledonie,  
 Lang life and thriving light upon ye,  
 Harvest, winter, spring, and summer,  
 And ay keep up your heartsome humour,

11 Jacob Behman.] A Quaker, who wrote volumes of unintelligible enthusiastic bombast.

26 Inspiring dose.] Vide Mr. Arbuckle's poem on snuff.

31 Welcome back.] Having been in his native, Ireland, visiting his friends.

That **ye** may thro' your lucky task go,  
Of brushing up our sister Glasgow ;  
Where lads are dext'rous at improving,  
And docile lasses fair and loving ;  
But never tent these fellows girning,  
Wha wear their faces ay in mourning ;  
And frae pure dullness are malicious,  
Terming ilk turn that's witty, vicious.

35

40

Now, Jamie, in neist place, *Secundo*,  
To give you what's your due *in mundo* ;  
That is to say in hame-o'er phrases,  
To tell **ye**, men of mettle, praises  
Ilk verse of your's, when they can light on't,  
And trouth I think they're in the right on't ;  
For there's ay something fae auld-farran,  
Sae slid, sae unconstrain'd, and darin,  
In ilka sample we have seen yet,  
That little better here has been yet,  
Sae much for that. My friend Arbuckle,  
I ne'er afore roos'd aye so muckle.  
Fause flatt'ry nane but fools will tickle,  
That gars me hate it like Auld Nicol :  
But when ane's of his merit conscious,  
He's in the wrang, when prais'd, that glunshes.

45

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Thirdly, Not tether'd to connection,  
But rattling by inspir'd direction,  
When ever fame, with voice like thunder,  
Sets up a chield a warld's wonder,  
Either for flashing fowk to dead,  
Or having wind-mills in his head,  
Or poet, or an airy beau,  
Or ony twa leg'd rary show,  
They wha have never seen't are biffy  
To spear what like a carlie is he.

65

Imprimis, Then for tallness I  
Am five foot and four inches high ;  
A black-a-vic'd snod dapper fallow,  
Nor lean, nor overlaid wi' tallow ;  
With phiz of a Morocco cut,  
Resembling a late man of wit,  
Auld gabbet Spec, wha was fae cunning  
To be a dummie ten years running.

70

75

Then for the fabric of my mind,  
 'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclin'd :  
 I rather choose to laugh at folly,  
 Than show dislike by melancholy ;  
 Well judging a fowr heavy face  
 Is not the truest mark of grace.

I hate a drunkard or a glutton,  
 Yet I'm nae fae to wine and mutton :  
 Great tables ne'er engag'd my wishes,  
 When crowded with o'er mony dishes ;  
 A healthfu' stomach sharply set  
 Prefers a back-sey pipin het.

I never cou'd imagin't vicious.  
 Of a fair fame to be ambitious :  
 Proud to be thought a comic poet,  
 And let a judge of numbers know it,  
 I court occasion thus to show it.

Second or Thirdly----pray take heed,  
 Ye's get a short swatch of my creed.  
 To follow method negatively  
 Ye ken takes place of positively :  
 Well then, I'm nowther Whig nor Tory,  
 Nor credit give to purgatory.  
 Transub, Loretta houfe, and mae tricks,  
 As prayers to saints, Katties, and Patricks ;  
 Nor Asgilite, nor Bess Clarksonian,  
 Nor Mountaineer nor Muggletonian ;  
 Nor can believe, ant's nae great ferly,  
 In Cotmoor fowk, and Andrew Harley.

---

fictitious description of his short face and taciturnity, that he had been esteemed a dumb man for ten years.

102 Nor Asgilite.] Mr. Asgil, a late member of parliament, advanced (whether in jest or earnest I know not) some very whimsical opinions, particularly, that people need not die if they pleased, but be translated alive to heaven, like Enoch and Elijah. Clarksonian.] Bessy Clarkson, a Lanarkshire woman. Vide the history of her life and principles.

103 Mountaineer.) Our wild folks, who always prefer a hill-side to a church under any civil authority. Muggletonian.) A kind of Quakers, so called from one Muggleton. See Leslie's Snake in the grass.

105 Cotmoor fowk.) A family or two who had a particular religion of their own, valued themselves on using vain repetitions in prayers of six or seven hours long : were

Neist Anti-Toland, Blunt, and Wh——,  
 Know positively I'm a Christian,  
 Believing truths and thinking free,  
 Wishing thrawn parties wad agree.

Say, wad ye ken my gate of fending,  
 My income, management, and spending ?  
 Born to nae lairdship, mair's the pity !  
 Yet denison of this fair city.

I make what honest shift I can,  
 And in my ain house am good-man,  
 Which stands on Edinburgh's street the sun-side :  
 I theek the out, and line the inside  
 Of mony a douse and witty pass ;  
 And baith ways gather in the cash ;  
 Thus heartily I graze and bean it,  
 And keep a wife ay great wi' poet :  
 Contented I have sic a skair  
 As does my businels to a hair,  
 And fain wa'd prove to ilka Scot,  
 That poor'th's no the poet's lot.

Fourthly and Lastly, baith together,  
 Pray let us ken when ye come hither ;  
 There's mony a canty carle and me  
 Wa'd be much comforted to see ye :  
 But if your outward be refractory,  
 Send us your inward manufactory,  
 That when we're kedgy o'er our claret,  
 We correspond may with your spirit.

Accept of my kind wishes, with  
 The same to Dons Butler and Smith ;  
 Health, wit, and joy, fauls large and free,  
 Be a' your fates-----sae God be wi' ye.

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*To the Right Honourable William Earl of Dalhousie.*

*Mæcenas atavis edite regibus.*

HORACE.

DALHOUSIE of an auld descent,  
 My chief, my stoup, and ornament,  
 For entertainment a wee while,  
 Accept this sonnet with a smile ;

---

pleased with ministers of no kind. Andrew Harlaw, a dull fellow of no education, was head of the party.

Setting great Horace in my view,  
He to Mecenas, I to you ;  
But that my muse may sing with ease,  
I'll keep or drap him as I please.

How differently are fowk inclin'd,  
There's hardly twa of the same mind ;  
Some like to study, some to play,  
Some on the links to win the day,  
And gar the courser rin like wood,  
A' drappin down with sweat and blood ;  
The winner syne assumes a look  
Might gain a monarch or a duke.  
Neist view the man with pauky face  
Has mounted to a fashious place,  
Inclin'd by an o'er-ruling fate,  
He's pleas'd with his uneasy state :  
Glowr'd at a while, he gangs fou braw,  
'Till frae his kittle post he fa'.

The Lothian farmer he likes best  
To be of good faugh riggs possest,  
And fen upon a frugal stock,  
Where his forbears had us'd the yoke ;  
Nor is he found to leave his wark,  
And venture in a rotten bark,  
Syne unto far-aff countries steer  
On tumbling waves to gather gear.

The merchant wreck'd upon the main  
Swears he'll ne'er venture on't again ;  
That he had rather live on cakes,  
And shyrest swats, with landart maiks,  
As rin the risk by storms to have,  
When he is dead, a living grave.  
But seas turn smooth, and he grows fain,  
And fairly takes his word again,  
Tho' he shou'd to the bottom sink ;  
Of poverty he downa think.

Some like to laugh their time away,  
To dance while pipes or fiddles play,  
And have nae sense of ony want  
As lang as they can drink and rant.

The rattling drum and trumpet's tout  
Delight young swankies that are stout :  
What his kind frightened mother ugs,  
Is music to the foger's lugs.

The hunter with his hounds and hawks,  
Bangs up before his wife awakes ;  
Nor speers gin she has ought to say,  
But scours o'er highs and hows a' day :  
Thro' moss and moor, nor does he care  
Whether the day be foul or fair,  
If he his trusty hounds can cheer  
To hunt the tod or drive the deer.

May I be happy in my lays,  
And won a lasting wreath of bays,  
Is a' my wish ; well pleas'd to sing  
Beneath a tree, or by a spring,  
While lads and lasses on the mead  
Attend my Caledonian reed,  
And with the sweetest notes rehearse  
My thoughts, and roose me for my verse.

If you, my Lord, clas me amang  
Those who have sung baith saft and strang  
Of smiling love or doughty deed,  
To starns sublime I'll lift my head.

*HORACE to VIRGIL, on his taking a Voyage to Athens.*

*Sic te diva potens Cypri----.*

O Cyprian goddess, twinkle clear,  
And Helen's brithers ay appear ;  
Ye stars, wha shed a lucky light,  
Auspicious ay keep in a sight ;  
King Eol, grant a tydie tirl,  
But boast the blast that rudely whirl ;  
Dear ship, be canny with your care,  
At Athens land my Virgil fair,  
Syne soon and safe, baith lith and spaul,  
Bring hame the tae haff o' my faul.

Daring and unco' stout he was,  
With heart hool'd in three sloughis of brass,  
Wha ventur'd first on the rough sea,  
With hempen branks, and horse of tree,  
Wha in the weak machine durst ride  
Thro' tempests, and a rairing tide ;

Not clinty craigs, nor hurricane,  
 That drives the Adriatic main,  
 And gars the ocean gowl and quake,  
 Cou'd e'er a soul sae sturdy shake.  
 The man wha cou'd sic rubs win o'er,  
 Without a wink at death might glowr,  
 Wha unconcern'd can take his sleep  
 Amang the monsters of the deep,  
 Jove vainly twin'd the sea and eard,  
 Since mariners are not afraid,  
 With laws of nature to dispense,  
 And impiously treat Providence.  
 Audacious men at nougnt will stand,  
 When vicious passions have command,  
 Prometheus ventur'd up, and staw  
 A'lowan coal frae heav'n's high ha';  
 Unsonsy thift, which fevers brought  
 In bikes, which fowk like sybows hought :  
 Then death erst flaw began to ling,  
 And fast as haps to dart his sting.  
 Neist Dedalus must contradict  
 Nature sorsooth, and feathers stick  
 Upon his back, fyne upward streek,  
 And in at Jove's high winnocks keek,  
 While Hercules, wi's timber mell,  
 Plays rap upo' the yates of hell.  
 What is't man winna ettle at ?  
 E'en wi' the gods he'll bell the cat :  
 Tho' Jove be very laith to kill,  
 They winna let his bowt ly still.

*An ODE to Mr. F-----.**Solvitur acris biems-----*

HORACE.

Now gowans sprout, and lavrocks sing,  
 And welcoine west winds warm the spring,  
 O'er hill and dale they saftly blaw,  
 And drive the winters cauld awa.  
 The ships, lang gyzen'd at the peer,  
 Now spread their sails, and smoothly steer ;

The nags and nowt hate wiffen'd strae,  
 And frisking to the fields they gae ;  
 Nor hinds wi' elson and hemp lingle,  
 Sit folling shoon out o'er the ingle.  
 Now bonny haughs their verdure boast,  
 That late were clad wi' snaw and frost,  
 With her gay train the Paphian Queen  
 By moon-light dances on the green ;  
 She leads, while nymphs and graces sing,  
 And trip around the Fairy ring.  
 Mean time, poor Vulcan, hard at thrift,  
 Gets mony a fair and heavy lift ;  
 Whilst rinnen down, his haff-blind lads  
 Blaw up the fire, and thump the gads.

Now leave your fitsted on the dew,  
 And busk ye'r sell in habit new.  
 Be gratefu' to the guiding powers,  
 And blythly spend your easy hours.  
 O kanny F——! tutor time,  
 And live as lang's y'er in your prime ;  
 That ill-bred death has nae regard  
 To king or cottar, or a laird ;  
 As soon a castle he'll attack,  
 As waus of divots roof'd wi' thack.  
 Immediately we'll a' take flight  
 Unto the mirk realms of night,  
 As stories gang, with ghaists to roam,  
 In gloumie Pluto's gousty dome ;  
 Bid fair good-day to pleasure fyne  
 Of bonny lasies and red wine.

Then deem ilk little care a crime,  
 Dares waste an hour of precious time ;  
 And since our life's sae unco short,  
 Enjoy it a', ye've nae mair for't.

*To the Ph—, an ODE.*

*Vides ut alta stet nive candidum  
Soracte—*

Look up to Pentland's tow'ring tops,  
Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,  
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk fear and flap,  
As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,  
There's no nae gowfer to be seen,  
Nor dousser fowk wysing a jee  
The byast bous on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,  
And beek the house baith but and ben,  
That mutchkin stoup it hads but dribs,  
Then let's get in the tappit ben.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,  
And drives away the winter soon ;  
It makes a man baith gaish and bauld,  
And heaves his faul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,  
If that they think us worth their while,  
They can a' rowth of blessings spare,  
Which will our fashious fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,  
That will they do, should we gang wcood ;  
If they command the storms to blaw,  
Then upo' fight the hailstains thud.

But soon as ere they cry, Be quiet,  
The blatt'ring winds dare nae mair move,  
But cour into their caves, and wait  
The high command of supreme Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,  
 The present minute's only ours ;  
 On pleasure let's employ our wit,  
 And laugh at fortune's feckless pow'rs.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip  
 Of ilka joy when ye are young,  
 Before auld age your vitals nip,  
 And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time ;  
 Then lads and lasses, while its May,  
 Gae pou the gowan ia its prime,  
 Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delyte,  
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,  
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte  
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smilng say,  
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook ;  
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,  
 And hide her fell in some dark nook :

Her laugh will lead you to the place  
 Where lies the happiness you want,  
 And plainly tells you to your face,  
 Nineteen nay-says are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,  
 And sweetly toolie for a kifs,  
 Frae her fair finger whop a ring,  
 As taiken of a future blis.

These bennifons, I'm very sure,  
 Are of the god's indulgent grant ;  
 Then, surly carles, whisht, forbear  
 To plague us with your whining cant.

*To Mr. WILLIAM AIKMAN.*

'Tis granted, Sir, pains may be spar'd  
 Your merit to set forth,  
 When there's sae few wha claim regard,  
 That disna ken your worth.

Yet poets give immortal fame  
 To mortals that excel,  
 Which if neglected they're to blame ;  
 But you've done that your sell.

While frae originals of yours  
 Fair copies shall be tane,  
 And fix'd on brafs to busk our bow'rs,  
 Your mem'ry shall remain.

To your ain deeds the maist deny'd,  
 Or of a taste o'er fine,  
 May be ye're but o'er right, afraid  
 To sink in verse like mine.

The last can ne'er the reason prove,  
 Else wherefore with good will  
 Do ye my nat'r al lays approve,  
 And help me up the hill ?

By your assistance, unconstrain'd,  
 To courts I can repair,  
 And by your art my way I've gain'd  
 To closets of the fair.

Had I a muse like lofty Pope,  
 For tow'ring numbers fit,  
 Then I th' ingenious mind might hope  
 In truest light to hit.

But comic tale, and sonnet flee,  
 Are coosten for my share,  
 And if in these I bear the gree,  
 I'll think it very fair.

*Spoken to Three Young Ladies, who would have me to determine  
which of them was the bonniest.*

ME anes three beauties did surround,  
And ilka beauty gave a wound,  
Whilst they with smiling eye,  
Said, Allan, which think ye maist fair,  
Gi'e judgment frankly, never spare.

Hard is the task, said I ;

But added, seeing them sae free,  
Ladies, ye maun say mair to me,  
And my demand right fair is ;  
First, like the gay celestial three,  
Shaw a' your charms, and then ha'e wi' ye,  
Faith I shall be your Paris.

*To Sir William Bennet of Grubbet, Bart.*

WHILE now in discord giddy changes reel,  
And some are rack'd about on fortune's wheel,  
You with undaunted stalk, and brow serene,  
May trace your groves, and presl the dewy green ;  
No guilty twangs your manly joys to wound,  
Or horrid dreams to make your sleep unsound.

To such as you, who can mean care despise,  
Nature's all beautiful 'twixt earth and skies.  
Not hurried with the thirst of unjust gain,  
You can delight yourself on hill or plain,  
Observing when those tender sprouts appear,  
Which croud with fragrant sweets the youthful year.  
Your lovely scenes of Marlefield abound  
With as much choice as is in Britain found :  
Here fairest plants from nature's bosom start  
From soil prolific, serv'd with curious art :  
Here oft the heedful gazer is beguil'd,  
And wanders through an artificial wild,

While native flow'ry green, and crystal strands,  
Appear the labours of ingenious hands.

Most happy he who can these sweets enjoy  
With taste refin'd, which does not easy cloy.  
Not so Plebeian souls, whom sporting fate  
Thrusts into life upon a large estate,  
While spleen their weak imagination sow'rs,  
They're at a loss how to employ their hours :  
The sweetest plants which fairest gardens show,  
Are lost to them, for them unheeded grow.  
Such purblind eyes ne'er view the son'rous page,  
Where shines the raptures of poetic rage :  
Nor through the microscope can take delight,  
T' observe the tusks and bristles of a mite ;  
Nor by the lengthen'd tube learn to descry  
These shining worlds which roll around the sky.  
Bid such read hift'ry to improve their skill,  
Polite excuse ! their memories are ill.  
Moll's maps may in their dining-rooms make show,  
But their contents they're not oblig'd to know ;  
And gen'rous friendship's out of sight too fine,  
They think it only means a glass of wine.

But he whose cheerful mind hath higher flown,  
And adds learn'd thoughts of others to his own,  
Has seen the world, and read the volume Man,  
And can the springs and ends of action scan ;  
Has fronted death in service of his king,  
And drunken deep of the Castalian spring ;  
This man can live, and happiest life's his due,  
Can be a friend---a virtue known to few ;  
Yet all such virtues strongly shine in you.

*An EPISTLE to a Friend at Florence, in his way to Rome.*

YOUR steady impulse foreign climes to view,  
To study nature, and what art can shew,  
I now approve, while my warm fancy walks  
O'er Italy, and with your genius talks ;  
We trace, with glowing breast, and piercing look,  
The curious gall'ry of th' illustrious Duke,  
Where all those masters of the arts divine,  
With pencils, pens, and chizels greatly shine,

Immortalizing the Augustan age,  
On medals, canvas, stone, or written page,  
Profiles and busts originals express,  
And antique scrolls, old e'er we knew the press.  
For's love to science, and each virtuous Scot,  
May days unnumber'd be great Cofinus' lot.

The sweet Hesperian fields you'll next explore,  
'Twixt Arno's banks and Tiber's fertile shore.  
Now, now I wish my organs could keep pace,  
With my fond muse and you, these plains to trace ;  
We'd enter Rome with an uncommon taste,  
And feed our minds on every famous waste ;  
Amphitheatres, columns, royal tombs,  
Triumphal arches, ruins of vast domes,  
Old aerial aqueducts, and strong-pav'd roads,  
Which seem to've been not wrought by men, but gods.

These view'd, we'd then survey with utmost care  
What modern Rome produces fine or rare,  
Where buildings rise with all the strength of art,  
Proclaiming their great architect's desert,  
Which citron shades surround and jessamin,  
And all the soul of Raphael shines within !  
Then we'd regale our ears with sounding notes,  
Which warble tuneful thro' the beardless throats,  
Join'd with the vib'rating, harmonious strings,  
And breathing tubes, while the foft eunuch sings.

Of all those dainties take a hearty meal ;  
But let your resolution still prevail :  
Return, before your pleasure grow a toil,  
To longing friends, and your own native soil :  
Preserve your health, your virtue still improve,  
Hence you'll invite protection from above.

*The beautiful ROSE TREE inclosed.*

WITH awe and pleasure we behold thy sweets,  
Thy lovely roses have their pointed guards,  
Yet though the gath'rer opposition meets,  
The fragrant purchase all his pain rewards.

But hedg'd about and watch'd with wary eyes,  
 O plant superior, beautiful and fair,  
 We view thee like yon stars which gem the skies,  
 But equally to gain we must despair.

Ah ! wert thou growing on some secret plain,  
 And found by me, how ravish'd would I meet  
 All thy transporting charms, to eafe my pain,  
 And feast my raptur'd soul on all that's sweet.

Thus sung poor Symon : Symon was in love,  
 His too aspiring passion made him smart ;  
 The Rose-tree was a mistress far above  
 The shepherd's hope, which broke his tender heart.

*To R—H—B—, an ODE.*

*Nullum, Vare, sacra viti prius severis arborem,*  
*Circa mite solum Tiburis, et moenia Catili.*

HOR.

O B——, cou'd these fields of thine  
 Bear as in Gaul the juicy vine,  
 How sweet the bonny grape wou'd shine  
 On wau's, where now  
 Your apricocks and peaches fine  
 Their branches bow.

Since human life is but a blink,  
 Why should we its short joys sink ;  
 He disna live that canna link  
 The glaſs about,  
 When warm'd with wine, like men we think,  
 And grow mair stout.

The cauldrie carlies clog'd wi' care,  
 Wha gathering gear gang hyt and gare,  
 If ram'd wi' red, they rant and rair  
 Like mirthfu' men,  
 It soothly shaws them they can spare  
 A rowth to spend.

What foger, when with wine he's bung,  
 Did e'er complain he had been dung  
 Or of his toil or empty spung;  
 Na, o'er his glaſs,  
 Nought but braw deeds employ his tongue,  
 Or ſome ſweet laſs.

Yet trouth, 'tis proper we ſhould stint  
 Our ſells to a fresh mod'rate pint,  
 Why ſhould we (the blyth bleſſing) mint  
 To waſt or ſpill,  
 Since, aften, when our reaſon's tint,  
 We may do ill.

Let's ſet theſe hair-brain'd fowk in view,  
 That when they're stupid, mad, and fow,  
 Do brutal deeds, which aft they rue  
 For a' their days,  
 Which frequently prove very few  
 To ſuch as theſe.

Then let us grip our bliſs mair ſicker,  
 And tap our heal and ſprightly liquor,  
 Which sober tane makes wit the quicker,  
 And ſenſe mair keen,  
 While graver heads that's muckle thicker  
 Grane wi' the ſpleen.

May ne'er ſic wicked fumes arife  
 In me, shall break a' ſacred ties,  
 And gar me like a fool deſpife,  
 With ſtiffneſs rude,  
 Whatever my best friends advise,  
 Tho' ne'er fo gude.

'Tis best then to evite the ſin  
 Of bending 'till our fauls gae blin,  
 Let, like our glaſs, our breasts grow thin,  
 And let fowk peep  
 At ilka ſecret hid within  
 That we ſhould keep.

*CLYDE's Welcome to his Prince.*

WHAT cheerful sounds from ev'ry side I hear,  
 How beauteous on their banks my nymphs appear !  
 Got through these massy mountains at my source,  
 O'er rocks stupendous of my upper course.  
 To these fair plains where I more smoothly move,  
 Thro' verdant vales to meet Evana's love,  
 Yonder she comes beneath Dodonia's shade,  
 How blyth she looks ? how sweet and gaylie clade ;  
 Her flow'ry bounds bear all the pride of May,  
 While round her soft meanders shepherds play.  
 Hail, lovely Naiad ! to my bosom large,  
 Amidst my stores commit thy chystal charge,  
 And speak these joys all thy deportment shews,  
 That to old Ocean I may have good news :  
 With solemn voice, thus spoke majestic Clyde :  
 In softer notes lov'd Evan thus reply'd :

Great Glotta ! long have I had cause to mourn,  
 While my forsaken stream gush'd from my urn ;  
 Since my late Lord, his nation's just delight,  
 Greatly lamented funk in endless night.  
 His hopeful Stem, our chief desire and boast,  
 Expos'd to danger on some foreign coast,  
 Lonely, for years, I've murinur'd on my way,  
 When dark I wept, and sigh'd in shining day.

The Sire return'd, Just reasons for thy pains,  
 So long to wind through solitary plains :  
 Thy loss was mine, I sympathiz'd with thee,  
 Since one our griefs, then share thy joys with me.

Then hear me, liquid chieftan of the dale,  
 Hush all your cat'racts 'till I tell my tale,  
 Then rise and roar, and kiss your bord'ring flowers,  
 And sound our joys around yon lordly towers ;  
 Yon lordly towers, which happy now contain  
 Our brave and youthful PRINCE, return'd again.

4 Rocks stupendous.] The river falls over several high precipices, such as Corra's Lin, Stane-Byre Lin, &c.

6 Evana.] The small river Evan which joins Clyde near Hamilton.

Welcome, in loudest raptures, cry'd the Flood,  
His welcome echo'd from each hill and wood ;  
Enough, Evana, long may they contain  
The noble youth, safely return'd again.

From the green mountain where I lift my head,  
With my twin-brothers Annan and the Tweed,  
To those high arches where, as Culdees sing,  
The pious Mungo fish'd the trout and ring,  
My fairest nymphs shall on my margin play,  
And make ev'n all the year one holy day.

The Sylvan powers and watches of each hight,  
Where fleecy flocks and climbing goats delight,  
Shall from their groves and rocky mountains roam,  
To join with us, and sing his welcome home.

With lofty notes we'll sound his high descent,  
His dawning merits and heroic bent :

These early rays which stedfastly shall shine,  
And add new glories to his ancient line ;

A line ay loyal, and fir'd with generous zeal,  
The bravest patrons of the commonweal ;

From him who plung'd his sword (so muses sing)

Deep in his breast who durst defame our king.

We'll sing the fire, which in his bosom glows,  
To warm his friends, and scorch his daring foes ;

39 Green mountain.] From the same hill the rivers Clyde,  
Tweed, and Annan have their rise; yet run to three different  
seas, viz. the Northern ocean, the German ocean, and the  
Irish sea.

41 High arches.] The bridge of Glasgow, where, as 'tis  
reported, St. Mungo, the patron of that city, drew up a fish  
that brought him a ring which had been dropt; which mirac-  
le Glasgow retains the memory of in their arms.

55 So muses sing.] Vide the ingenious Mr. Patrick Gor-  
don's account of this illustrious family, in his poem on the  
valiant achievements of our great king Robert, surnamed  
the Bruce. Chap IV. beginning at this stanza, the prophet  
speaks to our monarch:

" Now in thy time, quoth he, there shall arrive

" A worthy knight, that from his native land

" Shall fly, because he bravely shall deprive,

" In glorious fight, a knight that shall withstand

Endow'd with all these sweet, yet manly charms,  
As fit him for the fields of love or arms :  
Fixt in an high and independent state,  
Above to act what's little, to be great.

Guard him, first Pow'r, whose hand directs the sun,  
And teach him through dark caverns to run ;  
Long may he on his own fair plains reside,  
And slight my rival Thames, and love his Clyde.

*On the most Honourable the Marquis of BOWMONT's cutting off his Hair.*

SHALL Berenici's tresses mount the skies,  
And by the muse to shining fame arise ;  
Belinda's lock invite the smoothest lays  
Of him whose merit claims the British bays ;  
And not, dear Bowmont, beautiful and young,  
The graceful ringlets of thy head be sung !  
How many tender hearts thine eyes bath pain'd !  
How many sighing nymphs thy locks have chain'd !

The god of love beheld him with envy,  
And on Cytherea's lap began to cry,  
All drench'd in tears, " O mother, help your son !  
" Else by a mortal rival I'm undone ;  
" With happy charms h' encroaches on my sway,  
" His beauty disconcerts the plots I lay,  
" When I've made Cloe her humble slave admire,  
" Straight he appears and kindles new desire ;  
" She sighs for him, and all my art beguiles,  
" Whilst he, like me, commands and careless smiles.  
" Ah me ! these sable circles of his hair,  
" Which wave around his beauties red and fair,  
" I cannot bear ! Adonis would seem dim,  
" With all his flaxen locks, if plac'd by him."

" Thy praises due, while he doth thee deserve ;  
" Yea, even this knight, shall with victorious hand  
" Come here, whose name his seed shall eternize,  
" And still thy virtuous line shall sympathize.

Venus reply'd, " No more, my dearest bey,  
 " Shall those enchanting curls thy peace destroy ;  
 " For ever sep'rate they shall cease to grow,  
 " Or round his cheek, or on his shoulders flow :  
 " I'll use my flight, and make them quickly feel  
 " Their honour's lost by the invading steel :  
 " I'll turn myself in shape of mode and health,  
 " And gain upon his youthful mind by stealth ;  
 " Three times the sun shall not have rouz'd the morn,  
 " E'er he consent these from him shall be shorn."

The promise she perform'd ; but labour vain,  
 And still shall prove, while his bright eyes remain ;  
 And of revenge blind Cupid must despair,  
 As long's the lovely sex are grac'd with hair ;  
 They'll yield the conquering glories of their heads,  
 To form around his beauty easy shades ;  
 And in return, Thalia spaes and sings,  
 His lop'd-off locks shall sparkle in their rings.

*To some YOUNG LADIES, who had been displeased at a Gentleman's too imprudently asserting, that to be condemned to perpetual Virginity was the greatest Punishment that could be inflicted on any of their Sex.*

WHETHER condemn'd to virgin state  
 By the superior powers,  
 Would to your sex prove cruel fate,  
 I'm sure it would to ours.

From you the numerous nation spring,  
 Your breasts our being save,  
 Your beauties make the youthful sing,  
 And sooth the old and grave.

Alas ! how soon would every wight  
 Despise both wit and arms,  
 To primitive old chaos night  
 We'd sink without your charms.

No more our breath would be our care,  
Were love from us exil'd ;  
Sent back to heaven with all the fair,  
This world would turn a wild.

Regardless of these sacred ties,  
Wife husband, father, son,  
All government we would despise,  
And like wild tygers run.

Then, Ladies, pardon the mistake,  
And with th' accus'd agree,  
I beg it for each lover's sake,  
Low bended on my knee ;

And frankly wish what has been said,  
By the audacious youth,  
Might be your thought ; but I'm afraid  
It will not prove a truth :

For often, ah ! you make us groan  
By your too cold disdain ;  
Then quarrel with us when we moan  
And rave amidst our pain.

*To Mr. JOSEPH MITCHEL, on the successful Representation of a Tragedy wrote by him.*

BUT Jealousy, dear Jos, which aft gives pain  
To scrimpit fauls, I own myself right vain  
To see a native trusty friend of mine,  
Sae brawly 'mang our bleezing billies shine.  
Yes, wherefore no, shaw them the frozen north  
Can tow'ring minds with heav'nly heat bring forth :  
Minds that can mount with an uncommon wing,  
And frae black heath'ry-headed mountains sing,  
As saft as he that haughs Hesperian treads,  
Or leans beneath the aromatic shades,

Bred to the love of lit'rature and arms,  
Still something great a Scottih bosom warms ;  
Tho' nusr'd on ice, and educate in shaw,  
Honour and liberty eggs him up to draw  
A hero's sword; or an heroic quill,  
The monst'rous faes of right and wit to kill.

Well may ye further in your leal design,  
To thwart the gowks, and gar the brethren tine  
The wrang opinion which they lang have had,  
That a' which mounts the stage---is surely bad.  
Stupidly dull ! but fools ay fools will be,  
And nae's fae blind as them that winna see.  
Where's vice and virtue set in juster light ?  
Where can a glancing genius shine mair bright ?  
Where can we human life review mair plain,  
Than in the happy plot and curious scene ?

If in themsells sic fair designs were ill,  
We ne'er had priev'd the sweet dramatic skill  
Of Congreve, Addison, Steele, Rowe, and Hill ;  
Hill, wha the highest road to fame doth chuse,  
And has some upper seraph for his muse :  
It maun be fae, else how could he display,  
With so just strength, the great tremendous day.

Sic patterns, Joseph, always keep in view,  
Ne'er falsh, if ye can please the thinking few,  
Then, spite of malice, worth shall have its due.

*Spoken to Two Young Ladies, who ask'd if I could say anything on them. One excelled in a beautiful Complexion, the other in fine Eyes.*

*To the First,*

UPON your cheek sits blooming youth,

*To the Other,*

Heaven sparkles in your eye ;

*To Both,*

There's something sweet about each mouth,  
Dear Ladies, let me try.

*The POET's WISH, an Ode.*

*Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem  
Vates?-----*

HORACE.

FRAE great Apollo, poet say,  
What is thy wish, what wadst thou hae,  
When thou bows at his shrine?  
Not Karse o' Gowrie's fertile field,  
Nor a' the flocks the Grampians yield,  
That are baith sleek and fine:  
Not costly things brought frae afar,  
As ivory, pearl, and gems;  
Nor those fair straths that water'd are  
With Tay and Tweed's smooth streams,  
Which gently and dantily  
Eat down the flow'ry braes,  
As greatly and quietly  
They wimple to the seas.

Whaever by his canny fate  
Is master of a good estate,  
That can ilk thing afford,  
Let him enjoy't withoutten care,  
And with the wale of curious fare  
Cover his ample board.  
Much dawted by the gods is he,  
Wha to the Indian plain,  
Successfu' ploughs the wally sea,  
And safe returns again,  
With riches that hitches  
Him high aboon the rest  
Of fina' fowk, and a' fowk  
That are wi' poortith prest.

For me, I can be well content  
To eat my bannock on the bent,  
And kitchen't wi' fresh air;  
Of lang-kail I can make a feast,  
And cantily had up my crest,  
And laugh at dishes rare.

Nought frae Apollo I demand,  
 But throw a lenthen'd life  
 My outer fabric firm may stand,  
 And faul clear without strife.  
 May he then but gie me  
 Those blessings for my skair,  
 I'll fairly and iquairly  
 Quite a', and seek nae mair.

*The RESPONSE of the ORACLE.*

To keep thy faul fras puny strife,  
 And heeze thee out of vulgar life,  
 We, in a morning-dream,  
 Whisper'd our will concerning thee,  
 To Marius, stretch'd beneath a tree,  
 Hard by a pop'ling stream ;  
 He, full of me, shall point the way  
 Where thou a star shalt see,  
 The influence of whose bright ray  
 Shall wing thy muse to flee.  
 Mair speer na, and fear na,  
 But set thy mind to rest,  
 Aspire ay still high'r ay,  
 And always hope the best.

*The RAM and BUCK.*

A Ram, the father of a flock,  
 Wha'd mony winters stood the shlock  
 Of northern winds and driving snaw,  
 Leading his family in a raw,  
 Through wreaths that clad the laigher field,  
 And drove them frae the lownier bield,  
 To crop contented frozen fare,  
 With honesty on hills blownn bare !  
 This Ram, of upright hardy spirit,  
 Was really a horn'd head of merit.  
 Unlike him was a neighbouring Goat,  
 A mean-faul'd, cheating, thieving set,

That tho' possest of rocks the prime,  
 Crown'd with fresh herbs and rowth of thyme,  
 Yet slave to pilfering, his delight  
 Was to break gardens ilka night,  
 And round him steal, and aft destroy  
 Even things he never could enjoy ;  
 The pleasure of a dirty mind  
 That is sae viciously inclin'd.

Upon a borrowing day, when sleet  
 Made twinters and hog-wedders bleet,  
 And quake with cauld : behind a ruck  
 Met honest Toop and snaking Buek,  
 Frae chin to tail clad with thick hair,  
 He bad defiance to thin air ;  
 But trusty Toop his fleece had riven,  
 When he amang the birns was driven :  
 Half naked the brave leader stood,  
 His look compos'd, unmov'd his mood :  
 When thus the goat (that had tint a'  
 His credit baith with great and fwa',  
 Shun'd by them as a pest, wad fain  
 New friendship with this worthy gain,)  
 " Ram, say, shall I give you a part  
 Of mine ? I'll do't with all my heart :  
 'Tis yet a lang cauld month to Peltan,  
 And ye've a very raggit kelt on ;  
 Accept, I pray, what I can spare,  
 To clout your doublet with my hair."

" No, says the Ram, tho' my coat's torn,  
 Yet ken, thou worthless, that I scorn  
 To be oblig'd at any price.  
 To sic as you, whose friendship's vice :  
 I'd have less favour frae the best  
 Clad in a hatefu' hairy vest,  
 Bestow'd by thee, than as I now  
 Stand but ill drest in native woo ;  
 Boons frae the generous make ane smile,  
 From miscr'ants make receivers vile."

## EPIGRAM,

*On receiving a Present of an ORANGE from Mrs G. L.  
now Countess of ABOYNE.*

Now, Priam's son, thou mayst be mute,  
For I can blythly boast with thee ;  
Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,  
The fairest gave the fruit to me.

## HEALTH, A POEM,

*Inscribed to the Right Hon. the Earl of STAIR.*

BE'T mine t' honour, once again to hear  
And see the best of men for me appear ;  
I'll proudly chant : be dumb, ye vulgar throng,  
STAIR bids me sing, to him these lays belong ;  
If he approves, who can condemn my song ?

Of health I sing : O health my portion be,  
And to old age I'll sing, if bless'd by thee.  
Blessing divine ! Heaven's fairest gift to man !  
Soul of his joys ! and length'ner of his span !  
His span of life preserv'd with panting breath,  
Without thy presence proves a ling'ring death.

The victor kings may cause wide nations bow,  
And half a globe with conqu'ring force subdue ;  
Bind princes to their axle-trees, and make  
The wond'ring mob of staring mortals quake :  
Erect triumphal arches, and obtain  
The loud huzza from thousands in their train :  
But if her sweetness balmy health denies,  
Without delight pillars or Æneids rise.

Cosmellius may on silky twilts repose,  
And have a num'rous change of finest clothes :  
Box'd in his chair, he may be born to dine  
On ortelons, and sip fine Tokay wine.

His liver, if an inflammation seize,  
 Or wasting lungs shall make him cough and wheeze,  
 No more he smiles ; nor can his richest toys,  
 Or looking-glaſs, restore his wonted joys :  
 The rich brocade becomes a toilsome weight,  
 The brilliant gem offends his weakly sight ;  
 Perfumes grow nauseous then, nor can he bear  
 Loud tuneful notes, that us'd to charm his ear.  
 To please his taste the cook attempts in vain,  
 When now each former pleasure gives him pain.

Nor flowing bowls, loud laugh, or midnight freik,  
 Nor smutty tale, delight the roving rake ;  
 When health forsakes him, all diversions tire ;  
 There's nothing pleases, nothing can inspire  
 A blythſome ſmile ; he ſhuns the ſhine of light,,  
 And broken ſlumbers make a weary night..  
 If ſilent ſleep attempt to bring him eaſe,  
 His watching fancy feels the whole disease :  
 He dreams a mountain lies upon his breast,  
 Or that he flies the fury of ſome beast ;  
 Sees, at vast diſtance, gushing from the rocks,  
 The cooling stream—while burning thirſt provokes  
 Him, fainting, to climb up the craggy edge,  
 And drag his limbs thro' many a thorny hedge ;  
 Hangs o'er a precipice, or ſinks in waves :  
 And all the while he ſweats, turns, ſtarts, and raves.

How mad's that man, push'd by his paſſions wild,  
 Who's of his greatest happiness beguile'd ;  
 Who ſeems, whate'er he ſays, by actions low,  
 To court diſease, our paſſeure's greatest foe !

From Paris, deeply ſkill'd in nice ragoos,  
 In oleos, falmongundies, and hogoes,  
 Montanus ſends for cooks, that his large board  
 May all invented luxury afford :  
 Health's never minded while the appetiſe  
 Devours the spicy death with much delight..  
 Mean time, king Arthur's fav'ry knighted loyn  
 Appears a clown, and's not allow'd to join  
 The marinated ſmelt, and ſurgeon joles,  
 Soup vermicell, ſouc'd turbet, cray, and foals,  
 Fowls *a la daube*, and omelet of eggs,  
 The ſmother'd coney, and bak'd padocks legs,  
 Pullets a bisk, and orangedo pye,  
 The larded peacock, and the *Tart de Moy*,

The collar'd veal, and pick in cassorole,  
Pigs *a la Braise*, the tanfy, and brusole :  
With many a hundred costly mingled dish,  
Wherein the moiety of flesh or fish  
Is wholly lost, and vitiate as the taste  
Of them who eat the dangerous repast ;  
Until the feeble stomach's over-cram'd,  
The fibres weaken'd, and the blood enflam'd.  
What aking heads, what spleen, and drowsy eyes,  
From undigested crudities arise !  
But when Montano's paunch is over-cloy'd,  
The bagnio or emetic wine's employ'd.  
These he imagines methods the most sure,  
After a surfeit, to complete a cure :  
But never dreams how much the balm of life  
Is wasted by this forc'd unnat'ral strife.  
Thus peuther vessel must by scouring wear,  
While plate, more free from dross, continues clear.  
Long unconsum'd the oak can bear the beams,  
Or lie for ages firm beneath the streams ;  
But when alternately the rain and rays,  
Now dash, then dry the plank, it soon decays.  
Luxurious man ! altho' thou'rt blest with wealth  
Why shouldest thou use it to destroy thy health ?

Copy Mellantius, if you'd learn the art  
To feast your friends and keep their souls alert ;  
One good substantial British dish or two,  
Which sweetly in their nat'ral juices flow,  
Only appear. And here no danger's found  
To tempt the appetite beyond its bound ;  
And you may eat, or not, as you incline,  
And as you please, drink water, beer, or wine.  
Here hunger's safe, and gratefully appeas'd,  
The spleen's forbid, and all the spirits rais'd,  
And guests arise regal'd, refresh'd, and pleas'd.  
Grumaldo views, from rais'd parterres around,  
A thousand acres of fat furrow'd ground,  
And all his own---but these no pleasure yield,  
While spleen hangs as a fog o'er every field :  
The lovely landskip clad with gilded corn,  
The banks and meads which flowers and groves adorn,  
No relish have ; his envious sullen mind,  
Still on the fret, complains his fate's unkind :

Something he wants which always flies his reach,  
 Which makes him groan beneath his spreading beach.  
 When all of nature, silent, seem to shun  
 Their cares, and ned till the returning sun,  
 His envious thoughts forbid refreshing sleep,  
 And on the rack his hopeless wishes keek :  
 Fatigu'd and drumbly from the down he flies,  
 With skinny cheek, pale lips, and blood-run eyes ;  
 Thus toil'd with lab'ring thoughts he looks aghast,  
 And tasteless lothes the nourishing repast.  
 Meagre disease an easy paſſage finds,  
 Where joy's debarr'd, in such corroded minds.  
 Such take no care the springs of life to ſave,  
 Neglect their health, and quickly fill a grave.

Unlike gay Myrtle, who with chearful air,  
 Leſs envious, tho' leſs rich, no slave to care,  
 Thinks what he has enough, and ſcorns to fret,  
 While he ſees thousands leſs oblig'd to fate,  
 And oftner from his ſtation caſts his eye  
 On those below him, than on them more high :  
 Thus envy finds no acceſs to his breast,  
 To fow'r his gen'rous joy, or break his rest.  
 He ſtudies to do actions just and kind,  
 Which with the best reſlections clear the mind :  
 Which is the firſt paſſervative of health,  
 To be preferr'd to grandeur, pride, and wealth.  
 Let all who would pretend to common ſenſe,  
 'Gainſt pride and envy ſtill be on defence.  
 Who love their health, nor would their joys controul,  
 Let them ne'er nurse ſuch furies in their ſoul.

Nor wait on ſtrolling Phimos to the ſtews,  
 Phimos, who by his livid colour ſhews  
 Him load with vile diſeases, which are fixt  
 Upon his bones, and with his vitals mixt.  
 Does that man wear the image of his God.  
 Who drives to death on ſuch an ugly road ?  
 Behold him clad like any bright bridegroom,  
 In riſeſt labours of the British loom ;  
 Embroider'd o'er with gold, whiſt lace or lawn  
 Waves down his breast, and ruffles o'er his hand,  
 Set off with art, while viley he employs,  
 In ſinks of death, for low dear-purchas'd joys.  
 He grasps the blaſted shadows of the fair,  
 Whose ſickly look, vile breath, and falling hair,

The flag'd embrace, and mercenary squeeze,  
The tangs of guilt, and terrors of disease,  
Might warn him to beware, if wild desire  
Had not set all his thoughtless soul on fire.  
O poor mistaken youth ! to drain thy purse,  
To gain the most malignant human curse !  
Think on thy flannel, and mercurial dose,  
And future pains, to save thy nerve and nose.  
Think, heedless wight, how thy infected veins  
May plague thee many a day with loathsome pains,  
When the French foe his woful way has made,  
And all within his dire detachments laid ;  
There long may lurk, and, with destruction keen,  
Do horrid havoc ere the symptom's seen.  
But learn to dread the poisonous disease,  
When heaviness and spleen thy spirits seize ;  
When feeble limbs to serve thee will decline,  
And languid eyes no more with sparkles shine ;  
The roses from thy cheek will blasted fade,  
And leave a dull complexion like the lead :  
Then, then expect the terrible attack,  
Upon thy head, thy conduit, nose, and back ;  
Pains thro' thy shoulders, arms, and throat, and shins,  
Will threaten death, and damp thee with thy sins.  
How frightful is the loss, and the disgrace,  
When it destroys the beauties of the face !  
When the arch nose in rotten ruin lies,  
And all the venom flames around the eyes ;  
When th' uvula has got its mortal wound,  
And tongue and lips form words without a sound ;  
When hair drops off, and bones corrupt and bare,  
Through ulcerated tags of muscles stare.

But vain we sing instruction to his ear,  
Who's no more slave to reason than to fear ;  
Hurried by passion, and o'ercome with wine,  
He rushes headlong on his vile design :  
The nauseous bolus, and the bitter pill,  
A month of spitting, and the surgeon's bill,  
Are now forgot, whilst he---But here 'tis best  
To let the curtain drop, and hide the rest  
Of the coarse scene, too shocking for the sight  
Of modest eyes and ears, that take delight  
To hear with pleasure Urban's praises sung,  
Urban the kind, the prudent, gay and young,

Who moves a man, and wears a rosy smile,  
That can the fairest of a heart beguile :  
A virtuous love delights him with its grace,  
Which soon he'll find in Myra's lov'd embrace,  
Enjoying health with all its lovely train  
Of joys ; free from remorse, or shame, or pain.

But Talpo sighs with matrimonial cares,  
His cheeks wear wrinkles, silver grow his hairs ;  
Before old age, his health decays apace,  
And very rarely smiles clear up his face.  
Talpo's a fool, there's hardly help for that,  
He scarcely knows himself what he'd be at ;  
He's avaricious to the last degree,  
And thinks his wife and children make too free  
With his dear idol ; this creates his pain,  
And breeds convulsions in his narrow brain.  
He always startled at approaching fate,  
And often jealous of his virtuous mate,  
Is ever anxious, shuns his friends to save ;  
Thus soon he'll fret himself into a grave.  
There let him rot---worthless the muse's lays  
Who never read one poem in his days.

I sing to Marlus, Marlus who regards  
The well-meant verse, and generously rewards  
The poet's care ; observe now, if you can,  
Ought in his carriage does not speak the man :  
To him his many a winter wedded wife  
Appears the greatest solace of his life.  
He views his offspring with indulgent love,  
Who his superior conduct all approve.  
Smooth glide his hours ; at fifty he's less old  
Than some who have not half the number told.  
The clearing glass he with right friends can share,  
But shuns the deep debauch with cautious care.  
His sleeps are sound, he sees the morning rise,  
And lifts his face with pleasure to the skies ;  
And quaff's the health that's born on Zephyr's wings,  
Or gushes from the rock in limpid springs.  
From fragrant plains he gains the clearing smell,  
While ruddy beams all distant dumps repell.  
The whole of nature, to a mind thus turn'd,  
Enjoying health, with sweetness seems adorn'd :  
To him the whistling ploughman's artless tune,  
The bleeting flocks, the oxen's hollow crune,

The warbling notes of the small chirping throng,  
Delight him more than the Italian song.  
To him the cheapest dish of rural fare,  
And water cool iu place of wine more rare,  
Shall prove a feast. On straw he'll find more ease  
Than on the down even with the least disease.

Whoever's tempted to transgress the line  
By moderation fix'd t' enlivening wine,  
View Marco, wasted long before his time,  
Whose head, bow'd down, proclaims his liquid crime ;  
The purple dye, with ruby pimples mixt,  
As witnesses upon his face, are fixt.  
A constant fever wastes his strength away,  
And limbs enervate gradually decay :  
The gout and palsey follow in the rear,  
And make his being burdensome to bear :  
His squeamish stomach loathes the savoury sey,  
And nought but liquids now can find their way  
To animate his strength, which daily flies,  
'Till the young drunkard's past all hope, and dies.

To practise what we preach, O goddes born,  
Assist thy slave, lest Bacchanalians scorn  
Thy inspiration, if the tempting grape  
Shall form the hallow eye, and idiot gape.

But let no wretched misers who repine,  
And wish there were not such a juice as wine,  
Imagine here that we are so profane  
To think that Heav'n gave plenteous vines in vain :  
No ; since there's plenty, cups may sparkling flow,  
And we may drink till our rais'd spirits glow.  
They will befriend our health, while cheerful rounds  
Incline to mirth, and keep their proper bounds.  
Fools should not drink, I own, who still wish more,  
And know not when 'tis proper to give o'er,  
Dear Britons, let no morning-drinks deceive  
Your appetites, which else at noon would crave  
Such proper aliments, as can support  
At even your hearty bottle, health, and sport.

Next view we Sloth (too oft the child of wealth,)  
A seeming friend, but real foe to health,  
Lethargus lolls his lazy hours away,  
His eyes are drowsy, and his lips are blaue ;  
His soft enfeebled hands supinely hing,  
And shaking knees, unus'd, together cling ;

Close by the fire his easy-chair too stands,  
 In which all day he snotters, nods, and yawns.  
 Sometimes he'll drone at piquet, hoping gain,  
 But you must deal his cards, that's too much pain.  
 He speaks but seldom, puffs at every pause,  
 Words being a labour to his tongue and jaws :  
 Nor must his friends discourse above their breath,  
 For the least noise stounds through his ears like death.  
 He causes stop each cranny in his room,  
 And heaps on cloathes, to save him from the rheum :  
 Free air he dreads as his most dangerous foe,  
 And trembles at the sight of ice or snow.  
 The warming pan each night glows o'er his sheets,  
 Then he beneath a load of blankets sweats ;  
 The which (instead of shutting) opes the door,  
 And lets in cold at each dilated pore.  
 Thus does the sluggard health and vigour waste,  
 With heavy indolence, till at the last,  
 Sciatic, jaundice, dropsy, or the stone,  
 Alternate makes the lazy lubbard groan.

But active Hilaris much rather loves,  
 With eager stride, to trace the wilds and groves ;  
 To start the covy, or the bounding roe,  
 Or work destructive reynard's overthrow :  
 The race delights him, horses are his care,  
 And a stout ambling pad his easiest chair.  
 Sometimes to firm his nerves, he'll plunge the deep,  
 And with expanded arms the billows sweep :  
 Then on the links, or in the estler walls,  
 He drives the gowff, or strikes the tennis-balls.  
 From ice with pleasure he can brush the snow,  
 And run rejoicing with his curling throw ;  
 Or send the whizzing arrow from the string,  
 A manly game\*, which by itself I sing.  
 Thus cheerfully he'll walk, ride, dance, or game,  
 Nor mind the northern blast, or southern flame.  
 East winds may blow, and sudden fogs may fall,  
 But his hale constitution's proof to all.  
 He knows no change of weather by a corn,  
 Nor minds the black, the blue, or ruddy morn.

---

\* A poem, on seeing the arches playing at the rovers.

Here let no youth extravagantly given,  
 Who values neither gold, nor health, nor heaven,  
 Think that our song encourages the crime  
 Of setting deep, or wasting too much time  
 On furious game, which makes the passions boil,  
 And the fair mean of health a weak'ning toil,  
 By violence excessive, or the pain  
 Which ruin'd losers ever must sustain.

Our Hilaris despises wealth so won ;  
 Nor does he love to be himself undone :  
 But from his sport can with a smile retire,  
 And warm his genius at Apollo's fire ;  
 Find useful learning in th' inspired strains,  
 And blefs the generous poet for his pains.  
 Thus he by lit'rature and exercise,  
 Improves his soul, and wards off each disease.

Health's op'ner foes we've taken care to show,  
 Which make diseases in full torrents flow :  
 But when these ills intrude, do what we will,  
 Then hope for health from Clark's approven skill,  
 To such well seen in nature's darker laws,  
 That for disorders can assign a cause ;  
 Who know the virtues of salubrious plants,  
 And what each different constitution wants,  
 Apply for health.---But shun the vagrant quack,  
 Who gulls the croud with Andrew's comic clack :  
 Or him that charges gazettes with his bills,  
 His anodynes, elixirs, tinctures, pills,  
 Who rarely ever cures, but often kills.  
 Nor trust thy life to the old woman's charms,  
 Who binds with knotted tape thy legs or arms,  
 Which they pretend will purple fevers cool ;  
 And thus impose on some believing fool.  
 When agues shake, or fevers raise a flame,  
 Let your physician be a man of fame,  
 Of well-known learning, and in good respect  
 For prudence, honour, and a mind erect :  
 Nor scrimpy save from what's to merit due ;  
 He saves your whole estate who succours you.

Be grateful, Britons, for your temp'rate beams,  
 Your fertile plains, green hills, and silver streams,  
 O'erclad with corns, with groves, and many a mead,  
 Where rise green heights, where herds in millions feed :

Here useful plenty mitigates our care,  
And health with freighth sweets embalms the air.

Upon those shores, where months of circling rays  
Glance feebly on the snow, and frozen bays ;  
Where wrapt in fur, the starving Lapland brood  
Scarce keep the cold from curdling of their blood ;  
Here meagre want, in all its pinching forms,  
Combin'd with lengthen'd night and bleakest storms,  
To combat joyful health and calm repose,  
Which from an equal warmth and plenty flows.

Yet rather, O great Ruler of the day,  
Bear me to Weygate, or to Hudson's bay,  
Than scorch me on these dry and blasted plains,  
Where rays direct inflame the boiling veins  
Of gloomy negroes, who're oblig'd to breathe  
A thicken'd air, with pestilential death ;  
Where range out o'er th' unhospitable wastes,  
The hunger edg'd and fierce-devouring beasts :  
Where serpents crawl, which sure destruction bring,  
Or in the envenom'd tooth or forked sting ;  
Where fleeting sands ne'er yield t' industrious toil  
The golden sheave, or plants for wine and oil :  
Health must be here a stranger, where the rage  
Of fev'rish beams forbid a lengthen'd age.

Ye Dutch, enjoy your dams, your bulwarks boast,  
And war with Neptune for a sandy coast,  
Whilst frightened by these deep tumultuous powers,  
You scarce dare sleep in your subaqueous bowers :  
Raise high your beds, and shun your croaking frogs ;  
And battle with tobacco-smoke your fogs ;  
Soak on your stoves, with spirits charge your veins,  
To ward off agues and rheumatic pains.

Let the proud Spaniard strut on naked hills,  
And vainly trace the plain for crystal rills.  
Starve on a fallad, or a garlic head,  
Pray for his daily roots, not daily bread ;  
Be sour, and jealous of his friend and wife,  
Till want and spleen cut short his thread of life.

Whilst we on our auspicious island find  
Whate'er can please the sense or cheer the mind.  
Blest Queen of isles ! with a devout regard,  
Allow me to kneel down and kiss thy sward,  
Thy flow'ry sward, and offer Heaven a vow,  
Which gratitude and love to thee makes due :

If e'er I from thy healthful limits stray,  
 Or by a wish, or word, a thought betray  
 Against thy int'rest, or thy fair renown,  
 May never Daphne furnish me a crown ;  
 Nor may the first-rate judges of our isle,  
 Or read, or on my blythsome numbers smile.

Thalia here, sweet as the light, retir'd,  
 Commanding me to sing what she'd inspir'd,  
 And never mind the blooming critics bray ;  
 The song was her's---she spoke---and I obey.

*Robert, Richy, and Sandy : A Pastoral on the Death of  
 MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; Inscribed to the Right Honourable Person designed by the Old \* Shepherd.*

ROBERT the Good, by a' the swains rever'd,  
 Wise are his woids, like filler is his beard ;  
 Near saxty shining simmers he has seen,  
 Tenting his hirle on the Moor-land green :  
 Unshaken yet with mony a winter's wind,  
 Stout are his limbs, and youthfu' is his mind.  
 But now he droops, ane wad be wae to see  
 Him fae cast down ; ye wadna trow 'tis he.  
 By break of day he seeks the dowy glen,  
 That he may scowth to a' his mourning len :  
 Nane but the clinty craigs and scroggy briars  
 Were witnesses of a' his granes and tears ;  
 Howder'd wi' hills a crystal burnie ran,  
 Where twa young shepherds fand the good auld man :  
 Kind Richy Spec, a friend to a' distrest,  
 And Sandy, wha of shepherds sings the best ;  
 With friendly looks they speer'd wherefore he mourn'd ;  
 He rais'd his head, and, sighing, thus return'd :

---

\* Robert late Earl of Oxford.

## ROBERT.

O Matt ! poor Matt !---My lads, e'en take a skair  
 Of a' my grief ; sweet singing Matt's nae mair.  
 Ah heavens ! did e'er this lyart head of mine  
 Think to have seen the cauldrie mools on thine !

## RICHY.

My heart misga'e me, when I came this way,  
 His dog its lane fat yowling on a brae ;  
 I cry'd, Isk, isk---poor Ringwood---fairy man ;  
 He wag'd his tail, cour'd near, and lick'd my hand :  
 I clap'd his head, which eas'd a wee his pain ;  
 But soon's I gade away, he yowl'd again.  
 Poor kindly beast. Ah, firs ; how sic should be  
 Mair tender-hearted mony a time than we !

## SANDY.

Last ouk I dream'd my tup that bears the bell,  
 And paths the snaw, out o'er a high craig fell,  
 And brak his leg---I started frae my bed,  
 Awak'd, and leugh---Ah ! now my dream its red.  
 How dreigh's our cares, our joys how soon away,  
 Like fun-blanks on a cloudy winter's day !  
 How fast ye tears, ye have free leave for me ;  
 Dear sweet-tongu'd Matt, thousands shall greet for thee.

## ROBERT.

Thanks to my friends, for ilka briny tear  
 Ye shed for him ; he to us a' was dear :  
 Sandy, I'm eas'd to see that look fae wan ;  
 Richy, thy sighs bespeak the kindly man.

## RICHY.

But twice the simmer's sun has thaw'd the snaw,  
 Since frae our heights \* Eddie was tane awa' :  
 Fast Matt has follow'd---Of sic twa bereft,  
 To smooth our fauls, alake ! wha have we left !

\* Secretary Addison.

Waes me ! o'er short a tack of sic is given,  
 But wha may contradict the will of Heaven !  
 Yet mony a year he liv'd to hear the dale  
 Sing o'er his sangs, and tell his merry tale.  
 Last year I had a stately tall ash-tree,  
 Braid were its branches, a sweet shade to me ;  
 I thought it might have flourish'd on the brae,  
 (Tho' past its prime) yet twenty years or sae :  
 But ae rough night the blatt'ring winds blew snell,  
 Torn frae its roots, adown it souchan fell ;  
 Twin'd of its nourishment, it lifeleis lay,  
 Mixing its wither'd leaves amang the clay.  
 Sae flourish'd Matt : but where's the tongue can tell  
 How fair he grew ? how much lamented fell ?

## SANDY.

How snackly cou'd he gi'e a fool reproof,  
 E'en wi' a canty tale he'd tell aff loof ?  
 How did he warning to the dosen'd sing,  
 By auld Purganty, and the Dutchman's ring ?  
 And Luck's tiller laddle shaws how aft  
 Our greatest wishes are but vain and daft.  
 The wad-be wits, he bad them a' but pap  
 Their crazy heads into Tam Tinman's shap ;  
 There they wad see a squirrel wi' his bells  
 Ay wrestling up, yet rising like themselfs.  
 Thousands of things he wittily could say,  
 With fancy strang, and saul as clear as day ;  
 Smart were his tales : but where's the tongue can tell  
 How blyth he was ? how much lamented fell ?

## RICHY.

And as he blythsome was, sae was he wise,  
 Our laird himself wa'd aft take his advice.  
 E'en cheek for chew he'd seat him 'mang them a',  
 And tauk his mind 'bout kittie points of law.  
 When clan \* Red-yards, ye ken, wi' wicked feud,  
 Had skail'd of ours, but mair of his ain blood ;  
 When I, and mony mae that were right crouse,  
 Wad fain about his lugs have burnt his house :

\* Lewis XIV. King of France.

Yet lady Anne, a woman meek and kind,  
 A fae to weirs, and of a peacefu' mind,  
 Since mony in the fray had got their dead,  
 To make the peace, our friend was fent wi' speed.  
 The very faes had for him just regard,  
 Tho' fair he jib'd their \* formast singing bard,  
 Careful was Matt : but where's the tongue can tell  
 How wise he was ? how much lamented fell ?

## SANDY.

Wha cou'd, like him, in a short sang define  
 The bonny lass, and her young lover's pine !  
 I'll ne'er forget that ane he made on May,  
 Wha brang the poor blate Symie to his clay ;  
 To gratify the naughty wench's pride,  
 The silly shepherd bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.  
 Sic constant lasses as the Nit-brown Maid,  
 Shall never want just praises duly paid ;  
 Sic claim'd his sang, and still it was his care  
 With pleasing words to guide and rouse the fair.  
 How sweet his voice, when beauty was in view,  
 Smooth ran his lines, ay grac'd wi' something new ;  
 Nae word stood wrang : but where's the tongue can tell  
 How fast he sung ? how much lamented fell ?

## RICHY.

And when he had a mind to be mair grave,  
 A minister nae better cou'd behave ;  
 Far out of sight of sic he often flew,  
 When he of haly wonders took a view :  
 Well cou'd he praise the Power that made us a',  
 And bids us in return but tent his law ;  
 Wha guides us when we're waking or asleep,  
 With thousand times mair care than we our sheep.  
 While he of pleasure, power, and wisdom sang,  
 My heart lap high, my lugs wi' pleasure rang :  
 These to repeat braid spoken I wad spill,  
 Altho' I should employ my utmost skill.

\* Boileau, whose Ode on the taking Namur by the French in 1692, he burlesqued, on its being retaken by the British in 1695.

He towr'd aboon : but ah ! what tongue can tell  
How high he flew ? how much lamented fell ?

## ROBERT.

My bennison, dear lads, light on ye baith,  
Wha ha'e sae true a feeling of our skaith :  
O Sandy, draw his likeness in smooth verse,  
As well ye can---then shepherds shall rehearse  
His merit, while the sun metes out the day,  
While ewes shall bleet, and little lambkins mae.

I've been a fauter, now three days are past,  
While I for grief have hardly broke my fast :  
Come to m yshiel, there let's forget our care,  
I dinna want a routh of country fare,  
Sic as it is, ye're welcome to a skair :  
Besides, my lads, I have a browst of tip,  
As good as ever wash'd a shepherd's lip ;  
We'll take a scour o't to put aff our pain,  
For a' our tears and sighs are but in vain :  
Come, help me up--yon footy cloud shores rain.

*To Mr. POPE.*

THREE times I've read your Iliad o'er,  
The first time pleas'd me well ;  
New beauties unobserv'd before,  
Next pleas'd me better still.

Again I try'd to find a flaw,  
Examin'd ilka line ;  
The third time pleas'd me best of a',  
The labour seem'd divine.

Henceforward I'll not tempt my fate,  
On dazzling rays to stare,  
Lest I should tine dear self-conceit,  
And read and write nae mair.

*EPISTLE to the Honourable Duncan Forbes, Lord Advocate.*

SHUT in a closet six foot square,  
No fash'd with meikle wealth or care,  
I pais the live-lang day ;  
Yet some ambitious thoughts I have,  
Which will attend me to my grave,  
Sic busked baits they lay.

These keep my fancy on the wing,  
Something that's blyth and snack to sing,  
And smooth the runkled brow :  
Thus care I happily beguile,  
Hoping a plaudit and a smile  
Frae best of men, like you.

You wha in kittle casts of state,  
When property demands debate,  
Can right what is dung wrang ;  
Yet blythly can, when ye think fit,  
Enjoy your friend, and judge the wit  
And slidness of a sang.

How mony, your reverse unblest,  
Whase minds gae wand'ring through a mist,  
Proud as the thief in hell,  
Pretend, forsooth, they're gentle-fowk,  
'Cause chance gi'es them of gear the yowk,  
And better chiels the shell ;

I've seen a wean aft vex itsell,  
And greet, because it was not tall :  
Heez'd on a board, O than !  
Rejoicing in the artfu' height,  
How smirky look'd the little wight !  
And thought itsell a man.

Sic bairns are some blawn up a wee  
With splendour, wealth, and quality,

Upon these stilts grown vain ;  
 They o'er the pows of poor fowk stride,  
 And neither are to had nor bide,  
 Thinking this height their ain.

Now shou'd ane speer at sic a puff,  
 What gars thee look fae big and bluff,  
 Is't an attending menzie ?  
 Or fifty dishes on your table ?  
 Or fifty horses in your stable ?  
 Or heaps of glancing cunzie ?

Are these the things thou ca's thyself ?  
 Come, vain gigantic shadow, tell ;  
 If thou sayest yes, I'll shaw  
 Thy picture---means thy silly mind,  
 Thy wit's a croil, thy judgment blind,  
 And love worth nought ava.

Accept our praise, ye nobly born,  
 Whom Heav'n takes pleasure to adorn  
 With ilka manly gift ;  
 In courts or camps to serve your nation,  
 Warm'd with that generous emulation  
 Which your forbears did lift.

In duty, with delight to you  
 Th' inferior world do justly bow,  
 While you're the maist deny'd ;  
 Yet shall your worth be ever priz'd  
 When strutting natlings are despis'd,  
 With a' their stinking pride.

This to set aff as I am able,  
 I'll frae a Frenchman thigg a fable,  
 And busk it in a plaid ;  
 And tho' it be a bairn of \* Motte's,  
 When I have taught it to speak Scots,  
 I am its second dad.

\* Mons. la Motte, who has written lately a curious Collection of Fables, from which the following is imitated.

" Twa books, near neighbours in a shop,  
 " The tane a gilded Turky fop,  
 " The tither's face was weather-beaten,  
 " And cauf-skin jacket fair worm eaten.  
 " The corky, proud of his braw suit,  
 " Curl'd up his nose, and thus cry'd out :  
 " Ah ! place me on some fresher binks ;  
 " Figh ! how this mouldy creature stinks !  
 " How can a gentle book like me  
 " Endure sic scoundrel company ;  
 " What may fowk say to see me cling  
 " Sae close to this auld ugly thing ;  
 " But that I'm of a simple spirit,  
 " And disregard my proper merit !"  
 " Quoth grey-beard, Whisht, Sir, with your din ;  
 " For a' your meritorious skin,  
 " I doubt if you be worth within :  
 " For as auld-fashion'd as I look,  
 " May be I am the better book."  
 " O heavens ! I canna thole the clash  
 " Of this impertinent auld hauh ;  
 " I winna stay ae moment langer.'  
 " My Lord, please to command your anger ;  
 " Pray only let me tell you that---"  
 " What wad this insolent be at !  
 " Rot out your tongue---pray, Master Symmer,  
 " Remove me frae this din'some rhymers :  
 " If you regard your reputation,  
 " And us of a distinguisht station,  
 " Hence frae this beast let me be hurried,  
 " For with his stour and stink I'm worried."  
 " Scarce had he shook his paughty crap,  
 " When in a customer did pap ;  
 " He up douse Stanza lifts, and eyes him,  
 " Turns o'er his leaves, admires, and buys him :  
 " This book, said he, is good and scarce,  
 " The faul of sense in sweetest verse."  
 " But reading title of gilt cleathing,  
 " Cries, " gods ! wha buys this bonny naithing ?  
 " Nought duller e'er was put in print :  
 " Wow ! what a deal of Turky's tint !"

Now, Sir, t' apply what we've invented,  
 You are the buyer represented ?

And, may your servant hope  
 My lays shall merit your regard,  
 I'll thank the gods for my reward,  
 And smile at ilka fop.

*The CLOCK and DIAL.*

Ae day a Clock wad brag a Dial,  
 And put his qualities to trial ;  
 Spake to him thus—" My neighbour, pray,  
 Can't tell me what's the time of day ?"  
 The Dial said, " I dinna ken."—  
 " Alake, what stand ye there for then ?"—  
 'I wait here till the sun shines bright,  
 For nought I ken but by his light.'  
 " Wait on, quoth Clock, I scorn his help ;  
 " Baith night and day my lane I skelp :  
 " Wind up my weights but anes a week,  
 " Without him I can gang and speak ;  
 " Nor like an useleſs sumph I stand,  
 " But constantly wheel round my hand :  
 " Hark, hark, I strike just now the hour ;  
 " And I am right, ane---twa---three---four."

While thus the Clock was boasting loud,  
 The bleezing sun brak through a cloud ;  
 The Dial, faithfu' to his guide,  
 Spake truth, and laid the thumper's pride :  
 ' Ye see, said he, I've dung you fair,  
 'Tis four hours and three quarters mair.  
 My friend, he added, count again,  
 And learn a wee to be less vain :  
 Ne'er brag of constant clavering cant,  
 And that you answers never want ;  
 For you're not ay to be believ'd :  
 Wha trust to you may be deceiv'd.  
 Be counsel'd to behave like me ;  
 For when I dinna clearly see,  
 I always own I dinna ken,  
 And that's the way of wisest men.

*An ODE to the Memory of Lady Margaret Anstruther.*

ALL in her bloom the graceful fair,  
 Lucinda, leaves this mortal round :  
 Her loss a thousand mourners share,  
 And beauty feels the cruel wound :  
 Now grief and tears o'er all our joys prevail,  
 Viewing her rosy checks all cold and pale.

Thus some fair star distinguish'd bright,  
 Which decks the heavens, and guides the main ;  
 When clouds obscure its glorious light,  
 It leaves the gloomy world in pain :  
 So sudden death has veil'd Lucinda's eyes,  
 And left us lost in darkness and surprise.

Nor sweetnes, beauty, youth, nor wealth,  
 Nor blood, though nobly high it springs ;  
 Nor virtue's self can purchase health,  
 When death severe his summon brings :  
 Else might the fair Lucinda, young and gay,  
 Have blest the world with a much longer stay.

But say, sweet shade, was it thy choice  
 To leave this low unconstant globe ;  
 Tir'd with its vain, its jangling noise,  
 Thou wisely dropt thy human robe ?  
 Or tell us, guardian angels, tell us true,  
 Did ye not claim her hence as one of you ?

Yes, well we know it is your way,  
 When here below such beings shine,  
 To grudge us even our earthly clay,  
 Which form'd like her becomes divine :  
 Such you demand, and free from cares and fears,  
 Unmindful of our fruitless sighs and tears.

Yet deign, ye friends to human kind,  
 The lonely consort to attend ;  
 O sooth the anguish of his mind,  
 And let his killing sorrows end :

Tell him, his sighs and mourning to assuage,  
Each day she dwelt with him was worth an age.

Ye lovely virgins who excell,  
Ye fair to whom such strains belong,  
In melting notes her beauties tell,  
And weep her virtues in a song :  
See that ye place her merit in true light,  
For singing her's your own will shine more bright.

Let east and west, and south and north,  
Aloud the mournful music hear,  
How beauty's fallen beyond the Forth ;  
Let Britain's genius cyprels wear :  
Yet Britain's happy, who such beauty yields,  
As forc'd from her's will grace Elysium's fields.

*Elegy on the Right Honourable James Lord Carnegie, who  
died the 7th of Jan. 1722, the eighth Year of his Age.*

As poets feign, and painters draw,  
Love and the Paphian bride ;  
Sae we the fair Southeska saw,  
Carnegie by her side.

Now sever'd frae his sweets by death,  
Her grief wha can expres ?  
What muse can tell the waefu' skaith,  
Or mother's deep distress !

Sae roses wither in their buds,  
Kill'd by an eastlen blast,  
And sweetest dawns in May with clouds  
And storms are soon o'ercast.

Ah chequer'd life ! Ae day gives joy,  
 The neist our hearts maun bleed :  
 Heaven caus'd a seraph turn a boy,  
 Nor gars us true he's dead.

Wha can reflect on's ilka grace,  
 The sweetnes of his tongue,  
 His manly looks, his lovely face,  
 And judgment ripe sae young ;

And yet forbear to make a doubt,  
 As did the Royal Swain,  
 When he with grief of heart cry'd out  
 " That man was made in vain ! "

Mortals the ways of Providence  
 But very scrimply scan :  
 The changing scene eludes the sense  
 And reasonings of man.

How many thousands ilka year,  
 Of hopefu' children, crave  
 Our love, and care, then disappear,  
 To glut a gaping grave.

What is this grave ! A wardrobe poor  
 Which hads our rotting duds ;  
 Th' immortal mind, serene and pure,  
 Is claihid aboon the clouds.

Then cease to grieve, dejected fair,  
 You had him but in trust ;  
 He was your beauteous son, your heir,  
 Yet still ae haff was dust :

The other to its native skies  
 Now wings its happy way ;  
 With glorious speed and joy he flies,  
 There blissfully to stray.

Carnegie then but changes clay  
 For fair celestial rays ;  
 He mounts up to eternal day,  
 And, as he parts, he says,

“ Adieu, Mamma, forget my tender fate ;  
 “ These rushing tears are vain, they flow too late.”  
 This said, he hastened hence with pleasing joy ;  
 I saw the gods embrace their darling boy.

*An ODE, sacred to the Memory of the Right Honourable  
 Anne Lady GAIRLIES.*

How vain are our attempts to know ?  
 How poor, alas ! is reason’s skill ?  
 We blindly wander here below,  
 Yet fondly search Heaven’s secret will :  
 Each day we see the young, the great, the small,  
 The good, the bad, without distinction, fall.

Yet such as have the rest out-shin’d,  
 We should be faulty to neglect ;  
 Each grace of beauteous Garlie’s mind  
 Deserves the muse’s high respect.  
 But how can she such worth and goodness paint ?  
 A loving daughter, virtuous wife, and saint.

Some seraph, who in endless day  
 With themes sublime employ the lyre,  
 Dart in my breast a shining ray,  
 And all my soul with her inspire ;  
 Else sing yourselves so fair a frame and mind,  
 As now supplies a place among your kind.

As we the glorious sun admire,  
 Whose beams make ev’ry joy arise,  
 Yet dare not view the dazzling fire,  
 Without much hazarding our eyes ;  
 So did her beauties ev’ry heart allure,  
 While her bright virtues kill’d each thought impure.

She breath’d more sweetness than the East,  
 While ev’ry sentence was divine ;  
 Her smiles could calm each jarring breast ;  
 Her soul was a celestial mine,  
 Where all the precious veins of virtue lay ;  
 Too vast a treasure long to lodge in clay.

Tho' sprung from an \* heroic race,  
 Which from the world respect does claim,  
 Yet wanted she no borrow'd grace,  
 Her own demands immortal fame :  
 Worthy as those who shun the vulgar roads,  
 Start from the crowd, and rise amongst the gods.

Such pains as weaker minds possess,  
 Could in her breast no access find ;  
 But lowly meekness did confess  
 A steady and superior mind :  
 Unmov'd she bore these honours due the great,  
 Nor could have been depress'd with a more humble fate.

As to the fields the huntman hies,  
 With joyful shouts he wakes the morn ;  
 While nature smiles, serene the skies,  
 Swift fly his hounds, shrill blows his horn :  
 When suddenly the thund'ring cloud pours rain,  
 Defaces day, and drives him from the plain :

Thus young Brigantius' circling arms  
 Grasp'd all that's lovely to his heart,  
 Rejoic'd o'er his dear Anna's charms,  
 But not expecting soon to part ;  
 When rigid fate, for reasons known above,  
 Snatch'd from his breast the object of his love.

Ah, Garlies ! once the happiest man,  
 Than e'er before Brigantine chief,  
 Now fever'd from your lovely Anne,  
 'Tis hard indeed to stem your grief :  
 Yet mind what you might often from her hear,  
 What heaven designs, submissive we should bear.

Oh ! ne'er forget that tender care,  
 Those heaven-born thoughts she did employ  
 To point those ways how you may share  
 Above with her immortal joy :  
 Such a bright pattern of what's good and great,  
 Even angels need not blush to imitate.

\* She was daughter of the Earl Marshall of Scotland.

*The LOVELY LASS and the Mirror.*

A Nymph, with ilka beauty grac'd,  
 Ae morning by her toilet plac'd,  
 Where the leal-hearted Looking-glass  
 With truths addrest the lovely Lass---  
 To do ye justice, heavenly fair,  
 Amaist in charms ye may compare  
 With Venus' self---But mind amaist ;  
 For tho' you're happily posseſt  
 Of ilka grace which claims respect,  
 Yet I see faults you should correct ;  
 I own they only trifles are,  
 Yet of importance to the fair ;  
 What signifies that patch o'er braid,  
 With which your rosy cheek's o'erlaid ?  
 Your natural beauties you beguile,  
 By that too much affected smile :  
 Saften that look---move ay with ease,  
 And you can never fail to please.

Those kind advices she approv'd,  
 And mair her monitor she lov'd,  
 'Till in came visitants a threave ;  
 To entertain them she maun leave  
 Her Looking-glass---They fleetching praise  
 Her looks---her dress---and a' she says,  
 Be't right or wrang ; she's hale complete,  
 And fails in naithing fair or sweet.  
 Sae much was said, the bonny Lass  
 Forgot her faithfu' Looking-glass.

Clarinda, this dear beautie's You,  
 The mirror is ane good and wise,  
 Wha, by his counsels just, can shew  
 How nobles may to greatness rise.  
 God bleſſ the wark :-----if you're opprest  
 By parasites with fause design,  
 Then will sic faithfu' mirrors best  
 These under-plotters countermine.

*JUPITER's Lottery.*

ANES Jove, by ae great act of grace,  
 Wad gratify his human race,  
 And order'd Hermes, in his name,  
 With tout of trumpet to proclaim  
 A royal lott'ry frae the skies,  
 Where ilka ticket was a prize.  
 Nor was there need for Ten per Cent.  
 To pay advance for money lent :  
 Nor brokers nor stock-jobbers here  
 Were thol'd to cheat fawk of their gear.  
 The first-rate benefits were Health,  
 Pleasures, Honours, Empire, and Wealth ;  
 But happy he to whom wad fa'  
 Wisdom, the highest prize of a' :  
 Hopes of attaining things the best,  
 Made up the maist feck of the rest.  
 Now ilka ticket sald with ease,  
 At altars for a sacrifice ;  
 Jove a' receiv'd, kye, gates, and ewes,  
 Moor-cocks, lambs, dows, or bawbee-rows ;  
 Nor wad debar e'en a poor droll,  
 Wha nougnt cou'd gie but his parole.  
 Sae kind was he no to exclude  
 Poor wights for want of wealth or blood ;  
 Even whiles the gods, as record tells,  
 Bought several tickets for themsells.  
 When fou, and lots put in the wheel,  
 Aft were they turn'd, to mix them weel ;  
 Blind Chance to draw Jove order'd syne,  
 That nane with reason might repine :  
 He drew, and Mercury was clark,  
 The number, prize, and name to mark.  
 Now hopes by millions fast came forth,  
 But seldom prizes of mair worth,  
 Sic as dominion, wealth, and state,  
 True friends, and lovers fortunate.  
 Wisdom at last, the greatest prize,  
 Comes up---aloud clark Hermes cries---

Number ten thousand---come, let's see  
 The person blest.---Quoth Pallas, Me.----  
 Then a' the gods for blythness fang,  
 Thro' heaven glad acclamations rang ;  
 While mankind, grumbling, laid the wyte  
 On them, and ca'd the hale a byte.  
 Yes ! cry'd ilk ane, with sobbing heart,  
 Kind Jove has play'd a parent's part,  
 Wha did this prize to Pallas send,  
 While we're sneg'd off at the web's end.

Soon to their clamours Jove took tent,  
 To punish which to wark he went ;  
 He straight with Follies fill'd the wheel,  
 In Wisdom's place they did as weel ;  
 For ilka ane wha Folly drew,  
 In their conceit a' Sages grew ;  
 Sae thus contented, a' retir'd,  
 And ilka fool himself admir'd.

*The MISER and MINOS.*

SHORT syne there was a wretched miser,  
 With pinching had scrap'd up a treasure ;  
 Yet frae his hoords he doughtna take  
 As much wou'd buy a mutton stake,  
 Or take a glass to comfort nature,  
 But scriimply fed on crumbs and water :  
 In short, he famish'd 'midst his plenty ;  
 Which made surviving kindred canty,  
 Wha scarcely for him pat on black,  
 And only in his loof a plack,  
 Which even they grudg'd : sic is the way  
 Of them wha fa' upon the prey ;  
 They'll scarce row up the wretch's feet,  
 Sae scrimp they make his winding-sheet,  
 Tho' he should leave a vast estate,  
 And heaps of gowd like Arthur's seat.

Well, down the staryng ghaist did sink,  
 Till it fell on the Stygian brink ;  
 Where auld Van Charon stood and raught  
 His wither'd loof out for his fraught ;

But them that wanted wherewitha',  
 He dang them back to stand and blaw.  
 The Miser lang being us'd to save,  
 Fand this, and wadna passage crave ;  
 But shaw'd the Ferryman a knack,  
 Jumpt in---swam o'er, and hain'd his plack.  
 Charon might damn, and sink, and roar ;  
 But a' in vain---he gain'd the shore.---  
 Arriv'd---the three pow'd dog of hell  
 Gowl'd terrible a triple yell ;  
 Which rouz'd the snaky Sisters three,  
 Wha furious on this wight did flee :  
 Wha'd play'd the smuggler on their coast,  
 By which Pluto his dues had lost :  
 Then brought him for this trick fae hainous  
 Afore the bench of Justice Minos.

The case was new, and very kittle,  
 Which puzzl'd a' the court na little ;  
 Thought after thought with unco' speed  
 Flew round within the judge's head,  
 To find what punishment was due  
 For sic a daring crime, and new.  
 Shou'd he the plague of Tantal feel,  
 Or stented be on Ixion's wheel,  
 Or stung wi' bauld Prometheus' pain,  
 Or help Syiph to row his stane,  
 Or sent amang the wicked rout  
 To fill the tub that ay rins out ?  
 No, no, continues Minos, no,  
 Weak are our punishments below  
 For sick a crime ;---he maun be hurl'd  
 Straight back again into the world.  
 I sentence him to see and hear  
 What use his friends make of his gear.

*The APE and the LEOPARD.*

THE Ape and Leopard, beasts for show,  
 The first a wit, the last a beau ;  
 To make a penny at a fair,  
 Advertis'd a' their parts fae rare.

The tane gae out with meikle wind,  
 His beauty 'boon the brutal kind :  
 Said he, I'm kend baith far and near,  
 Even kings are pleas'd when I appear :  
 And when I yield my vital puff,  
 Queens of my skin will make a muff ;  
 My fur fae delicate and fine,  
 With various spots does sleekly shine.

Now lads and lasses fast did rin  
 To see the best with bonny skin :  
 His keeper shaw'd him round about ;  
 They saw him soon, and soon came out.

But master Monkey with an air  
 Hapt out, and thus harangu'd the fair ;  
 Come, gentlemen, and ladies bonny,  
 I'll give ye pastime for your money :  
 I can perform, to raise your wonder,  
 Of pawky tricks mae than a hunder.  
 My cousin Spotty, true he's braw,  
 He has a curious suit to shaw ;  
 And naithing mair.—But frae my mind  
 Ye shall blyth satisfaction find.  
 Sometimes I'll act a chiel that's dull,  
 Look thoughtfu', grave, and wag my skull ;  
 Then mimic a light-headed rake,  
 When on a tow my houghs I shake :  
 Sometime, like modern monks, I'll seem  
 To make a speech, and naithing mean.  
 But come away, ye needna speer  
 What ye're to pay ; I'se no be dear ;  
 And if ye grudge fér want of sport,  
 I'll give it back t' ye at the port.  
 The Ape succeeded, iu fowk went—  
 Stay'd long—and came out well content ;  
 Sae much will wit and spirit please,  
 Beyond our shape, and brawest claiths.  
 How mony, ah ! of our fine gallants  
 Are only Leopards in their talents ?

*The ASS and BROCK.*

UPON a time, a solemn Afs  
 Was dand'ring thro' a narrow pass,  
 Where he forgather'd with a Brock,  
 Wha him saluted frae a rock ;  
 Speer'd how he did,---how markets gade---  
 What's a' ye'r news---and how is trade---  
 How does Jock Stot and lucky Yad,  
 Tam Tup, and Bucky, honest lad ?  
 Reply'd the Afs, and made a heel,  
 E'en a' the better that ye'r weel :  
 But Jackanapes and snarling Fitty  
 Are grown sae wicked (some ca'st witty,)  
 That we wha solid are and grave,  
 Nae peace on our ain howms can have ;  
 While we are bisy gath'ring gear,  
 Upon a brae they'll sit and sneer.  
 If aue shou'd chance to breathe behin'  
 Or hae' some flaver at his chin,  
 Or 'gainst a tree shou'd rub his arse,  
 That's subject for a winsome farce :  
 There draw they me, as void of thinking,  
 And you, my dear, famous for stinking ;  
 And the bauld birfy Bair your frien',  
 A glutton, dirty to the een ;  
 By laughing Dogs and Apes abus'd,  
 Wha is't can thole to be sae us'd.

Dear me ! heh ! wow ! and say ye sae---  
 Return'd the Brock---I'm unko wae  
 To see this flood of wit break in :  
 O scour about, and ca't a sin ;  
 Stout are your lungs, your voice is loud,  
 And ought will pals upon the croud.

The Afs thought this advice was right,  
 And bang'd away with a' his might ;  
 Stood on a know among the cattle,  
 And furiously 'gainst wit did rattle :  
 Pour'd out a deluge of dull phrases,  
 While Dogs and Apes leugh, and made faces.  
 Thus a' the angry Afs held forth,  
 Serv'd oonly to augment their mirth.

*The FOX and RAT.*

THE Lion and the Tyger lang mantain'd  
 A bloody weir ;—at laist the Lion gain'd.  
 The royal victor strak the earth with awe,  
 And the four-footed world obey'd his law :  
 Frae ilka species deputies were sent,  
 To pay their homage due, and compliment  
 Their sov'reign liege, wha'd gart the rebels cour  
 And own his royal right, and princely power.  
 After dispute, the moniest votes agree  
 That Reynard should address his majesty,  
 Ulysses-like, in name o' the lave ;  
 Wha thus went on—" O prince, allow thy slave  
 To roose thy brave atchievements and renown :  
 Nane but thy daring front shou'd wear the crown,  
 Wha art like Jove, whose thunderbolt can make  
 The heavens be hush, and a' the earth to shake ;  
 Whase very gloom, if he but angry nods,  
 Commands a peace, and flegs th' inferior gods.  
 Thus thou, great king, hast by thy conqu'ring paw  
 Gi'en earth a shog, and made thy will a law :  
 Thee a' the animals with fear adore,  
 And tremble if thou with displeasure roar ;  
 O'er a' thou canst us eith thy sceptre sway,  
 As Badrens can with cheeping Rottens play."

This sentence vex'd the envoy Rotten fair ;  
 He threw his gab, and girn'd ; but durst nae mair.  
 The monarch pleas'd with Lowry, wha durst gloom ?  
 A warrant's order'd for a good round sum,  
 Which Dragon, lord chief treasurer, must pay  
 To fly-tongu'd Fleechy on a certain day ;  
 Which secretary Ape in form wrote down,  
 Sign'd Lion, and a wee beneath, Baboon.  
 'Tis given the Fox—Now Bobtail tap o' kin,  
 Made rich at anes, is nor to had nor bin' ;  
 He dreams of nought but pleasure, joy, and peace,  
 Now blest with wealth to purchase hens and geese :

Yet in his loof he hadna tell'd the gowd,  
 And yet the Rotten's breast with anger glow'd ;  
 He vow'd revenge, and watch'd it night and day,  
 He took the tid, when Lowry was away.  
 And through a hole into his closet slips,  
 There chews the warrant a' in little nips,  
 Thus what the Fox had for his flattery gotten,  
 Ev'n frae a Lion, was made nought by an offended Rotten.

*The CATERPILLAR and the ANT.*

A pensy Ant, right trig and clean,  
 Came ae day whiddin o'er the green ;  
 Where, to advance her pride, she saw,  
 A Caterpillar moving flaw :  
 Good e'en t' ye, mistress Ant, said he,  
 How's a' at hame ? I'm blyth to s'ye.—  
 The saucy Ant view'd him with scorn,  
 Nor wad civilities return ;  
 But gecking up her head, quoth she,  
 Poor animal, I pity thee ;  
 Wha scarce can claim to be a creature,  
 But some experiment of nature ;  
 Whase silly shape displeas'd her eye,  
 And thus unfinish'd was flung bye.  
 For me, I'm made with better grace,  
 With active limbs, and lively face ;  
 And cleverly can move with ease  
 Frae place to place where-e'er I please :  
 Can foot a minuet or a jig,  
 And snoov't like ony whirly-gig ;  
 Which gars my jo aft grip my hand  
 Till his heart pitty pattys, and---  
 But laigh my qualities I bring,  
 To stand up clashing with a thing,  
 A creeping thing the like of thee,  
 Not worthy of a farewell t'ye.  
 The airy Ant syne turn'd awa,  
 And left him with a proud gaffa.

The Caterpillar was struck dumb,  
And never answer'd her a mum :  
The humble reptile fand some pain,  
Thus to be banter'd with disdain.

But tent neist time the Ant came by,  
The worm was grown a butterfly ;  
Transparent were his wings and fair,  
Which bare him flight'ring thro' the air :  
Upon a flower he stapt his flight,  
And, thinking on his former flight,  
Thus to the Ant himsell addresst,  
Pray, Madam, will ye please to rest ?  
And notice what I now advise,  
Inferiors ne'er too much despise :  
For fortune may gi'e sic a turn,  
To raise aboon ye what ye scorn :  
For instance, now I spread my wing  
In air, while you're a creeping thing.

*The Twa CATS and the CHEESE.*

Twa Cats anes on a Cheese did light,  
To which baith had an equal right ;  
But disputes, sic as aft arise,  
Fell out a sharing of the prize.  
Fair play, said ane, ye bite o'er thick,  
Thae teeth of your's gang wonder quick :  
Let's part it, else lang or the moon  
Be chang'd, the kebbuck will be doon.  
But wha's to do't ?—They're parties baith,  
And ane may do the other skaith,  
Sae with consent away they trudge,  
And laid the Cheese before a judge :  
A Monkey, with a campfho face  
Clerk to a justice of the peace ;  
A judge he seem'd in justice skill'd,  
When he his master's chair had fill'd,  
Now umpire chosen for division,  
Baith sware to stand by his decision.

Demur he looks---The Cheeſe he pales---  
 He prives---it's good---ca's for the ſcales ;  
 His knife whops throw't---in twa it fell ;  
 He puts ilk haff in either ſhell :  
 Said he, we'll truly weigh the caſe,  
 And strictest justice ſhall have place ;  
 Then lifting up the ſcales, he fand  
 The tane bang up, the other stand :  
 Sync out he took the heaviest haff,  
 And eat a knoſt o't quickly aff,  
 And try'd it fyne ;---it now prov'd light :  
 Friend Cats, ſaid he, we'll do ye right.  
 Then to the ither haff he fell,  
 And laid till't teughly tooth and nail,  
 Till weigh'd again it lightest prov'd.  
 The judge, wha this sweet proceſs lov'd,  
 Still weigh'd the caſe, and still ate on,  
 Till clients baith were weary grown :  
 And tenting how the matter went,  
 Cry'd, Come, come, fir, we're baith content ;  
 Ye fools, quoth he, and Justice too  
 Maun be content as well as you.  
 Thus grumbled they, thus he went on,  
 Till baith the haves were near-hand done :  
 Poor Pouſies now the daffin faw  
 Of gawn for nignyes to the law ;  
 And bill'd the judge, that he wad pleafe  
 To give them the remaining Cheeſe ;  
 To which his worship grave reply'd,  
 " The dues of court maun first be paid."  
 Now Justice pleaſ'd :---what's to the fore  
 Will but right ſcrimply clear your ſcore ;  
 That's our decreet ;---gae hame and ſleep,  
 And thank us ye're wiſt aff ſae cheap.

*The CAMELEON.*

TWA travellers, as they were wa'king,  
 'Bout the Caſmeleon fell a ta'king,  
 (Sic think it ſhaws them mettl'd men,  
 To fay I've ſeen, and ought to ken ;)

Says ane, its a strange beast indeed,  
 Four-footed, with a fish's head ;  
 A little bowk, with a lang tail,  
 And moves far flawner than a snail ;  
 Of colour, like a blawart blue ;---  
 Reply'd his neibour, " That's no true :  
 For well I wat his colour's green,  
 If ane may true his ain twa een ;  
 For I in sun-shine saw him fair,  
 When he was dining on the air."---  
 Excuse me, says the ither blade,  
 I saw him better in the shade,  
 And he is blue.---" He's green, I'm sure"---  
 Ye lied.---" And ye're the son of a whore"---  
 Frae words there had been cuff and kick,  
 Had not a third come in the nick,  
 Wha tenting them in this rough mood,  
 Cry'd, Gentlemen, what ! are ye wood ?  
 What's ye'r quarrel, and 't may be speer't ?  
 Truth, says the tane, sir, ye shall hear't :  
 The Cameleon, I say, he's blue ;  
 He threaps he's green.---Now, what say you ?  
 Ne'er fash ye'r sells about the matter,  
 Says the sagacious arbitrator,  
 He's black.---Sae nane of you are right,  
 I view'd him well with candle-light ;  
 And have it in my pocket here,  
 Row'd in my napkin hale and fair.  
 " Fy, said ae cangler what d' ye mean ?  
 I'll lay my lugs on't, that' he's green."---  
 Said th' ither, were I gawn to death,  
 I'd swear he's blue with my last breath.  
 He's black, the judge maintain'd ay stout,  
 And to convince them whop'd him out :  
 But, to surprise to ane and a',  
 The Animal was white as snaw,  
 And thus reprov'd them, " Shallow boys,  
 Away, away, make nae mair noise ;  
 Ye're a' three wrang, and a' three right ;  
 But learn to own your nibour's fight  
 As good as yours.---Your judgment speak,  
 But never be fae daftly weak  
 T' imagine ither will by force  
 Submit their sentiments to yours ;

As things in various lights ye see,  
They'll ilka ane resemble me."

*The Twa LIZARDS.*

BENEATH a tree, ae shining day,  
On a burn-bank twa Lizards lay,  
Beeking themselfs now in the beams,  
Then drinking of the cauller streams.  
Wae's me, says ane of them to th' ither,  
How mean and silly live we, brither ?  
Beneath the moon is ought sae poor !  
Regarded lefs, or mair obscure !  
We breathe indeed, and that's just a' ;  
But, forc'd by destiny's hard law,  
On earth like worms to creep and sprawl :  
Curst fate to ane that has a faul !  
Forby, gin we may trow report,  
In Nilus giant Lizards sport,  
Ca'd Crocodiles :---ah ! had I been  
Of sic a size, upon the green,  
Then might I had my skair of fame,  
Honour, respect, and a great name ;  
And Man with gaping jaws have shor'd,  
Syne like a pagod been ador'd.

Ah, friend ! replies the ither Lizard,  
What makes this grumbling in thy gizzard ?  
What cause have ye to be uneasy ?  
Cannot the sweets of freedom please ye ?  
We free frae trouble, toil, or care,  
Enjoy the fun, the earth, and air,  
The crystal spring and green-wood shaw,  
And beildly holes, when tempests blaw. .  
Why should we fret, look blaue or wan,  
Tho' we're contemn'd by paughty man ?  
If sae, lets in return be wise,  
And that proud animal despise.

O fy ! returns th' ambitious beast !  
How weak a fire now warms thy breast !  
It breaks my heart to live sae mean ;  
I'd like t' attract the gazer's een.

And be admir'd---What stately horns  
 The Deer's majestic brow adorns !  
 He claims our wonder and our dread,  
 Where-e'er he heaves his haughty head.  
 What envy a' my spirit fires,  
 When he in clearest pools admires  
 His various beauties with delyte ;  
 I'm like to drown myself with spite.  
 Thus he held forth---when straight a pack  
 Of Hounds and Hunters at their baik,  
 Ran down a deer before their face,  
 Breathless and wearied with the chace ;  
 The dogs upon the victim seize,  
 And beugles found his obsequies.  
 But neither men nor dogs took tent  
 Of our wee Lizards on the bent,  
 While hungry Bawty, Buff, and Tray,  
 Devour'd the paunches of the prey.

Soon as the bloody deed was past,  
 The Lizard wife the proud addrest ;  
 Dear cousin, now pray let me hear  
 How wad ye like to be a Deer ?

Ohon ! quoth he, convinc'd, and wae,  
 Wha wad have thought it anes a-day !  
 Well, be a private life my fate,  
 I'll never envy mair the great :  
 That we are little fowk, that's true ;  
 But fae's our cares and dangers too.

*MERCURY in quest of PEACE.*

THE gods coost out, as story gaes,  
 Some being friends, some being faes.  
 To men in a besieged city  
 Thus some frae spite, and some frae pity,  
 Stood to their point with canker'd strictnes,  
 And leftna ither in dogs likeness ;  
 Juno ca'd Venus whore and bawd,  
 Venus ca'd Juno scaulding jad.

E'en cripple Vulcan blew the low,  
 Apollo ran to bend his bow,  
 Dis shook his fork, Pallas her shield,  
 Neptune his grape began to wield :  
 What plague, cries Jupiter, hey hoy !  
 Maun this town prove anither Troy ?  
 What, will you ever be at odds,  
 'Till mankind think us foolish gods ?  
 Hey ! mistress Peace, make haste---appear---  
 But Madam was nae there to hear :  
 Come, Hermes, wing thy heels and head,  
 And find her out with a' thy speed :  
 Trowth, this is bonny wark indeed.

Hermes obeys, and staptna short,  
 But flies directly to the court ;  
 For sure, thought he, she will be found  
 On that fair complimenting ground,  
 Where praises and embraces ran  
 Like current coin 'tween man and man :  
 But soon, alake ! he was beguil'd,  
 And fand that courtiers only smil'd,  
 And with a formal flatt'ry treat ye,  
 That they mair sickerly might cheat ye :  
 Peace was na there, nor e'er could dwell  
 Where hiden envy makes a hell.

Neist to the ha', where justice stands  
 With sword and balance in her hands,  
 He flew---no that he thought to find her  
 Between the accuser and defender ;  
 But sure he thought to find the wench  
 Amang the fowk that fill the bench,  
 Sae muckle gravity and grace  
 Appear'd in ilka judge's face :  
 Even here he was deceiv'd again,  
 For ilka judge stack to his ain  
 Interpretation of the law,  
 And vex'd themselfs with had and draw.

Frae thence he flew straight to the Kirk ;  
 In this he prov'd as daft's a stirk,  
 To look for Peace, where never three  
 In ev'ry point cou'd e'er agree ;  
 Ane his ain gate explain'd a text  
 Quite contrair to his neighbour next,  
 And teughly toiled day and night  
 To gar believers trow them right.

Then fair he sigh'd---where can she be?  
 Well thought---the university,  
 Science is ane, these maun agree :  
 There did he bend his strides right clever,  
 But is as far mistane as ever ;  
 For here contention and ill-nature  
 Had runkled ilka learned feature ;  
 Ae party stood for ancient rules,  
 Anither ca'd the ancients fools ;  
 Here ane wad set his shanks aspar,  
 And roose the Man who sang Troy war,  
 Anither ca's him Robin Kar.



Well, she's no here---away he flies  
 To seek her amangst families :  
 Tout, what shou'd she do there I wonder ?  
 Dwells she with matrimonial thunder,  
 Where mates, some greedy, some deep drinkers,  
 Contend with thriftleis mates or jinkers ?  
 This fays, 'tis black ; and that, wi' spite,  
 Stiffly maintains and threeps 'tis white.

Weary'd at last, quoth he, let's fee,  
 How branches with their stocks agree ;  
 But here he fand still his mistake :  
 Some parents cruel were, some weak ;  
 While bairns ungratefu' did behave,  
 And wish'd their parents in the grave.

Has Jove then sent me 'mang thir fowk,  
 Cry'd Hermes, here to hunt the gowk ?  
 Well I have made a waly round,  
 To seek what is not to be found :  
 Just on the wing---towards a burn  
 A wee piece aff his looks did turn,  
 There mistress Peace he chanc'd to see,  
 Sitting beneath a willow tree :  
 And have I found ye at the last ?  
 He cry'd aloud, and held her fast.  
 Here I reside, quoth she, and smil'd,  
 With an auld hermit in this wild.  
 Well, Madam, said he, I perceive  
 That ane may long your presence crave,  
 And misf ye still---but this seems plain,  
 To have ye, ane maun be alane.

*The SPRING and the SYKE.*

FED by a living Spring, a rill  
 Flow'd easily adown a hill ;  
 A thousand flowers upon its bank  
 Flourish'd fu' fair, and grew right rank :  
 Near to its course a Syke did lye,  
 Whilk was in summer often dry,  
 And ne'er recover'd life again,  
 But after soaking showers of rain ;  
 Then wad he swell, look big and sprush,  
 And o'er his margin proudly gush,  
 Ae day, after great waughts of wet,  
 He with the crystal current met,  
 And ran him down with unco' din ;  
 Said he, How poorly does thou rin ?  
 See with what state I dash the brae,  
 Whilst thou canst hardly make thy way.

The Spring, with a superior air,  
 Said, Sir, your brag gives me nae care ;  
 For soon's ye want your foreign aid,  
 Your naughty cracks will soon be laid :  
 Frae my ain head I have supply,  
 But you must borrow, else rin dry.

*The DAFT BARGAIN, a Tale.*

AT market anes, I watna how,  
 Twa herds between them coft a cow :  
 Driving her hame, the needfu' Hacky  
 But ceremony chanc'd, to k---.  
 Quoth Rab right ravingly to Raff,  
 Gin ye'll eat that digested draf  
 Of Crummy, I shall quat my part---  
 A bargain be't with a' my heart :

Raff soon reply'd, and lick'd his thumb,  
 To gorble't up without a gloom :  
 Syne till't he fell, and seem'd right yap  
 His mealtith quickly up to gawp ;  
 Haff done, his heart begun to scunner,  
 But lootna on 'till Rab strak under ;  
 Wha fearing skair of cow to tine,  
 At his daft bargain did repine.  
 Well, well, quoth Raff, tho' ye was rash,  
 I'll scorn to wrang ye, senseless hash ;  
 Come, fa' to wark, as I ha'e done,  
 And eat the ither haff as soon,  
 Ye's save ye'r part---Content, quoth Rab---  
 And flerg'd the rest o't in his gab.  
 Not what was tint, or what was won,  
 Is eithly seen---My story's done.  
 Yet frae this tale confed'rate states may learn  
 To save their cow, and yet no eat her shearn.

*The Twa CUT-PURSES, a Tale.*

IN borrows town there was a fair,  
 And mony a landart coof was there,  
 Baith lads and lasses busked brawly,  
 To glowr at ilka bonny waly,  
 And lay out ony ora bodies  
 On sma' gimcracks that pleas'd their noddles,  
 Sic as a jocktaleg, or sheers,  
 Confeckit ginger, plums, or pears.

These gaping gowks twa rogues survey,  
 And on their cash this plot they lay :  
 The tane, leſſ like a knave than fool,  
 Unbidden clamb the high cookstool,  
 And pat his head and baith his hands  
 Throw holes where the ill-doer stands :  
 Now a' the crowd with mouth and een  
 Cry'd out, " What does this idiot mean ?  
 They glowr'd and leugh, and gather'd thick,  
 And never thought upon a trick,  
 'Till he beneath had done his job,  
 By tooming pouches of the mob ;

Wha now possest of rowth of gear,  
Scour'd aff as lang's the coast was clear.

But wow ! the ferly quickly chang'd,  
When throw their empty fobs they rang'd ;  
Some girn'd, and some look'd blae wi' grief ;  
While some cry'd out, " Fy, had the thief :"  
But ne'er a thief or thief was there,  
Or cou'd be found in a' the fair.  
The jip, wha stood aboon them a',  
His innocence began to shaw ;  
Said he, my friends, I'm very sorry  
To hear your melancholy story ;  
But sure where'er your tinsel be,  
Ye canna lay the wyte on me.

*Epistle to ROBERT YARDE, of Devonshire, Esq.*

FRAE northern mountains clad with snaw,  
Where whistling winds incessant blaw,  
In time now when the curling-stane,  
Slides murmur'ring o'er the icy plain,  
What sprightly tale in verse can Yarde  
Expect frae a cauld Scottish bard,  
With brose and bannocks poorly fed,  
In hoden gray right hashly cled,  
Skelping o'er frozen hags with pingle,  
Picking up peets to beet his ingle,  
While fleet that freezes as it fa's,  
Theeks as with glas the divot waws  
Of a laigh hut, where fax the gither,  
Ly heads and thraws on craps of heather ;

Thus, Sir, of us the story gaes,  
By our mair dull and scornfu' faes :  
But let them tak and gowks believe,  
While we laugh at them in our sleeve ;  
For we, nor barbarous nor rude,  
Ne'er want good wine to warm our blood ;  
Have tables crown'd---and heartsome beils,  
And can in Cumin's, Don's, or Steil's,

Be serv'd as plenteously and civil,  
As you in London at the Devil.  
You, Sir, yourself, wha came and saw,  
Own'd that we wanted nought at a',  
To make us as content a nation,  
As any is in the creation.

This point premis'd, my canty muse  
Cocks up her crest without excuse,  
And scorns to screen her nat'r al flaws  
With ifs, and buts, and dull because ;  
She pukes her pens, and aims a flight  
Thro' regions of internal light,  
Frac fancy's field, these truths to bring  
That you shou'd hear, and she shou'd sing.

Lang syne, when love and innocence  
Were human nature's best defence,  
Ere party jars made lawtith less,  
By cleathing't in a monkish dress ;  
Then poets shaw'd these evenly roads,  
That lead to dwellings of the gods.  
In thele dear days, well kend of fame,  
*Divini vates* was their name :  
It was, and is, and shall be ay,  
While they move in fair virtue's way.  
Tho' rarely we to stipends reach,  
Yet nane dare hinder us to preach.

Believe me, Sir, the nearest way  
To happiness, is to be gay ;  
For spleen indulg'd, will banish rest  
Far frac the bosoms of the best ;  
Thousands a year's no worth a prin,  
When e'er this fashious guest gets in :  
But a fair competent estate  
Can keep a man frac looking blate,  
Sae eithly it lays to his hand  
What his just appetites demand.  
Wha has, and can enjoy, O wow !  
How smoothly may his minutes flow ?  
A youth thus blest with manly frame,  
Enliven'd with a lively flame,  
Will ne'er with sordid pinch controul  
The satisfaction of his soul.  
Poor is that mind, ay discontent,  
That canna use what God has lent ;

But envious girns at a' he fees,  
That are a crown richer than he's ;  
Which gars him pitifully hane,  
And hell's ase middins rake for gain ;  
Yet never kens a blythsome hour,  
Is ever wanting, ever sowr.

Yet ae extreme shou'd never make  
A man the gowden mean forsake,  
It shaws as much a shallow mind,  
And ane extravagantly blind,  
If careles of his future fate,  
He daftly wastes a good estate,  
And never thinks 'till thoughts are vain,  
And can afford him nought but pain.  
Thus will a joiner's shavings bleeze,  
Their low will for some seconds please ;  
But soon the glaring leam is past,  
And cauldrie darkness follows fast :  
While flaw the faggots large expire,  
And warm us with a lasting fire.  
Then neither, as I ken ye will,  
With idle fears your pleasures spill ;  
Nor with neglecting prudent care,  
Do skaith to your succeeding heir :  
Thus steering cannily thro' life,  
Your joys shall lasting be and rife.  
Give a' your passions room to reel,  
As lang as reason guides the wheel :  
Desires, tho' ardent, are nae crime,  
When they harmoniously keep time ;  
But when they spang o'er reason's fence,  
We smart for't at our ain expence :  
To recreate us we're allow'd,  
But gaming deep boils up the blood,  
And gars aye at groom-porters ban  
The Being that made him a man,  
When his fair gardens, house, and lands,  
Are fa'n amangst the sharpers hands.  
A chearfu' bottle soothes the mind,  
Gars carles grow canty, free, and kind ;  
Defeats our care, and heals our strife,  
And brawly oils the wheels of life :  
But when just quantums we transgress,  
Our blessing turns the quite reverle.

To love the bonny smiling fair,  
 Nane can their passions better ware ;  
 Yet love is kittle and unruly,  
 And shou'd move tentily and hooly :  
 For if it get o'er meikle head,  
 'Tis fair to gallop ane to dead :  
 O'er ilka hedge it wildly bounds,  
 And grazes on forbidden grounds ;  
 Where constantly, like furies, range  
 Poortith, diseases, death, revenge :  
 To toom anes poutch to dunty clever,  
 Or have wrang'd husband probe ane's liver,  
 Or void ane's faul out thro' a shanker,  
 In faith 'twad any mortal canker.

Then wale a virgin worthy you,  
 Worthy your love and nuptial vow ;  
 Syne frankly range o'er a' her charms,  
 Drink deep of joy within her arms ;  
 Be still delighted with her breast,  
 And on her love with rapture feast.

May she be blooming, saft, and young,  
 With graces melting from her tongue ;  
 Prudent and yielding to maintain  
 Your love, as well as you her ain.

Thus with your leave, Sir, I've made free  
 To give advice to ane can gi'e  
 As good again—But as mafs John  
 Said, when the sand tald time was done,  
 “ Ha'e patience, my dear friends, a wee,  
 “ And take ae ither glass frae me ;  
 “ And if ye think there's doublets due,  
 “ I shanna bauk the like frae you.”

### *TIT for TAT.*

BE-SOUTH our channel, where 'tis common  
 To be priest-ridden, man and woman ;  
 A father, anes in grave procession,  
 Went to receive a wight's confession,

Whase sins, lang-gather'd, now began  
 To burden fair his inner man :  
 But happy they that can with ease  
 Sling aff sic lads whene'er they please :  
 Lug out your sins, and eke your purses,  
 And soon your kind spiritual nurses  
 Will ease you of these heavy turses.  
 Cries Hodge, and sighs, ah ! father ghostly,  
 I lang'd anes for some jewels costly,  
 And staw them frae a sneaking miser,  
 Wha was a wicked cheating squeezer,  
 And much had me and others wrang'd,  
 For which I often wish'd him hang'd.  
 The father says, I own, my son,  
 To rob or pilfer is ill done ;  
 But I can eith forgive the faut,  
 Since it is only "tit for tat."

The fighing penitent gade further,  
 And own'd his ane's designing murder ;  
 That he had lent ane's guts a skreed,  
 Wha had gi'en him a broken head.  
 Replies the priest, My son, 'tis plain  
 That's only "tit for tat" again.

But still the sinner sighs and sobs,  
 And cries, Ah ! these are venial jobs  
 To the black crime that yet behind  
 Lies like Auld Nick upon my mind :  
 I dare na nam't ; I'd sure be strung  
 Up by the neck or by the tongue,  
 As speak it out to you : believe me,  
 The faut you never wad forgive me.  
 The haly man with pious care,  
 Intreated, pray'd, and spake him fair,  
 Conjur'd him, as he hop'd for heaven  
 To tell his crime, and be forgiven.

Well then, says Hodge, if it maun be,  
 Prepare to hear a tale frae me,  
 That when 'tis tald, I'm unco fear'd  
 Ye'll wish it never had been heard :  
 Ah me ! your reverence's sister,  
 Ten times I carnally have--kiit her.  
 All's fair, returns the reverend brother,  
 I've done the fainen with your mother  
 Three times as aft ; and sae for that  
 We're on a level, "tit for tat."



*Epistle from Mr. WILLIAM MARRAT, Teacher of Mathematics at SCOTLAND IN IRELAND.*

A windy day last owk, I'll ne'er forget,  
I think I hear the hailstanes rattling yet ;  
On Crochan buss my hirdsell took the lee,  
As ane wad wish, just a' beneath my ee ;  
I in the bield of yon auld birk-tree side,  
Poor cauldrie Coly whing'd aneath my plaid.  
Right tozylie was set to ease my stumps,  
Weel hap'd with bountith hose and twa soll'd pumps :  
Syne on my four-hours lunshon chew'd my cood,  
Sic kilter pat me in a merry mood :  
My whistle frae my blanket-nook I drew,  
And lilted o'er thir twa three lines to you.

Blaw up my heart-strings, ye Pierian quines,  
That gae the Grecian bards their bonny rhymes,  
And learn'd the Latin lowns sic springs to play,  
As gars the world gang dancing to this day.

In vain I seek your help ; 'tis bootleſs toil  
With sic dead aſe to muck a moorland ſoil ;  
Give me the muſe that calls paſt ages back,  
And ſhaws proud ſouthern fangſters their miſtak,  
That frae their Thameſes can fetch the laurel north,  
And big Parnaffus on the Frith of Forth.

Thy breast alane this gladsome guest does fill  
With ſtrains, that warm our hearts like cannel gill,  
And learns thee, in thy umquhile gutcher's tongue,  
The blytheſt liſts that e'er my lugs heard ſung.  
Ramsay ! for ever live : for wha like you  
In deathleſs ſang ſic life-like pictures drew ?  
Not he whilome with his harp cou'd ca'  
The dancing ſtanes to big the Theban wa' ;  
Nor he (ſhame fa's fool head) as ſtores tell,  
Could whiſtle back an auld dead wife frae hell ;  
Nor e'en the loyal brooker of Bell trees,  
Wha ſang with hungry wame his want of fees ;  
Nor habby's drone cou'd with thy wind-pipe-please,  
When in his well kend clink thou manes the death,  
Of Lucky Wood and Spence (a matchleſs ſkaith

To Canigate), fae gash thy gab-trees gang,  
 The carlines live for ever in thy sang.  
 Or, when thy country bridal thou pursues,  
 To red the regal tulzie sets thy muse,  
 Thy soothing fangs bring canker'd carles to ease,  
 Some loups to Lutter's pipe, some birls babees.

But gin to graver notes thou tunes thy breath,  
 And sings poor Sandy's grief for Edie's death,  
 Or Matthew's loss ; the lambs in concert mae,  
 And lanesome Ringwood youls upon the brae.

Good God ! what tuneless heart strings wadna twang,  
 When love and beauty animates the sang ?  
 Skies echo back, when thou blaws up thy reed,  
 In Burchet's praise for clapping of thy head :  
 And when thou bids the paughty Czar stand yon,  
 The wandought seems beneath thee on his throne.  
 Now, be my saul, and I have nougnt behin',  
 And well I wat fause swearing is a sin,  
 I'd rather have thy pipe, and twa-three sheep,  
 Than a' the gowd the monarch's coffers keep.

Coly, look out, the few we have's gane wrang,  
 This se'enteen owks I have not play'd sae lang ;  
 Ha, Crummy, ha---trowth I maun quat my sang ;  
 But, lad, neist mirk we'll to the haining drive,  
 When in fresh lizar they get spleet and rive :  
 The roysts will rest, and gin ye like my play,  
 I'll whistle to thee all the live-lang day.

*To Mr. WILLIAM STARRAT, on receiving the above  
 Epistle.*

FRAE fertile fields where nae curs'd ethers creep  
 'To stang the herds that in rash busseys sleep ;  
 Frae where Saint Patrick's blessings freed the bogs  
 Frae taids, and askis, and ugly creeping frogs ;  
 Welcome to me the sound of Starrat's pipe,  
 Welcome, as westlin winds, or berries ripe,  
 When speeling up the hill, the Dog-days heat  
 Gars a young thirsty Shepherd pant and sweat :

Thus while I climb the muses mount with care,  
 Sic friendly praises give refreshing air.  
 O ! may the lasses loo thee for thy pains,  
 And may thou lang breathe healsome o'er the plains :  
 Lang mayst thou teach, with round and nooked lines,  
 Substantial skill, that's worth rich filler mines ;  
 To shaw how wheels can gang with greatest ease,  
 And what kind barks fails smoothest o'er the seas ;  
 How wind-mills shou'd be made---and how they work  
 The thumper that tells hours upon the kirk :  
 How wedges rive the aik :--How pullisees  
 Can lift on highest roofs the greatest trees ;  
 Rug frae its roots the craig of Edinburgh castle,  
 As easily as I cou'd break my whistle---  
 What pleughs fits a wet soil, and whilk the dry ;  
 And mony a thousand useful things forby.

I own 'tis cauld encouragement to sing,  
 When round ane's lugs the blatran hailstones ring ;  
 But feckfu' folk can front the baldest wind,  
 And flunk thro' moors, and never fash their mind.  
 Aft have I wid thro' glens with chorking feet,  
 When neither plaid nor kilt cou'd fend the weet ;  
 Yet blithly wa'd I bang out o'er the brae,  
 And stend o'er burns as light as ony rae,  
 Hoping the morn might prove a better day.  
 Then let's to lairds and ladies leave the spleen,  
 While we can dance and whistle o'er the green.  
 Mankind's account of good and ills a jest,  
 Fancy's the rudder, and content's a feast.



Dear friend of mine, ye but o'er meikle roose  
 The lawly mints of my poor moorland muse,  
 Wha looks but blate, when even'd to ither twa,  
 That lull'd the deel, or bigg'd the Theban wa' ;  
 But growth 'tis natural for us a' to wink  
 At our ain faults, and praises frankly drink :  
 Fair fa' ye then, and may your flocks grow rife,  
 And may na elf twin crumminy of her life.  
 The sun shines sweetly, a' the lift looks blue,  
 O'er glens hing hovering clouds of rising dew.  
 Maggy, the bonniest lass of a' our town,  
 Brent is her brow, her hair a curly brown,  
 I have a tryst with her, and maun away,  
 Then ye'll excuse me till anither day,  
 When I've mair time ; for shortly I'm to sing  
 Some dainty sangs, that fall round Crochan ring.

*An ODE, with a Pastoral Recitative, on the Marriage of the Right Honourable JAMES Earl of WEMYSS and Mrs. JANET CHARTERIS.*

### RECITATIVE.

LAST morn young Rosalind, with laughing een,  
Met with the singing shepherd on the green ;  
Armyas height, wha us'd with tunfu' lay  
To please the ear, when he began to play :  
Him with a smile the blooming lass addrest ;  
Her chearfu' look her inward joy confess.

### ROSALIND.

Dear shepherd, now exert your wonted fire,  
I'll tell you news that shall your thoughts inspire.

### ARMYAS.

Out wi' them, bonny lass, and if they'll bear,  
But ceremony, you a sang shall here.

### ROSALIND.

They'll bear, and do invite the blythest strains ;  
The beauteous Charterissa of these plains,  
Still to them dear, wha late made us fae wae,  
When we heard tell she was far aff to gae,  
And leave our heartsome fields, her native land,  
Now's ta'en in time, and fix'd by Hymen's band.

### ARMYAS.

To whom ? speak fast ;---I hope ye dinna jeer.

### ROSALIND.

No, no, my dear, 'tis true, as we stand here.  
The Thane of Fife, who lately wi' his Flane,  
And Vizy leel, made the Blyth Bowl his ain ;

He, the delight of baith the sma' and great,  
 Wha's bright beginning spae his sonfy fate,  
 Has gain'd her heart ; and now their mutual flame  
 Retains the fair, and a' her wealth, at hame.

## ARMYAS.

Now Rosalind, may never sorrow twine  
 Sae near your heart as joys arise in mine.  
 Come kiss me, lassie, and you's hear me sing  
 A bridal sang that thro' the woods shall ring.

## ROSALIND.

Ye're ay sae daft, come take it, and ha'e done :  
 Let a' the lines be saft, and sweet the tune.

## ARMYAS sings.

COME, shepherds, a' your whistles join,  
 And shaw your blythest faces ;  
 The nymph that we were like to tine,  
 At hame her pleasure places.  
 Lift up your notes both loud and gay,  
 Yet sweet as Philomella's,  
 And yearly solemnize the day  
 When this good luck befel us.

Hail to the Thane descended frae  
 MACDUFF, renown'd in story,  
 Wha Albion frae tyrannic sway  
 Restor'd to ancient glory :  
 His early blossoms loud proclaim,  
 That frae this stem he rises,  
 Whase merits gives him right to fame,  
 And to the highest prizes.

His lovely Countess sing, ye swains,  
 Nae subject can be sweeter ;  
 The best of blood flows in her veins,  
 Which makes ilk grace completer :  
 Bright are the beauties of her mind,  
 Which frae her dawn of reason,  
 With a' the rays of wit hath shin'd,  
 Which virtue still did season.

Straight as the plane her features fair,  
 And bonny to a wonder ;  
 Where Jove rampaging in the air,  
 Her smiles might strop his thunder.  
 Rejoice in her, then, happy youth,  
 Her innate worth's a treasure ;  
 Her sweetnes a' your cares will sooth,  
 And furnish endleis pleasure.

Lang may ye live t' enjoy her charms,  
 And lang, lang may they blossom,  
 Securely screen'd within your arms,  
 And lodged in your bosom.  
 Thrice happy parents, justly may  
 Your breasts with joy be fired,  
 When you the darling pair survey,  
 By a' the wold admired.

*On seeing the ARCHERS diverting themselves at the Buts  
and Rovers, &c.*

At the Desire of Sir WILLIAM BENNET.

*Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.*

APOLLO aft flings by his bows,  
 And plays the "Broom of Cowden-knows ;  
 He sometimes drinks....

*His DEMAND.*

" THE Rovers and the Buts you saw,  
 And him who gives despotic law ;  
 In numbers sing what you have seen  
 Both in the garden and the green,  
 And how with wine they clos'd the day,  
 In harmles toasts, both blyth and gay :  
 This to remember be't thy care,  
 How they did justice to the fair."

*The ANSWER.*

SIR, I with much delight beheld  
The royal Archers on the field ;  
Their garb, their manner, and their game,  
Wakes in their mind a martial flame.  
To see them draw the bended yew,  
Brings bygane ages to our view,  
When burnish'd swords and whizzing flanes  
Forbade the Norweg'ans and Danes,  
Romans and Saxons, to invade  
A nation of nae foes afraid :  
Whase virtue and true valour sav'd  
Them bravely from their b'ing enslav'd :  
Esteeming't greater not to be,  
Than lose their darling Liberty.  
How much unlike !---But mum for that,  
Some beaux may snarl if we should prat.  
When av'rice, luxury, and ease,  
A tea-fac'd generation please,  
Whase pithless limbs in silks o'er-clad,  
Scarce bear the lady-handed lad  
Frae's looking-glass into the chair,  
Which bears him to blaflum the fair,  
Wha by their actions come to ken  
Sic are but in appearance men.  
These ill cou'd bruik, without a beild,  
To sleep in boots upon the field ;  
Yet rise as glorious as the sun,  
To end what greatly they begun.  
Nor cou'd it suit their taste and pride  
To eat an ox boil'd in his hide ;  
Or quaff pure element, ah me !  
Without ream, sugar, and bohea.  
Hail, noble ghosts of each brave fire !  
Whose fauls glow'd with a god-like fire ?  
If you're to guardian posts assign'd,  
And can with greatnes warm the mind ;  
Breathe manly ardours in your race,  
Communicate that martial grace,

By which through ages you maintain'd  
The Caledonian rights unstain'd ;  
That when our nation makes demands,  
She may ne'er want brave hearts and hands.

Here, Sir, I must your pardon ask,  
If I have started from my task ;  
For when the fancy takes a flight,  
We seldom ken where it will light.

But we return to view the band,  
Under the regular command  
Of \* ane wha arbitrarily sways,  
And makes it law whate'er he says :  
Him honour and true reason rule,  
Which makes submiffion to his will  
Nae flav'ry, but a just delight,  
Whiles he takes care to keep them right ;  
Wha never lets a cause depend  
Till the pursuer's power's at end ;  
But, like a minister of state,  
He speaks, and there's no more debate :  
Best government, were subjects sure  
To find a prince fit for sic pow'r.

But drop we cases not desir'd,  
To paint the archers now retir'd  
From healthfu' sport to chearsfu' wine,  
Strength to recruit, and wit refine ;  
Where innocent and blythsome tale  
Permits nae sourness to prevail :  
Here, Sir, you never fail to please,  
Wha can in phrase adapt with ease,  
Draw to the life a' kind of fowks,  
Proud shaups, dull coofs, and gabbling gowks,  
Gielangers, and each greedy wight,  
You place them in their proper light ;  
And when true merit comes in view,  
You fully pay them what's their due.

While circling wheels the hearty glafs,  
Well flavour'd with some lovely lass ;  
Or with the bonny fruitfu' dame,  
Wha brightens in the nuptial flame.

\* Mr. David Drummond, president of the council.

My lord, your toast, the preses cries :  
 To Lady Charlotte, he replies.  
 Now, Sir, let's hear your beauty bright :  
 To lady Jean, returns the knight.  
 To Hamilton a health gaes round,  
 And one to Eglinton is crown'd.  
 How sweet they taste ! Now, Sir, you say,  
 Then drink to her that's far away,  
 The lov'd Southesk. Neist, Sir you name :  
 I give you Basil's handsome dame.  
 Is't come to me ? ---then toast the fair  
 That's fawn, O Cockburn, to thy skair.  
 How hearty went these healths about !  
 How blythly were they waughted out !  
 To a' the stately, fair, and young,  
 Frae Haddington and Hopeton sprung ;  
 To Lithgow's daughter in her bloom,-  
 To dear Mackay, and comely Home ;  
 To Creightons every way divine,  
 To Haldane straight as any pine.  
 O how delicious was the glaiss  
 Which was perfum'd with lovely Bess !  
 And sae these rounds were flowing gi'en,  
 To sisters Nisbet, Nell, and Jean.  
 To sweet Montgomery, shining fair,  
 To Priestfield twins, delightfu' pair.  
 To Katies four of beauteous fame,  
 Stuart and Cochran lady claim,  
 Third Hamilton, fourth Ardres name.  
 To Peggies Pentland, Bang, and Bell,  
 To Minto's mate, and lively Nell :  
 To Gordons ravishingly sweet,  
 To Maule in whom the graces meet,  
 To Hepburn wha has charms in store,  
 To Pringle harmony all o'er ;  
 To the polite Kinloch and Hay,  
 To Wallace beautifu' and gay,  
 To Campbell, Skeen, and Rutherfoord,  
 To Maitland fair, the much ador'd,  
 To Lockhart wth the sparkling een,  
 To bonny Crawford ever green,  
 To Stuarts mony a dazzling bairn,  
 Of Invernytie and Denairn.

To gracefu' Sleigh and Oliphant,  
 To Nasmith, Baird, Scot, Grier, and Grant ;  
 To Clerk, Anstruther, Frank and Graham,  
 To Deans agreeing with her name.

Where are we now ?---Come, to the best  
 In Christendom, and a' the rest.

(Dear nymphs unnam'd, lay not the blame  
 On us, or on your want of fame,  
 That in this list you do not stand ;  
 For heads give way ;---But there's my hand,  
 The neist time we have sic a night,  
 We'll not neglect to do ye right.)

Thus beauties rare, and virgins fine,  
 With blooming belles enliv'd our wine,  
 Till a' our notes 'gan to shine.

Then down we look'd upon the great,  
 Who're plagu'd with guiding of the state,  
 And pity'd each phlegmatic wight,  
 Whose creeping fauls ken nae delight,  
 But keep themselves ay on the gloom,  
 Startled with fears of what's to come.  
 Poor passion ! sure by fate design'd  
 The mark of an inferior mind.  
 To Heaven a filial fear we awe,  
 But fears nane else a man shou'd shaw.

Lads, cock your bonnets, bend your bows,  
 And, or in earnest, or in mows,  
 Be still successful, ever glad,  
 In Mars's or in Venus' bed ;  
 Sae bards aloud shall chant your praise,  
 And ladies shall your spirits raise.

Thus, Sir, I've fung what you requir'd,  
 As Mars and Venus have inspir'd.  
 While they inspire, and you approve,  
 I'll sing brave deeds, and safter love ;  
 Till great Apollo say well done,  
 And own me for his native son.

21 JY 64

*Wrote on Lady SOMERVILE's Book of SCOTS SANGS.*

GAE, canty book, and win a name ;  
Nae lyrics e'er shall ding thee :  
Hope large esteem, and lasting fame,  
If Somerville sing thee.  
If she thy sinless faults forgive,  
Which her sweet voice can cover,  
Thou shalt, in spite of critics, live  
Still grateful to each lover.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

21 JY 04

